FRANCIS JOSEPH AND HIS TIMES



SIR HORACE RUMBOLD


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AND HIS TIMES



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

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FRANCIS JOSEPH AND HIS TIMES

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PREFACE

THIS book needs no prefatory remarks. I am very desirous, however, to acknowledge the unstinted use I have made in it of Doctor Heinrich Friedjung's admirable narrative of the Austro-Prussian struggle for supremacy in Germany, and his, as yet incomplete, work on the vicissitudes of Austria during the eventful period of 1848-60.

As regards the illustrations which appear in the volume, I owe special thanks to Count Albert Mensdorff Pouilly Dietrichstein for a portrait of the Empress Elizabeth, taken shortly after her marriage, as well as for that of his ancestress Countess Thérèse Dietrichstein.

To Count Harrach and his sister-in-law, Countess Alfred Harrach, I am much indebted for an unpublished photograph of the Empress's portrait, painted by Horowitz, under the Emperor's direction, for the late Mistress of the Robes, Countess Harrach.

I have to thank Herr Max Herzig for permission to copy some illustrations from the sumptuous work entitled *Das Buch vom Kaiser*, which was brought out by him in the Jubilee year, 1898. For a few details of the Emperor Francis Joseph's daily habits and life, I also had recourse to the same highly interesting publication.

My thanks are also due to Messrs. Gilhofer and Ransch-

burg of Vienna for obligingly procuring for me several of the illustrations in the work.

The likeness of the Emperor, which serves as a frontispiece, is taken from the portrait by Casimir Pochwalski, which His Imperial Majesty graciously presented to me on my retirement from the Embassy at Vienna in the autumn of 1900.

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CHAPTER I

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THE destinies of the great Empire which occupies the very heart and center of the European continent, and, bound up with them, the fortunes of the illustrious dynasty under whose sway those splendid territories have been placed for so long a period, afford a theme of exceptional interest in the domain of history.

Geographically, as well as racially and politically, the original Austrian crown-lands, together with the adjacent kingdoms which, in course of time, were gathered under the Habsburg scepter, early acquired, and still retain, a special importance from their spanning, as it were, the chasm that divides Western Europe from the Near Orient. For generations, too, they formed the main bulwark of the peace and the growing culture of the Western world against the fierce assaults of the conquerors and destroyers of the Eastern Empire and its ancient civilization.

An even greater interest attaches to the dynasty

itself. From the day when the first Rudolph was strangely raised from an obscure countship in Swiss Aargau to the Imperial throne on which his descendants succeeded him, with but few interruptions, down to little over a century ago, the Habsburgs ranked foremost among all potentates as the chosen rulers of that Holy Roman Empire of German race (*das heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation*), or Empire of the West, which had been called into being by Charlemagne on Christmas Day a thousand years before, and was revived by the Great Otto some 160 years later. Not until 1806 did the scepter of that august overlordship—in many ways, and except at rare intervals, at best a shadowy one, however great its luster—finally pass from the House of Austria with the entire break-up of the effete Imperial organism itself under the rude impact of the Corsican Cæsar.

One hundred years divide us from that momentous period. So transcendent, however, was the dignity inherent in the Imperial office that it is not easy even now to dissociate it entirely from the Austrian rulers of the past century, and notably from the actually reigning Austro-Hungarian sovereign. Although a new and very real Emperor has now arisen in the German Fatherland, and has become a most potent force in the world's transactions, much of the time-honored affection and reverence for the Kaisers of old still seems to linger round the ancient Hofburg at Vienna and its august and venerable occupant. It is in recognition of this sentiment at any rate that the present attempt at a review of the life and vicissitudes

of the Imperial House during the last century is distinctly conceived.

At the same time, it is in no way proposed to approach the monumental task of recording the full history of the great Empire during that period. This has already in part been admirably done by so gifted a writer as Heinrich Friedjung. What is aimed at is to review, as it were, the principal episodes of a most dramatic epoch in the annals of Austria-Hungary, and more especially in their bearing on the lives and fate of the princes of the Imperial House. With this object in view a retrospective glance at the immediate predecessors of the three monarchs whose reigns together cover the entire course of the nineteenth century appears almost indispensable.

At the opening of the last century, the bearer of the Imperial crown was Francis II., who, on the very sudden death of his father, Leopold II. (March 1, 1792), had in due course succeeded him in the wide hereditary dominions of his House. The Emperor Leopold himself had had but a brief reign of two years, darkened by the great storm fast gathering over France, in which his own sister, the martyred Queen, was to perish some eighteen months later, the victim of one of the most atrocious of crimes. Leopold was the "Pold'l,"[1] whose first paternal honors were joyfully proclaimed by his mother the Empress Maria Theresa herself from her box at the Burg-

[1] An affectionate diminutive of Leopold. Austrians of all classes much affect these pet contractions of Christian names, as Toni for Anton, Sepperl for Joseph, Mitzi for Marie, Thesi for Theresa, &c.

theater to an astounded and wildly enthusiastic audience. It is a quaint and pleasing story which, although told before, deserves repetition as delightfully illustrating the simple, homely ways of the Austrian rulers—so generally held to be the haughtiest of their caste—in their intercourse with their lieges.

The Empress, resting in her room in the easiest of *négligés,* after a hard day's work, had been suddenly roused by the arrival of a courier bringing post-haste from Florence the glad tidings of the birth of her first grandson, the future Francis II. In the exuberance of her joy she straightway hurried through a long *enfilade* of apartments to where, in a corner of the immense, rambling palace, lay the small, old-fashioned Imperial play-house, well remembered by visitors to Vienna some forty-five years back as the dingy home of as admirable a *troupe* of comedians as ever graced the boards of any theater. Flushed with excitement the Empress leaned forward over the front of her box and, speaking in the broadest of Viennese, imparted her news[1] to the amazed spectators, adding: "And isn't it nice of him to give me such a surprise on the anniversary of my own wedding-day!" A tribute this—though but ill deserved—to the memory of her handsome, idolized Francis of Lorraine, whom she had lost three years before, and still mourned so strictly that, true *Wienerkind* though she was, she had not till that evening set foot in a theater since his death.

Besides his many well-known infidelities, Francis I.

[1] "Der Pold'l hoat a Buabn!"

was notorious for his greed of money. He took to speculating largely in stocks, lent very considerable sums on mortgage, and entered into big clothing and other contracts for the Imperial forces; following his bent for these lucrative ventures so far, it would appear, as even to contribute to the provisioning of the armies of the Prussian King, who was then waging such successful war against his Consort, the Empress. Francis, too, was a passionate student of alchemy, and among the adepts who assisted him in this pursuit was a man of the name of Sehfeld, who is said to have been the last person who claimed to be in possession of the magic tincture by which any metal could be transformed into gold.[1]

It is pleasant to tarry awhile with Maria Theresa, one of the few clean-minded and in most ways essentially attractive figures of that corrupt, licentious eighteenth century, the closing years of which were to be smothered in the bloodshed and nameless horrors of the French Revolution. Devoted to her inconstant husband, her own wish and dream—however incongruous with the times she lived in—was, according to the Prussian Envoy, Podewils, who watched her closely, "*de faire un ménage bourgeois.*" Witness, in this connection, the charming incidents attending the coronation of Francis, related by Goethe from family hearsay. The young Queen of Hungary, as she still was then, takes ship at Aschaffenburg to join her husband at Frankfort, while he,

[1] Vehse, *Memoirs of the Court of Austria*, mostly on the authority of Hormayr, whose statements should be received with caution.

starting from Heidelberg to meet her, and arriving too late, jumps incognito into the first boat he can get hold of and follows, in successful pursuit, the "jacht" (yacht!), as Goethe calls it, which must have been a very lumbering craft. Or again, on the great day itself, when, duly and solemnly crowned and anointed, the young Francis issues forth in procession through the old Imperial city, Maria Theresa, standing on the balcony of the Frauenstein house, which was close by the Römer,[1] is the first to greet him with loud *vivats* and clapping of her hands, while he, looking up, points jestingly to the strange, uncouth Carlovingian coronation garb that makes him a very figure of fun. Happy at any rate were those earlier days of the Imperial couple.

In striking contrast to these inborn simple, domestic instincts of hers, the Empress, at the greatest crisis of her life, and still in the heyday of her youth and beauty, quite rose to the dignity of heroism when, hard driven by the hostile coalition, and flying from her capital, she threw herself on the loyalty of her Magyar subjects. The heroic mood it was that inspired her when, having scarcely recovered from her first confinement, she lightly climbed the sacred coronation hill at Pressburg, and pointed the sword of St. Stephen to the four quarters of heaven, amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. And again, when, on a yet more memorable day, she appeared before

[1] The name given to the old Town Hall, which contains the rooms where the Emperors were elected, and the banqueting-hall where they were waited upon after their coronation by the Princess of the Empire.

the assembled Diet in deep mourning, with the infant Joseph in her arms, and made a passionate appeal to Magyar chivalry for help and protection, being tumultuously hailed in return with the famous cry: *"Vitam et sanguinem pro rege nostro Maria Teresia!"* History recounts no more stirring and pathetic scene.

It is pleasant, too, to follow her to her favorite retreat at Schönbrunn and think of her sauntering between the high formal hedges of hornbeam in its old-fashioned gardens, or unremittingly attending to State affairs in a quaint little shelter she had designed for herself near by the graceful Gloriette, erected by Eugene of Savoy, that crowns the hill facing the palace she had in great part rebuilt. A lover of fresh air and life in the open, she, like the great sovereign who lately passed from us, was indifferent to cold; working, even in winter, with open windows and often without a fire. She rose very early, ate but sparingly, and, in the midst of a Court that ranked among the most splendid of that luxurious, spendthrift age, led a simple, thoroughly healthy life, to which she no doubt owed her dazzling skin and complexion, though most of her beauty, and, above all, the absence of the typical hanging underlip—brought into the House of Austria with Margaret Maultasch and her many broad lands—came to her from her mother, the lovely Elizabeth of Brunswick (the *"weissel Liesel"* of her fond husband, Charles VI.), from whom she had also inherited her perfectly moulded hands and arms.

But though so homely in her personal tastes and

habits, the Empress none the less held to her Court being maintained on a footing commensurate with the supreme dignity of her House, and in this, as has been said of her, was truly Olympian. She was lavish in her entertainments, and the annual Court expenditure during her reign was reckoned by contemporary authorities at 3,400,000 florins (£340,000), to which must be added a pension list of a millon—very large sums indeed for those days. The Imperial stables contained upwards of 2000 horses, and we hear of a magnificent service of gold-plate valued at 1,300,000 florins, which seems, strangely enough, to have been purchased by her husband, the money-grubbing Francis, during the most disastrous period of the Seven Years' War. According to the description given of them, the most important pieces of this superb service still exist, and are used to decorate the Imperial table on special occasions at the present day. As against this prodigality, Wraxall and others speak of the gratuities and benefactions from the Empress's privy purse as amounting to no less than 700,000 florins (£70,000). Apart from these charities her personal expenses, which included the dowries of her married daughters and large gifts and allowances to various members of her family, are put at 6,000,000 florins (£600,000).[1] One reads, too, of the warm-hearted impulsive Empress filling her pockets, when going for her habitual long drives, with gold ducats, which she freely flung out of the coach windows to poor people or private soldiers as she tore

[1] Vehse, *passim.*

along the streets and roads at break-neck speed. "Frederick the Great," observes Vehse, "dispensed copper, Maria Theresa gold." But then the Prussian King's personal expenditure is reputed not to have exceeded 220,000 thalers, or about £32,000. He fought hard and feasted but little, and was a careful sovereign who spent no more than £1800 a year on his kitchen.

In her family relations, although to the full as affectionate a mother as she was a forgiving wife, Maria Theresa, as head of her House, maintained a somewhat despotic rule, which has to a certain degree been kept up among the Habsburgs down to the present day. She had no less than sixteen children, of whom eleven were daughters.[1] Of the latter, two of the eldest sadly, though in utterly diverse ways, live on in history as Marie Antoinette of France and Caroline of Naples. Her favorite was the charming Christine, who became the wife of Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, and whose beautiful monument, by Canova, adorns the Augustiner-Kirche. The marriage—fortunately a very happy one—was accounted rather beneath her rank, but it eventually brought into that branch of the Imperial family of which the Archduke Frederick is the present head, the unique treasures of the Albertina and other priceless collections.

Two of the other Archduchesses were successively engaged to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, before his marriage with their sister Caroline: Johanna, who died

[1] Of her five sons, Joseph and Leopold successively reigned after her.

shortly after her betrothal, and the beautiful Josepha, of whose sad end the gossip Wraxall tells a gruesome tale that throws a sinister light on one of the Empress's her mother's, chief failings, namely her extreme bigotry and superstition. When everything was ready for the young Archduchess's departure for Naples the Empress, in spite of her daughter's entreaties, compelled her to go down into the vault of the Capuchin Church, where all the Habsburgs are interred, there to pray for the last time by the tombs of her ancestors. Only some four months before, the remains of her sister-in-law and namesake, Josepha of Bavaria, the second wife of the Emperor Joseph, had been hurriedly consigned to the vault—the young Empress having died of small-pox of so malignant a type that her body had mortified while she was still alive, and it had been impossible to embalm it. After leaving this dreadful chamber of death, the unfortunate Archduchess herself almost immediately sickened, and succumbed to the same fell disease on the 13th of October 1767, the very day she was to have left for Naples.[1]

Of the remaining Archduchesses two, Marianne and Elizabeth, respectively became, in accordance with Habsburg family tradition, titular abbesses of the great convents of Innsbruck and Prague. These high dignities by no means impose conventual seclusion on their holders;[2] and the Archduchess Elizabeth (of

[1] Wraxall, quoted by Vehse.

[2] The charming Archduchess Maria Annunziata—a half-sister of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand (the present heir to the throne)—is abbess of the convent of noble ladies of the Hradschin at Prague. She none the less resides at Vienna, and always takes part in the Court and other festivities given there. The Archduchess now does the honors of the Imperial Court.

Prague) continued to live on till a very advanced age at Vienna, where she was well known in society for her pungent wit and bluntness of speech. The English Ambassador, Sir Robert Keith, went one day to visit and congratulate her on her recovery from a virulent ulcer that had eaten through her cheek and had kept her in bed for a long time. She received his compliments and condolence with laughter, and denied that hers was a case for sympathy, *"Croyez-moi, Monsieur l'ambassadeur,"* she said, *"pour une archiduchesse de quarante ans qui n'est pas mariée, un trou à la joue est un amusement."*

Yet one more scene before parting from the great Empress and her foibles and virtues. A strange scene it is, and conceivable only when making allowance for the standard of morals of that period. The Emperor Francis died quite unexpectedly in August 1765 at Innsbruck, whither he had gone for the wedding of his son, subsequently Leopold II. The inconsolable Maria Theresa had hurried from Vienna to Innsbruck. The obsequies having been performed, the remains had been removed to Hall, on the river Inn, where the Imperial barges lay ready to convey them, together with the Court, to Vienna. The Empress in her despair had denied herself to everybody after the death of her faithless, but passionately beloved consort; but when, finally leaving her apartments for the return journey, she passed in front of the ladies and gentlemen of her household drawn up to the right of the coffin, she saw standing opposite to them, quite alone, veiled in black and weeping

bitterly, the Princess Auersperg, who had long been the Emperor's declared favorite. At sight of her Maria Theresa paused for a moment, and then, going up to her and clasping her hand, she said, loud enough to be distinctly heard by the whole suite who now so openly shunned the poor woman they had till lately as openly courted: "We have truly suffered a great loss, *meine liebe!*" (my dear). Ever afterwards she showed the Princess great kindness, and gave directions for the payment to her of a bond of upwards of 200,000 florins which had been given her by Francis on the very eve of his death, and the validity of which the Imperial treasurer sought to contest. Truly a noble revenge for past injuries!

In the center of the Maria Theresa Platz, facing the Burgthor, or main approach to the Imperial palace, stands the monument erected to his magnanimous ancestress by the Emperor Francis Joseph, after the admirable design of the sculptor Zumbusch. The great Empress is enthroned on high, stretching forth her hand with a grand and graceful gesture. Guarding their sovereign at the four corners of the monument are the equestrian figures of her most renowned generals—Laudon and Daun, victors of Kunnersdorf, Collin and Hochkirch, together with Khevenhüller and the great tactician Traun. Between these stand the Chancellor Kaunitz, Starhemberg, and other statesmen, while higher up are portrait groups of the leading personages and celebrities of her long and checkered reign, amongst whom Gluck and Haydn, with the youthful Mozart, form by themselves a trio

whose genius, in the eyes of posterity, probably sheds the greatest luster on the Empress's troubled but splendid epoch. The last of the Habsburgs—for with her son commenced the actual dynasty of Habsburg-Lorraine—is worthily commemorated in the capital she loved so well.

On the almost unique, short, restless reign of Maria Theresa's eldest son, Joseph II., it is difficult not to dwell at some length, for it is a turning-point in Austrian history. In his imprudent, however generous, zeal for sweeping reforms, the Emperor left nothing untouched, and yet was unable to create anything durable. Hasty and impatient like his mother, whom he much resembled, he set himself the impossible task of completely transforming and regenerating, in a few brief years, the entire fabric of government in Church and State in his vast, heterogeneous dominions. It was his ambition to create, as if by magic, a model State on the lines of those which have since his time been gradually built up by succeeding generations. And this portentous change was to be effected in a society that was almost ineradicably rooted in feudalism, with all its attendant evils of class privileges and abuses, and was moreover dominated by an all powerful and intransigent Church. All this was to be achieved by mere strokes of the Imperial pen. Never was work done in such a hurry and fury as by this impetuous, romantic, reforming autocrat. As was well said by the caustic observer watching him from Berlin, Joseph always took the

second step before having taken the first one; with the result in the end pathetically expressed by himself in the epitaph which he said ought to be placed on his tomb: "Here rests a prince whose intentions were pure, but who had the misfortune of seeing all his plans miscarry."

Nevertheless, the Josephan era left an indelible impress on Austria. The sluggish, backward races that peopled the Habsburg realms were thoroughly roused from their torpor of centuries. Throughout all classes there passed a new vivifying breath of life, and though most of the radical changes which the Emperor too hastily decreed had to be undone—and by himself in bitter disgust and disappointment—the spirit which had conceived them survived. It was thanks to Joseph, it may well be said, that the shaky Austrian fabric was able to weather the revolutionary tornado that swept across the continent from over the Rhine. He had, in fact, partly forestalled the Revolution by abolishing serfdom; by boldly, though somewhat rashly, abrogating the censorship of the press; by abolishing torture; and by bringing home to an arrogant upper class some sense of the equality of all in the eyes of the law. A Podstatsky Liechtenstein who had forged bank-notes was made to sweep the streets of Vienna like any ordinary convict, and, as German Emperor, Joseph showed a vigor to which the Empire was but little accustomed in dealing with the tyranny of its petty sovereign princes and counts.[1]

[1] A Rhine-grave of Salm who had grossly defrauded his creditors was sent to the fortress of Königstein for ten years.

In minor matters, too, he cleared the stifling Court atmosphere by doing away with the obsequious etiquette and the archaic ceremonial which had been introduced by Charles the Fifth from Spain, and he did away with all the cumbrous forms of address that were in use in memorials and petitions to the throne. At the same time he enforced a strict economy in the Imperial household, and restricted his own personal expenditure to a million and a half of florins (£150,000), or one-fourth of the amount annually expended by his mother.

In his combative attitude towards Rome and the Church, Joseph, although a sincere Christian, proved himself a veritable Ghibelline. In his hereditary dominions, which were a stronghold of clericalism, he suppressed by a single decree upwards of six hundred religious houses, the property and costly treasures of which he, with a true touch of Henry the Eighth, sequestrated, nominally for the use of a Church fund he instituted under the name of the Religious Chest, but which in reality were mostly diverted to secular uses. An irreparable destruction of valuable works of art, libraries, and ancient manuscripts attended the closure of the monasteries, which was carried out by those entrusted with it in a veritable spirit of vandalism. In issuing his famous Edict of Toleration, whereby freedom of worship was assured to all his non-Catholic subjects of whatever persuasion, and by a series of measures which stopped all the sources whence revenue could reach Rome, he directly challenged the papal power. Indeed, he may be said to

have reversed Canossa when, on the occasion of the famous visit of Pius VI. to Vienna, he received that Pontiff courteously but with none of the outward marks of reverence due to him from a Catholic prince —his Chancellor, Kaunitz, vigorously shook the Pope's hand *à l'anglaise* instead of kissing it—and he allowed the Holy Father to depart without having discussed with him any of the matters in debate with the Roman *curia*. He followed this up by invading the enemy's country on the plea of a return visit, being received by the Roman populace with almost embarrassing ovations, and hailed by them as "their Emperor and King of the Romans."[1] Barbarossa himself could not have made a more triumphant approach *ad limina Petri*.

At home his greatest, but unsuccessful, efforts were directed towards the administrative centralization of his immense, composite dominions. Regardless of the deep racial differences and the conflicting national aspirations which, even at the present day, distract and enfeeble the Austro-Hungary monarchy, Joseph aimed at bringing all his subjects into one national fold, which should by degrees be permeated by the dominating Germanic spirit and influences. It was the dream of the Hohenstaufens, as it is that of the modern Pan-German. He carried his designs so far as to endeavor to introduce the German language into the Hungarian administration and courts of justice, and at the same time bitterly offended the Magyar susceptibilities by refusing to be crowned as King

[1] "*Viva l'Imperatore, Re de' Romani. Siete a casa vostra, siete il nostro Padrone.*"

of Hungary, and by arbitrarily transferring the crown of St. Stephen to the treasury at Vienna—a sacrilegious deed in Hungarian eyes. The removal of the national palladium, writes Vehse in his detailed account of these transactions, was marked by a flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder from a perfectly cloudless sky.

But when the Emperor went the length of modifying taxation and introducing conscription into Hungary without even going through the form of consulting the Diet of the kingdom—thus entirely ignoring the ancient constitution to which he had from the first refused to bind himself by any coronation oath—he roused a spirit of rebellion which he was unable to quell, and to which he had in the end to yield.

No less ambitious and equally unsuccessful was his foreign policy. Like his predecessors he aimed at incorporating the Bavarian dominions with his own, and was bent upon effecting with the Elector the exchange of Bavaria against the Austrian Netherlands. The negotiations failed through the opposition of Frederick the Great, but the knowledge that he had been ready to barter them so rankled with his Flemish subjects that it not a little contributed to their subsequent rising against his authority.

Joseph, and perhaps still more his chief adviser Kaunitz, must be held answerable for the share of Austria in the first partition of Poland, that iniquitous transaction to which the consent of Maria Theresa was obtained with great difficulty. When she finally

signed the document, she appended to her signature the following prophetic words: "*Placet,* because so many great and learned men desire it; but when I shall have long been dead, it will be seen what must come out of this violation of all that has hitherto been held to be just and sacred."[1]

The immoral political intimacy that arose between Joseph and Catherine of Russia over the mutilation of Poland led to further ambitious designs on the Ottoman Empire, and to the disastrous campaign of 1788. The Imperial army of 240,000 men drawn up along the line of the Danube, under the Emperor in person, was decimated by the plague and by malarial fevers in the summer heats of the marshy region between that river and the Save; the Austrians losing no less that 33,000 men from sickness. The Turks thereupon crossed the Danube in force, and after several successful engagements advanced as far as Temesvar, ravaging the whole of the Banat in their progress.

On the night of the 28th of September, the Imperialists encamped near Karánsebes were seized with a strange and unaccountable panic, originating in a quarrel between some plundering irregulars and a troop of Hungarian Hussars. In the darkness a loud cry of "The Turks! the Turks!" was suddenly raised, causing an indescribable alarm and confusion which rapidly spread through the lines of the slumbering army. The Austrians fired on their own rear-guard, which they mistook for the enemy; and, partly no

[1]Wolfgang Menzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen.*

doubt owing to treachery,[1] there being much disaffection among the troops, a wild stampede of the entire host ensued. The Emperor himself was swept along in the rout, his carriage overturned in crossing a bridge where he was trying in vain to stay the flight, and he was barely able to make his way on horseback through the maddened, terror-stricken throng. Some ten thousand men are said to have been killed or wounded in this terrible scene of disorder. It was reserved for Marshal Laudon to efface these military failures the following year by a campaign that ended in the retaking of Belgrade and the peace of Sistova. It was the last satisfaction vouchsafed to Joseph, who celebrated it with great pomp and rejoicing; a Te Deum, expressly composed for the occasion by Haydn, being sung at St. Stephen's in honor of the victory.

All through the ill-fated, inglorious operations of the preceding year the Emperor had fully shared the hardships of his troops, faring as badly as they did and roughing it in every way, while he cheered them by his presence and example, and was ever conspicuous at the front in posts of danger. He returned to Vienna much worn out by his exertions, and speedily showed signs of failing health. His nervous, excitable temperament gradually broke down under the strain of continuous aud unrewarded effort. One by one he had seen his generously conceived but—given his surroundings and the conditions of the age—mostly Utopian schemes fail miserably.

[1]Menzel, *ibidem.*

The last blow dealt to him, when the disease which was to carry him off in his forty-ninth year had already fastened upon him, was the insurrection that broke out in his Flemish possessions in 1789. Its primary causes were essentially similar to those which had led to such trouble in Hungary: an injudicious attempt to introduce reforms which infringed upon the privileges secured to Brabant under its ancient charter known as the *Joyeuse entrée,* and a rash disregard of the powerful corporations which administered the different provinces, and were represented in their several estates of provincial assemblies. The clergy, whose influence had always been great in Belgium, favored and directed the opposition to the anti-clerical Emperor, and the insurgent mobs in the great Flemish cities were in several instances headed by monks from the monasteries which had been closed by Imperial decree.[1] The fall of the Bastille at Paris gave a great impetus to the popular movement, and in January 1790, only six weeks before the death of Joseph, the provinces declared themselves independent, under the title of United Belgium.[2]

Bitter were the last days of the reforming monarch. The heavy cost of the Turkish war had obliged him to impose a new war tax in Hungary, which was indiscriminately levied on all classes. This was specially resented by the powerful magnates whose property was exempted under the Golden Bull, or

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[1] Wolfgang Menzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen.*

[2] The leaders of the movement soon fell out, and the Imperial authority was restored for a short period under Leopold II.

Hungarian Magna Charta of 1222.[1] A deputation was sent to Vienna with a demand for the immediate withdrawal of all the obnoxious measures which the Emperor had, from the outset of his reign, imposed on Hungary, failing which a general insurrection was threatened. Thoroughly disheartened, and enfeebled by illness, Joseph yielded, and, barely three weeks before his end, issued a decree whereby he revoked all the changes he had made in Hungary, only maintaining the Edict of Toleration and certain ordinances relating to serfdom. The crown of St. Stephen was restored to Hungarian keeping. In the words of Vehse, "Whilst its arrival at Ofen was being hailed with a salute of five hundred guns, Joseph lay a corpse in the Hofburg at Vienna." The ancient constitution had been restored—that cherished charter of which the renowned Prussian Minister Stein, writing to Gentz in 1811, said: "Has Hungary a constitution? A tumultous Diet, the serfom of three-fifths of the nation in its crudest form—surely that is no constitution."

It may be deemed a moot point whether this remarkable though ill-fated sovereign was truly mourned by his subjects, or whether it should not be said of him that he lived for his people and his people knew him not. To a later age it was reserved to do him full justice, and in November 1880 the centenary of his accession to the throne was celebrated at Vienna with much solemnity and a genuine enthusiasm. But of great demonstrations of grief at the time of his death

[1] E. Sayous, *Histoire des Hongrois.*

one hears but little. That those who knew him best were deeply devoted to him cannot be doubted, but these were few, and in spite of his labors for the people he seemed to have enjoyed little popularity.

The private life of Joseph II. appears to have been in all essentials commendable. At the age of twenty-four he had been crowned as King of the Romans at Frankfort in his father's lifetime. It was the coronation of which Goethe was a spectator, and which he delightfully describes at full length.[1] With other inimitable touches, he gives a humorous sketch of the appearance of the young Archduke as he strode by the side of his portly father from the church to the banqueting-hall, attired in archaic royal robes that were much too big for his slight figure, the massive crown, which had had to be thickly padded, standing out like a pent-roof round his head. A year later he succeeded Francis I. as Emperor, and finding at first but little scope for his youthful energies while his mother still firmly grasped the scepter, he set off on a course of travel such as no sovereign of those days had ever attempted before him.

He roamed Europe from St. Petersburg and Moscow to the Crimea, from the banks of the Garonne to the Bay of Naples, from Rome to Berlin, travelling with what incognito was possible to a monarch attended by a suite of four-and-twenty persons. At Paris—where, with what we should at the present day call priggish affectation, he took up his quarters

[1] Goethe, *Aus meinem Leben; Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

in a *maison garnie*—he charmed the populace by his affability and his plain *bourgeois* ways and attire. No doubt much to the annoyance of his worthy brother-in-law at Versailles, and of the charming, frivolous sister whom he lectured on her extravagance and the duties of princes towards their subjects—all in vain, alas! But everywhere he seems to have looked up the right people and said the right thing; to courtly M. de Buffon as well as to Jean Jacques in his garret. He avoided Ferney and the impious Voltaire (this in compliance with a promise to his mother), but visited Saussure at Geneva, Haller at Berne, and Lavater at Waldshut. It was on the whole a most creditable and instructive *grand tour*. A few light, genial traits of it survive, such as the Emperor's getting—as usual in advance of his retinue—to a stage in France where the postmaster was about to have his child christened, and volunteering to act as godfather to it. When asked by the priest for his name, he replied, "Joseph," adding as his surname the word "Second." And then when it came to his giving "Emperor" as his occupation, one can imagine the amazement of these simple folk and their delight at the liberal christening gift that accompanied the announcement. Or at Rheims, where, arriving alone and being taken for one of his suite, he was asked by the inquisitive landlord, who found him at his toilet, what were precisely his duties in the Emperor's household, he promptly replied, "I sometimes shave him!"

Joseph's mode of life was, like his mother's, ex-

tremely simple, indeed Spartan in its simplicity. His habitual bed was a common mattress stuffed with maize and with but a scanty covering. His attire, excepting on State occasions, was rigidly plain and unpretentious. *"Il a la garde-robe d'un sous-lieutenant"* was aptly said of him. The earliest of risers, both in winter and summer, he went straight to his writing-table where, in the first morning hours, he despatched the more urgent business. He then dressed, and gave audience to the people of all classes who thronged the lobby known as the "Controlorgang" which led to his study. He dined by himself on one or two dishes, and seldom touched wine, except, by his doctor's advice, an occasional glass of Tokay. Music was his chief relaxation. He was fond of it and even composed, besides being a good performer on the piano and the violoncello. On the day of the first performance of the *Entführung aus dem Seraglio,* he offended poor Mozart by saying in jest, while patting him familiarly on the shoulder, that there were "too many notes in it"; Mozart sharply retorting that "there were neither more nor fewer notes than were required." The great composer was none the less much attached to his Imperial patron, and preferred staying on at Vienna with a paltry salary of £80, to accepting the very liberal offers made to him from Berlin and London.[1]

Although far from having the profligate instincts of his father and his brother Leopold, the Emperor was not fortunate in his two marriages. He married

[1] Vehse, *Memoirs of the Court of Austria.*

first, when he was nineteen, the Infanta Isabella of Parma, a princess with few attractions, whose dark eyes and olive-tinted skin contrasted, not all too favorably with the fair type of her husband's brilliant bevy of sisters. She was, however, gifted with much intelligence, and Joseph was deeply attached to her, while she was indifferent to his devotion, having, it was said, had a previous attachment. She died, after a short three years, in child-bed of smallpox. That formidable disease was in fact the scourge of the Imperial House at this period, for when Joseph was finally induced to take unto himself a second wife, in the person of the plain, robust Josepha of Bavaria,[1] with whom he lived very unhappily, she, too, succumbed to it, in the terrible conditions referred to above.[2] After this the Emperor renounced matrimony, and, sending for his nephew Francis from Florence, applied himself to preparing him for his eventual succession to the throne.

Besides his taste for music, Joseph was, like all true Viennese, much addicted to the theater. In the last years of his life he was in the habit of adjourning after the play to the Palais Liechtenstein, where he finished his evenings in the society of a few middle-aged ladies of the Liechtenstein, Kinsky, and Clary

[1] He was given the choice, says Vehse, between her and Cunigunde, the youngest daughter of Augustus III. of Poland. The latter was wretchedly scraggy, with an upper lip adorned by a moustache, and Joseph promptly *opted* for the Bavarian Princess who, as Marie Theresa put it, "had at least a bust."

[2] The body had to be sewn up in a linen covering, and thus lay in state with the face concealed. This led to a popular rumor that the young Empress was not dead. A stone, it was said, had been placed in the coffin, but she was still alive in some convent or fortress in Flanders; this accounting for Joseph's not gratifying the ardent wish of his people that he should marry a third time.

families, only a limited number of the gentlemen of his Court being admitted to these small *réunions,* which seldom lasted later that eleven o'clock. In this connection a curious passage in the life of one of the great ladies for whom Joseph showed a marked preference and admiration—Countess Thérèse Dietrichstein, a daughter of his master of the horse—seems worth recording. A match was arranged, in some degree under the Imperial auspices, between this charming and accomplished girl—whom Hormayr speaks of as *"die göttliche Theresa"*—and Count Philip Kinsky, a chamberlain of the Court. Kinsky, a proud man of violent and distrustful disposition, conceived the idea that the Emperor nourished an illicit passion for his bride and had furthered the engagement with a dishonorable object. The marriage, nevertheless, took place, but Kinsky parted from his wife at the church door, never to see her again. Being thus cruelly deserted, the lovely Thérèse sought for a divorce, in which attempt she encountered, as a Roman Catholic, insuperable obstacles. At last, after several years, the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, Mgr. Severoli, suggested to her that the difficulty might be surmounted by her making a solemn declaration to the effect that the wedding had taken place during a tremendous thunderstorm, and that, being at all times terrified by thunder, she had almost fallen into a swoon and lost consciousness. Her Uncle, Count Thun, Prince Archbishop of Passau, who had performed the ceremony, then took it upon himself to affirm that the bride was in such a condition of ner-



COUNTESS THÉRÈSE DIETRICHSTEIN, WIFE OF COUNT MAX VON MEERVELDT, AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON

vous tremor as to be speechless, and that he had therefore not heard her pronounce the irrevocable words: "I will." On the strength of this statement, supported by powerful intervention from other quarters, the union was formally declared null and void by the Holy See, and Thérèse Dietrichstein subsequently married Count Max Meerveldt, a distinguished officer who was employed on different important missions during the wars against Napoleon, and ultimately became Austrian Ambassador in London, where he died.

Joseph's brief reign has loomed more and more largely in Austrian history since the dreary day when, on his death-bed, he realized the failure of the generous, quixotic work he had set himself to accomplish. His lofty and humane spirit has however continued to inform later generations. Amidst all the vexing problems and difficulties which now more than ever beset the task of government in the troubled Empire to which he was so devoted, that noble spirit has not been quenched, and still at this day serenely and beneficently radiates from the Imperial abode where Joseph dwelt and dreamed. In the square that bears his name, by the portals of the palace, rises the equestrian statue of the baffled reformer. The truth of the words it bears far exceeds that of most similar tributes to departed princes: *"Josepho secundo, arduis nato, magnis, perfuncto, majoribus prœcepto, qui saluti publicœ vixit non diu sed totus."* A just homage to one of the most enlightened of rulers.

Leopold II. assumed the government of the hereditary Habsburg dominions and of the German Empire after a reign of twenty-five years in Tuscany. To the full as liberal as his elder brother in his principles and opinions, he affected numerous beneficial changes in his Italian Grand-duchy. The historian Cesare Cantú attributes to Leopold the naïvely grandiloquent sentiment that "he could not see that the superabundance of soldiers, of police, of dungeons, and other trammels to freedom, which were considered to be the obligatory concomitants of government, were in any way indispensable for the happiness of the people, or the safety of princes." Whether or not he gave utterance to such platitudes, he certainly acted up to the views professed in them. In the space of a quarter of a century he amended the entire body of the Tuscan laws and laid the foundations of a new code, the preparation of which he entrusted to Ciani, but which was interrupted by the Revolution. He abolished torture and capital punishment,[1] and put an end to the iniquitous system of secret denunciations which had obtained since Medicean days. He built colleges and endowed hospitals, made roads, and dug canals, and freed commerce from the many internal tolls and dues that hampered it. At the same time he considerably increased the revenue, and largely reduced the public debt, contributing to this work part of his personal fortune and of the dowry of his Spanish consort.

[1] Leopold did an ill service to Italy by suppressing the death penalty in his dominions. At the unification of the kingdom the fact that Tuscany had enjoyed this doubtful benefit for a century led to that deterring punishment being left out of the Italian statute-book.

Lovers of art should hold his name in reverence for all that he did to preserve and enrich the great Pitti gallery.

In religious matters, on the other hand, he showed illiberal and despotic tendencies. He not only interfered arbitrarily with the forms of public worship, and, like Joseph in Austria, prohibited religious processions and pilgrimages, but, being imbued with the spirit of Jansenism, went the length of sending several hundred persons to the galleys for rejecting the Jansenist doctrine of free grace. His chief mistake throughout was his personal interference in every branch and detail of the administration, while at the same time he pressed on his subjects changes and improvements which, however beneficial in themselves, were often incomprehensible to them, and ran counter to cherished traditions or prejudices. His *lazzarone* brother-in-law of Naples[1] always referred to him as *"il dottore,"* and there must have been a good deal of self-satisfied pedantry in his composition. His record as a ruler is, nevertheless, on the whole highly creditable, though his labors were but child's play as compared with those of his brother. His docile, polished Tuscans were made of far more malleable stuff than the then semi-barbaric Magyar, or the uncultured Czech whom Joseph had to deal with.

The first great public events of Leopold's reign were the marriage of his eldest son, Francis, to the Neapolitan Theresa,[2] and his own coronation as German

[1] King Ferdinand IV.

[2] The daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples, and therefore his first cousin.

Emperor at Frankfort in October 1790. Unprecedented display attended the ceremony. Contemporary writers expatiate on the value of the massive plate that figured at the coronation banquet, and dwell on the magnificence of the entertainments given for the new Emperor by the Electors of Trèves and Cologne in great illuminated barges moored in the river Main. After all these splendors there came the arduous task of pacifying the Austrian crown-lands, which were still in a state of ferment caused by the violent changes made by Joseph, and their yet more unsettling withdrawal. Where the latter had only been partial, Leopold completed it; practically replacing the government on its old footing, and more particularly suppressing the secret cabinet by means of which a most elaborate and obnoxious system of spying into all concerns, both public and private, had been established by the late Emperor, and which was a great blot on his administration.

Leopold reigned too short a time to take a decisive part in the endeavors to check the growing French Revolution. It seems a just cause for reproach that he should not have acted more energetically for the protection of his sister in the daily increasing perils that encompassed her. In May 1791, just before the fatal flight to Varennes, he was apparently resolved to intervene actively, and sent word to the, already then almost captive, Queen that, with 50,000 men of his own and 60,000 Swiss, Piedmontese, and Spaniards, he was prepared to enter France and restore the royal authority. But in the following August at Pill-

ults, where he met and conferred with the King of Prussia, he hesitated, and would commit himself to no decisive course, beyond the famous declaration, to the violence of which Napoleon afterwards said that he primarily owed his throne, and which so largely contributed to seal the doom of the French royal family. He was no doubt in part misled by the sanguine assurances he had not long before received from Marie Antoinette of her faith in the ability of the Constitutionalists—Barnave, Lameth, and their followers—to master the extreme revolutionary movement. But, in reality, Lepold's weak, vacillating character and his superstitous Italian training unfitted him for dealing with great emergencies. It was only in February 1792, three weeks before his death, that he concluded a formal agreement with Fredrick William II. for immediate action against revolutionary France.

Leopold's last and mysterious illness, which ended fatally on the 1st of March 1792, was attended by symptoms that gave rise to sinister rumors of its being due to poison. But it was no doubt to his mode of life, which, unlike that of his illustrious brother, was far from exemplary, that he owed his untimely end. He had married, in his first youth, the Infanta Maria Isabella, daughter of Charles III. of Spain. This gentle, unattractive Princess, who bore him no fewer than sixteen children, patiently condoned his all too patent infidelities. She showed, indeed, such forbearance that, according to the *chronique scandaleuse* of Florence, she treated her husband's chief favorite, the *prima donna* Livia, with

the most surprising condescension; occasionally, it is said, having her embroidery frame taken to that singer's house, where she would placidly sit and gossip with her rival about current events. The Empress survived her husband only ten weeks, which she spent in prayer for the departed soul so suddenly called to its last account.[1]

The numerous progeny of Leopold, while exactly equalling in number the offspring of Maria Theresa and Francis I., compared with them very unfavorably as regards health and good looks. Several of his children were afflicted with a nervous disease akin to epilepsy, which was hereditary among the Spanish branch of the Burbons. Of the ten sons who came to man's estate the Archduke Charles, Joseph, and John severally made their mark in Austrian history.

The Archduke Charles seems, in the course of his splendid military career, to have been more than once disabled by attacks of the insidious family complaint. This may, in fact, be the secret of his sudden inertia which was occasionally to be observed in his operations in the field, and which, with his great strategic talent, it is otherwise not easy to account for. A striking instance of this is afforded by the almost incomprehensible dilatory tactics that marked the opening of the campaign of 1809, and led to the crushing defeat of Eckmühl.

The Archduke Joseph was a man of considerable

[1] Vehse, who mentions several other mistresses of Leopold, of much higher degree, hints at Livia's being suspected in connection with her Imperial lover's death, and says that she retired to Italy, where she lived in great luxury.

gifts and fine presence, and, as Palatine of Hungary, ably administered the Trans-Leithan kingdom for fifty years, founding what might almost be termed a dynasty; the same high office being held after him by his eldest son, the Archduke Stephen, until the supposed sympathies of that Prince for the national movement which culminated in the great Hungarian rebellion, caused him to be recalled by his first cousin the Emperor Ferdinand in August 1848. This branch of the Imperial family possessed large estates in Hungary, and became more or less Magyarized. The younger brother of Stephen, the late Archduke Joseph, enjoyed great popularity in the country, and was in supreme command of the national Hungarian Honved, or Militia forces. His eldest daughter became the wife of the present head of the Orléans family.

During the Napoleonic wars the Archduke John took a distinguished part in the gallant stand made for their liberty and their connection with Austria by the Tyrolese mountaineers by whom he was generally beloved. Towards the end of his life he figured prominently for a brief period as *Reichsverweser,* or Vicar, of the ephemeral, phantom-like Germanic Empire that was born out of the revolutionary troubles of 1848. By his romantic marriage with the daughter of a Styrian postmaster[1] the Archduke

[1] The Archduke, so the story goes, arriving at the posting-house at Brandhofen in Styria, was unable to proceed on his journey for want of a postboy. The postmaster's daughter, Anna Plochel, at once manned the breach, or, it might here be said, the breeches, by disguising herself and taking to the saddle; her pluck and good looks winning the heart of the Imperial traveller, who soon made her his wife.

had a morganatic family, whose descendants now bear the title of Counts of Meran.

Before closing this catalogue of the more noteworthy sons of Leopold, the story, as related by Hormayr of the dreadful and uncommon death of the Archduke Alexander Leopold, who preceded his brother Joseph as Palatine of Hungary, may here be mentioned. This young and promising Prince, who had a greater share of good looks than his brothers, was very fond of fireworks, which he amused himself in manufacturing. On the occasion of a visit of his sister-in-law, the Empress Theresa, to the Imperial residence at Laxenburg, near Vienna, he imagined a surprise for her. He installed himself, with two of his servants, in the uppermost story of the palace, where he prepared his pyrotechnical display. When warned, as arranged, by the firing of a gun, of the Empress's approach, he set fire himself to the first rocket. At that moment a door behind him was suddenly opened, and the draught of air sending the rocket on to a mass of inflammatory material around, a terrific explosion ensued, which fatally injured the unfortunate Archduke and his companions.

With the accession of Francis II.—subsequently better known as Francis I. of Austria—an entirely new order of things was to open up in the Habsburg annals. The period of upwards of forty years which divides the beginning of his reign from his death in 1835 witnessed changes of such magnitude in Western Europe that it is difficult to realize their

having taken place in so short a space of time. Of these great things much the most striking was the final extinction of the already waning Habsburg supremacy, and with it the passing away of the old Germanic world with all the lumber of its mediæval paraphernalia, its empty vanities and glories, its idle pretence of a national unity which had no real existence. The actual accomplishment of that unity, pregnant as it is with the gravest issues for Europe at large, was not to come for many years.

CHAPTER II

FRANCIS II.—THE FIRST AND SECOND COALITIONS

1792-1801

FRANCIS II. entered upon his long and eventful reign at the age of twenty-four. Born on the 12th of February 1768 at Florence, his childhood and early youth had been spent at the easy-going Court of his father, the Grand Duke Leopold. What tuition he received for the arduous duties that devolved upon him he entirely owed to his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, who sent for him from his Tuscan home when he was but little over sixteen, and sedulously devoted himself to training him for the throne. Francis accompanied his uncle throughout the latter's sole and ill-starred military enterprise against the Turks, and was rather seriously injured in the memorable panic of Karánsebes. He was with Laudon's army during the operations of the following year, and was present at the siege and capture of Belgrade, where the distinction was reserved for him of firing the opening gun of the bombardment of the great Turkish fortress.

The Emperor Joseph, in his desire to make safe the direct succession to the crown, married his nephew (in January, 1788, before Francis had completed his

twentieth year) to the Princess Elizabeth of Würtemberg, whose sister was the wife of the Emperor Paul. By this alliance Joseph no doubt hoped to draw still closer the understanding with Russia which, having first originated in the partition of Poland, had become a cardinal point of his foreign policy. Whatever designs may have attached to the marriage were frustrated by the early death of the young Archduchess (on the 18th of February, 1790), two days before Joseph himself breathed his last. The Emperor was tenderly attached to his niece, and there is a touching account of her take-leave visit to him on his death-bed, whence she returned to her own apartments in the Hofburg, only to expire there a few hours later after giving birth to a daughter. The mortality among the ladies of the Imperial family towards the close of the century was indeed remarkable, but still more striking was the rapidity with which the bereaved husbands formed new ties. Seven months after the loss of his charming wife Francis married his first cousin, Theresa, daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples.

Joseph seems at first to have had but a poor opinion of the youth who in due course would be called upon to ascend the throne of the Cæsars.[1] He found him physically undeveloped and backward for his age, averse to bodily exercise, spiritless and self-indulgent, and, like "a mother's spoilt child," as he

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[1] Among the papers left by Joseph is to be found a memorandum entitled *Ad Fontes Rerum Austriacarum*, in which his impressions of his nephew at this time are frankly recorded.

contemptuously termed him, full of his own importance and regardless of the feelings or convenience of others. The high-souled, hard-working Emperor traced with displeasure in his nephew the detrimental effects of an imperfect and injudiciously planned education; these being manifest in his ill-digested knowledge, his inability to apply himself to serious study, his exaggerated opinion of his own capacity, and the puerile attention he devoted to mere trifles. Before long, however, Joseph must have seen cause to modify the severe judgment he had passed on the raw Tuscan lad, for he became very fond of him and treated him with great confidence. Still, it cannot be doubted that his early Italian training had an unfortunate and lasting influence on Francis II. Of a naturally indolent disposition—and, although far from unintelligent, superstitious and narrow-minded—he was scarcely fitted either by nature or education for the government of a great monarchy at a time of unexampled stress and peril. On the other hand, a certain simple *bonhomie* and kindliness, which likewise betrayed an Italian origin, made him generally popular, and gave to his rule the paternal stamp which procured for him the proud surname of "Father of his people." That rule, though purely autocratic, was indeed an easy one for all but those who were suspected of revolutionary designs or principles. The casemates of the Spielberg at Brünn unfortunately tell a somber tale of his implacable dealings with Italian patriots. Yet Hübner, who knew him well, says of him that he was just and conscientious to the last

degree, and that, while modest and unassuming in prosperity and success, he evinced at the hour of trial the highest courage and determination.[1]

The young Archduke's first experience of grave political transactions was acquired at the conferences at Pillnitz, whither he accompanied his father, the Emperor Leopold, in August 1791. He was present at the meeting at which the German sovereigns decided to issue their first hostile declaration against the rebellious French. At Pillnitz, it may be said, he found himself, for the first time, face to face with the specter of revolutionary France, which, for a quarter of a century, was to haunt and oppress him and his people. He thus early conceived an utter horror and detestation of the liberal principles and doctrines which all too soon overran the Continent in the wake of the conquering French armies. To him the upstart Corsican, in all his glory and splendor, to whom he had to bend the knee and give his eldest daughter, was but the incarnation of the hated Revolution. A good story is told of his retort to his confidential medical adviser who, when consulted by him about some ailment, had reassured him by saying that with such a sound constitution as that of his august patient there was no need of anxiety. "We are old friends," indignantly replied the Emperor, "talk of a sound body if you like, but never mention the word constitution to me again! There is no such thing as a good

[1] Count Hübner, *Une année de ma vie*, 1848-1849. Hübner, who was afterwards Ambassador at Paris under the Second Empire and was well known in English society, began life as a trusted subordinate of Prince Metternich at the Imperial Foreign Office.

constitution. I have no constitution, and never will have one!'"[1]

The unexpected death of his father in March 1792 found Francis, we are told, quite unprepared for the exalted functions that were so suddenly thrust upon him. He childishly shut himself up, absolutely refusing to attend to any business, and, in the end, only yielded to the remonstrances of his confessor, who urged upon him his obligation as a Christian to acquit himself of the duties entrusted to him by the Almighty; adding at the same time that he need not take any decision of importance without the concurrence of his Ministers. As a matter of fact, the young ruler soon showed himself fully capable of imposing his will on his advisers whenever it suited him to do so.

The first public act in which he took part was his coronation as King of Hungary at Pressburg, in June, 1792. He thereby followed the example set him by his father, who by this solemn rite (which the Emperor Joseph had steadfastly refused to comply with) had put an end to the estrangement existing between the Hungarian crown and nation. To Francis's crowning at Pressburg succeeded the supreme act of his assumption of the Imperial German dignity at Frankfort on the 14th of July. It was remarked at the time that there was a distinct falling-off, on this occasion, in the *éclat* and popular interest which had marked previous coronations. As a presage, too, of the future course of events, it was noticed that on the

[1] Vehse, *Memoirs of the Court of Austria.*

walls of the *Kaisersaal* in the Römer, where hung the portraits of all Francis's predecessors, there remained only room for one more, that of Francis himself. But the times were already sadly out of joint. In less than a month from the august ceremony at Frankfort, a hideous mob was surging through the Tuileries gardens to the strains of the Marseillaise, and by nightfall of August the 10th the French King and his family were helpless captives in the hands of the National Assembly. Already, in the preceding April, war had been declared on the Empire[1] by the French Government; the Duke of Brunswick had launched his fatal manifesto, and had entered with his Prussians on the futile campaign which led first to the inglorious cannonade of Valmy and afterwards to the severe defeat of the Allies at Jemmapes and the French invasion of the Austrian Netherlands. Francis, meanwhile, had completed what may be termed his coronation tour at Prague, where, on the 5th of August, the crown of St. Wenceslaus of Bohemia was placed on his head. To have been crowned three times in the space of less than two months may be accounted a record performance for any sovereign.

After Jemmapes the military operations somewhat languished, owing—as regards the share taken in them by the Imperialists—in some measure to the influence of the Chancellor, Prince Kaunitz, who was altogether opposed to war being waged against the republic which, if left to itself without the stimulus

[1] War was actually declared against Francis as King of Hungary and Bohemia, he not having yet been elected Emperor.

of foreign invasion, would, he argued, soon perish by internal dissension. Far more important, however, in its bearing on the conduct of the Allies, was the second partition of Poland, which absorbed for the time all the attention of the King of Prussia. Frederick William II., in fact, very shortly deserted the Emperor Francis in the war they had undertaken in common. It was the commencement of that selfish and short-sighted policy for which Prussia was afterwards to pay so dearly at Jena.

On the fall of the Terrorist Government in France the King of Prussia negotiated a separate treaty of peace with the *Directoire* at Bâle, by a secret article of which the left bank of the Rhine, together with the Netherlands and Holland, was abandoned to the French, while Prussia was to compensate herself in Germany at the expense of the smaller States of the Empire. The effects of this extraordinary compact with the arch-enemy, which Lord Malmesbury characterized as "a predatory alliance," were disastrous for Austria and the Empire, both in territory and prestige, and Austria, hampered as she was by the defence of her own possessions on the line of the Upper Rhine, was unable to come to the assistance of the countries thus left at the mercy of the armies of the Republic. The only redeeming feature of the Treaty of Bâle was a stipulation for the exchange of the unfortunate daughter of Louis the Sixteenth, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, against the Republican Envoys Semonville and Maret, who had been seized in 1792, on Swiss territory, when on

their way to their respective posts at Constantinople and Naples.

During the campaign of 1794 the Emperor Francis had for a short period joined his forces in Flanders. He was present at the success they obtained at Landrecies, and, at the sanguinary action fought at Tournay on the 22nd of May, he gave a curious exhibition of Southern fervor by dismounting from his charger and kneeling down in front of his troops to implore the Lord of hosts to grant victory to his arms. Three weeks later he suddenly left his army and returned to Vienna. One of the causes of this unexpected resolve was his disgust at the refusal of the States of Brabant to grant the subsidies he demanded of them, or to sanction the *levée en masse* he had ordered for the defence of the Belgian provinces against French invasion. But without doubt other motives, to be referred to presently, largely contributed to the Emperor's withdrawal from the field.

On the 28th of June, scarcely a fortnight after the departure of Francis, was fought the great action at Fleurus which, though it decided the fate of Belgium, was nevertheless rather a drawn battle than a great victory. By midday the Imperialists had driven back the two wings of the French army across the Sambre, and had severely shaken its center. Instead of following up his success, the Prince of Coburg, who was in chief command of the Imperial forces, unaccountably checked his advancing columns late in the afternoon, and withdrew them in the direction of Brussels. His

loss in men had been very small; he had kept all his guns, and had indeed taken a few from the enemy. Two of the Imperial generals who had most distinguished themselves in the battle, Quasdanovich and the veteran Beaulieu, loudly gave vent to their anger and indignation at seeing complete victory snatched from them by the order given for a retreat. The French success at Fleurus, which put an end to the long Habsburg domination in the Netherlands, dating back to the marriage of Maximilian with the daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, was very soon to be eclipsed by the stupendous Napoleonic triumphs. In this aerostatic age, however, it deserves to be remembered as the first occasion on which a balloon was used in war (by the French) to observe the movements of the enemy. In the Austrian military annals, too, it is memorable for the brilliant part taken in it by the young Archduke Charles, who won his first spurs in this campaign.

On the very day of this untoward event in Flanders the aged Chancellor died at Vienna. The Old World, in which, all through the reign of the great Empress and her two sons, he had kept high the Imperial tradition, was fast crumbling to pieces around him, and he was followed by a man of a very different stamp, the upstart Thugut.

Maria Theresa, in one of her excursions on the Danube, had, at Linz, come across a schoolboy who took her fancy and struck her by his intelligence. The boy came of a family of boatmen called Thunig-

gut ("do-no-good"), originally no doubt a nickname, which was afterwards shortened and bettered, into Thugut. The Imperial *protégé* was taken to Vienna, where, through Jesuit influence, he was admitted to the Oriental Academy. He soon became a *Sprachknabe,* or student interpreter, and was sent to the Embassy at Constantinople, where he so distinguished himself that, when barely thirty, he rose to the rank of Minister Resident to the Porte. He showed great nerve during the mediation of Austria between Russia and Turkey. The streets of Stamboul were in the hands of a fanatical mob led by the Ulemas, who were greatly enraged by the negotiations that ended in the Treaty of Kainardji; and a number of Christians had been openly murdered. Thugut on several occasions risked his life, going alone at night in disguise through the disturbed city to the secret meetings he held with the Turkish Ministers.

An amusing, though scarcely credible, anecdote is related of the ready wit he showed when Ambassador at Warsaw, whither he was sent some years later. He had there two powerful and hostile colleagues in the Russian Stackelberg and the Prussian Lucchesini. When attending the Court reception at which he was to be presented to the King (Stanislaus Poniatowski), Thugut committed the strange, and, in fact unaccountable, blunder of taking Stackelberg, who had somewhat impudently taken up a conspicuous position in the royal *cercle,* for the King, and accordingly addressed to him the complimentary speech which was intended for his Majesty. Stackelberg heard

it through imperturbably, and then, pointing out the sovereign, said: *"Monsieur, voilà le Roi!"* The abashed Thugut soon took his revenge. That same evening at Court Stanislaus sat down to cards with the Ambassadors of the Three Powers which were ere long to despoil him of the last remnant of his kingdom. Thugut, in the course of the game, deliberately took the queen with a knave instead of with a king, and on the Prussian Lucchesini calling his attention to the mistake, he calmly replied: *"Est-il possible que deux fois dans la même journée j'aie pris un valet pour un Roi!"*

The historian Hormayr gives a curious sketch of the character and habits of this statesman, who held the Austrian premiership for seven years. Power was his sole passion and object in life. He had no flagrant vices, cared for no pleasures, and was frugal to excess—habitually, it is said, supping off a few plums and a glass of water. Nevertheless, he was very generally believed to be corrupt, and he certainly left a considerable private fortune. Lord Mansfield, writing to Lord Grenville in July 1794, distinctly says that Thugut had large sums of money in the French funds.[1] At the same time he was a thorough cynic, professing Voltairian principles, and cordially detesting the clergy. Lady Minto indeed, in her *Life of Sir Gilbert Elliot,* gives an account of a plan of Thugut's to abolish the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. At home he repressed with the utmost severity a conspiracy headed by the Hungarian

[1] Historical MS., "Fortescue Papers."

Bishop-Abbot Martinovitz, who had been a favorite of the Emperor Joseph. The object of this aristocratic plot was to make Hungary an independent kingdom, on the throne of which would be placed the then Palatine, the young Archduke Alexander Leopold, who was afterwards brought to an untimely end by his own fireworks. It was the old, ever-recurring Magyar dream, and the chief dreamers were beheaded.

In foreign affairs Thugut's main objective was the incorporation of Bavaria into the Habsburg dominions. For the attainment of this he was prepared, like Joseph II., to give up the outlying, troublesome Netherlands. This was the explanation of the slackness in military operations, the recall of victorious columns, and the mysteriously sudden Imperial departure from the front. Thugut was secretly bargaining with the Terrorist butchers in Paris. The "pale sea-green,"[1] incorruptible Robespierre proved not to be inaccessible to Austrian ducats, and assurances had been obtained from him that, against the abandonment of the Belgian provinces, he was ready to favor the Austrian designs on Bavaria. The Neuf Thermidor frustrated the discreditable contract as far as Austrian ambition was concerned, but not until after four of the strongholds that guarded the Belgian frontier had been sold to France for a few millions of francs.

[1] Carlyle. Madame de Staël, who had known Robespierre, speaks of "his ignoble features and the green tinge of his veins."

It was self-seeking intrigues such as these: the haggling of the Allies over Polish, or eventual Bavarian, spoil; and their half-hearted action and military jealousy which paralyzed the magnificent armies placed in the field by the first coalition, and prevented their crushing the raw levies of "Paris cobblers and tailors" before they had been welded by the fire of battle into those invincible battalions which swept Europe from one end to the other.

Nevertheless, to Austria and to Thugut—who, for all his intrigues, utterly loathed the French and their Republic—appertains the credit of maintaining the struggle when all the other Continental Powers had withdrawn from it. Austrian steel and British gold alone kept up what ere long became an unequal contest. And, in the campaigns that immediately followed the desertion of Prussia at Bâle and the break-up of the coalition, the Austrians did extremely well. With one's recollections of that period in which figure so prominently the Austrian defeats in Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, the capitulation of Ulm, and such disasters as Eckmühl, one is apt to forget the achievements of the Imperial forces before the appearance on the scene of the greatest captain of that or any age.

Yet in October 1795—six months after the peace of Bâle—that tough veteran, Wurmser, heavily defeated the French at Mannheim, making a prisoner of the future Marshal Oudinot; while the gallant Clerfayt—at that time the ablest of the Imperial commanders—took the besieging army before Mayence by surprise,

inflicting a crushing defeat upon it, and capturing all its siege batteries. In the following year the Archduke Charles laid the foundation of his great military renown by his magnificent campaign against the superior forces of Jourdan and Moreau. At Amberg he thoroughly beat the former, his cavalry under Wernek shattering the French squares with a loss to them of no less than three thousand killed and two thousand prisoners. At Würzburg again Jourdan's troops were completely worsted, with a still heavier loss of six thousand killed and two thousand prisoners. The French were driven back to the Main, Bernadotte being beaten at Aschaffenburg, and the chivalrous Marceau at Allerheim, where he met his death. Moreau, fearing to be cut off by the victorious Archduke, then effected that masterly withdrawal through the defiles of the Black Forest which first made his great reputation, but about which a young general, who was then making his mark with a vengeance in Italy, contemptuously observed that "after all it was only a retreat." As for the Archduke Charles, the name he had made for himself was such that reports reached Lord Grenville from Vienna to the effect that he was "adored by his soldiery, who thought themselves invincible under his command," and that his popularity had aroused the jealousy of the Emperor his brother.[1]

But all these successes in Germany were of little account. Down south, in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, the fortune of war was being decided by methods that utterly disconcerted the old-fashioned

[1] Historical MS., "Fortescue Papers."

tacticians of Austria and the ponderous Aulic Council, by whom their movements were inspired and too often marred. The amazing operations which began with the two victories of Montenotte and Millesimo on the 12th and 14th of April 1796, carried the young Bonaparte in the space of less than a year into the very heart of Carinthia, not eighty miles from Vienna, after he had accounted successively for Beaulieu, Quasdanovich, Davidovich, Wurmser, and Alvinzi, who, with a blundering tenacity one cannot help admiring, renewed the campaign five times with fresh forces.

The preliminaries of Leoben led to the Treaty of Campo Formio in October 1797, whereby the Emperor surrendered Lombardy, but acquired in exchange the territories of the Venetian republic, whose tottering Government the Corsican had overthrown by the mere terror of his name.[1] One of the favorite dreams of old Kaunitz was realized by these arrangements, which both surprised and scandalized Europe, but made the Habsburg dominions more compact, though considerably reducing them in extent.

It looked now as if peace might be lasting. But Thugut's implacable hostility to the French made this impossible. Already in April 1798 the assault made by the Viennese mob on the French Embassy, where Bernadotte had imprudently planted the hated tricolor, was a sign of the hollowness of the peace. The Congress at Rastadt, called together ostensibly

[1] Bonaparte, when reproached for handing over the territory of a sister republic to the German Emperor, characteristically replied that "he had only lent it to him."

to determine the compensations to be provided for the princes of the Empire who had been deprived of their trans-Rhenan possessions by the treaties of Bâle and Campo Formio, afforded a short breathing time. It also gave Talleyrand, who first appears prominently on the stage at this period, an admirable opportunity to still further sap the loose foundations of the Holy Roman Empire; for in a secret memorandum written then, he claims to have gained over to the French interest such states as Würtemberg, Baden, Darmstadt, and Nassau by promises of aggrandisement.

The Congress, which was suddenly broken off by a French declaration of war, was rendered memorable by the worst outrage recorded in modern diplomatic history. The murder of the French plenipotentiaries on the outskirts of Rastadt, which they had just left,[1] was imputed by Thugut to the Austrian Plenipotentiary Lehrbach, who had been that Minister's *âme damnée,* and at the same time his rival. The explanation it was sought to give of it was that the troop of Hungarian Szekler Hussars who attacked the defenceless travellers had exceeded their instructions, which were simply to give the Frenchmen a good thrashing and seize their papers. These, it was believed, would afford incriminating evidence of a Prussian and Bavarian treasonable understanding with France against the Empire. Any proofs of this which may have existed had been carefully deposited by the French Envoys at their departure, with all

[1] Jean de Bry escaped the fate of the other two, Bonnier and Roberjot. Being severely wounded, he shammed death in a ditch he had fallen into, and was rescued by a secretary of the Prussian Legation.

their papers, in the hands of the Prussian Plenipotentiary, Count Görtz, which, it must be admitted, was in itself a suspicious circumstance. The atrocious deed was therefore committed in vain. An Imperial declaration expressing horror and detestation of the crime was published at the Diet at Ratisbon; but some degree of mystery still attaches to the affair, and it has left a deep stain on Thugut and his subordinate.

The second coalition which now appeared on the scene contained a new and powerful element in Russia. Fortune at first cast her brightest smiles on the Allies. The dreaded Bonaparte was far away in Egypt, and a new spirit animated the Imperial forces. The Archduke Charles again severely beat his old adversary, Jourdan, at Ostrach and Stockach in the spring of 1799, and, when his forces were diverted to Switzerland by the bungling Aulic Council, he defeated Masséna in the first battle of Zurich, but afterwards remained unaccountably inactive throughout the summer months. In Italy, at the same time, Kray was victorious over Scherer at Magnano, and the veteran Suwarow, soon reinforcing the Austrians, took the supreme command and entered upon the brief meteoric campaign which has immortalized his name. He successively defeated Moreau at Cassano, Macdonald on the Trebbia, and Jourdan in a great battle at Novi, where that ill-starred commander was killed. A split between the Allies, however, soon rendered these triumphs fruitless. The Austrians conceived a great jealousy of the semi-barbaric Suwarow, who for his

part had an ill-disguised contempt for the Austrian strategy. The Archduke Charles, instead of being left in touch with the forces to the south of the Alps, was directed from Vienna to march northwards, with the vague object of co-operating with a British expedition under the Duke of York in Holland. Suwarow, on the other hand, received peremptory orders, which could only have emanated from the crazy brain of the Emperor Paul, to join a fresh Russian army of 30,000 men under Korsakow on the upper waters of the Rhine. This led to his astounding march across the St. Gothard and the mountains of Schwyz to Glarus, whence he finally reached the valley of the Rhine over sheer mountain tracks several feet deep in the October snow, losing all his guns and one-third of his army. Korsakow, meanwhile, had been pent up by Masséna in Zurich, and had to cut his way through with barely 10,000 men out of his entire force.

The rift between the two Allies had now widened to a complete breach. At Vienna the most ambitious designs in the Mediterranean were imputed to the Emperor Paul, who, not long before, had accepted the Grand Mastership of the Order of Malta. The protection ostentatiously extended by Suwarow to the King of Sardinia, appeared, too, inimical to Austrian interests, and indicated pretensions to a kind of Russian protectorate over Italy; while across the Adriatic certain Russian intrigues in Montenegro raised anxiety as to those ambitions in the Balkanic Peninsula which have down to our own day remained a subject

of mutual distrust between Russia and Austria. The Russian Emperor on his side, being naturally indignant at the withdrawal of the Archduke from active co-operation with his victorious general, recalled the latter with his entire army, and the promising campaign thus came to an end; not, however, until after the Imperial forces under Melas had routed Championnet at Savigliano.

Suwarow Italinsky disappears from the scene where for a short time he loomed so large, as suddenly as he had first burst upon it with his brilliant victories. Seven months after his daring and disastrous Alpine march he died at St. Petersburg in disgrace, and was spared seeing the fatal day of Marengo, just four weeks later, which undid all his splendid work and restored to the French the Italy he had wrenched from their grasp. His was a strange and unique figure, even in that dazzling age where there was so little room for the commonplace. To quote Hormayr, he was "An unexampled mixture of genius and of madness, of penetration and conceit."

The close of the year 1799 witnessed a turn of affairs in France which was before long to change the entire face of Europe. Bonaparte, eluding the vigilance of British cruisers, unexpectedly returned to France, and on the famous Dix-Huit Brumaire (November 9, 1799), overturned the effete and nerveless government of the *Directoire* and assumed quasi-regal powers under the title of First Consul. His first care was to retrieve the position that had been

entirely lost in Italy during his adventurous expedition to the East. He crossed the St. Bernard with 50,000 men, and took the supine Austrians in Lombardy so completely by surprise that he entered Milan on the 2nd of June, 1800 in the rear of their forces, and seized an immense depot of military stores at Pavia almost without having fired a shot.

The Imperial generalissimo Melas had just reduced Genoa, and was intent on an invasion of Provence with a large army, part of which was to be composed of English and Neapolitan contingents. The Austrians, numbering some 110,000 men, of whom he disposed, were echeloned in a long line extending from the center of Piedmont to the river Var. Melas hastily collected the troops nearest at hand, and seeking to bar the advance of the French, met them at Marengo on the fateful 14th of June. Never was battle more completely both won and lost. The success of the seasoned Austrians, inured of late to victory, was at first so decided that Melas, who had been slightly wounded, rode back to his quarters in Alessandria and despatched couriers to Vienna with the tidings of his success. Then came the heroic rallying by Desaix, and the fury of his onslaught, followed by Kellermann's cavalry charge; for which the Austrians, who had almost driven the enemy from the field, were quite unprepared, having broken their ranks and being entirely off their guard. The disaster became so overwhelming that Melas was forced to capitulate the next day, and Italy was once more lost to the Imperial crown. In Germany, where Moreau

was operating with 130,000 men, the campaign dragged on slowly for some months, only to end in the crushing defeat of Hohenlinden on the 3rd of December, 1800. The Emperor had to sue for peace, which was concluded at Lunéville on the 9th of February, 1801.

Thugut, who for seven years had wielded absolute power, and whom Talleyrand always referred to as "the sovereign of Vienna," was the most prominent victim of Hohenlinden. Prince Charles Schwarzenberg, the future victor of Leipzig, is said to have contributed to his fall by travelling post-haste from the battlefield to Vienna and warning the Emperor Francis—who had been kept in the dark by his Minister—of the risk attending any further advance by Moreau after the great victory, which he really owed to Thugut's "mad and ruinous obstinacy in the conduct of the war." The ascendancy of a man of such low extraction as Thugut in so exclusively aristocratic a system as that which then and long afterwards obtained in Austria, must nevertheless be accounted a tribute to that statesman's energy and talents. He retired to the estates which the Emperor had bestowed upon him in Croatia, and living to the age of eighty (he died in 1818), saw the downfall of Napoleon and the prostration of the country he had contended against so persistently and undauntedly. Although his administration had been extremely arbitrary and anything but enlightened, he was honored to the end by the friendship of

several distinguished persons, among whom should especially be counted the head of the Dietrichstein family, who had been employed on various diplomatic missions, but soon retired from the service and lived for many years in England.[1] When Thugut died Prince Franz Dietrichstein, much to the annoyance of his relations, caused his friend's remains to be interred in the Dietrichstein family vault at Nikolsburg in Moravia. This was but one of the eccentricities of the Prince, who, though in many ways gifted, made himself conspicuous as a *frondeur* in politics, and led a restless, irregular life. He was married to a Countess Schouvalow, but proved a very inconstant husband. One of his illegitimate children was the celebrated pianist Thalberg, whose patronymic was derived from the barony of that name, one of the oldest titles in the Dietrichstein family. Prince Franz Dietrichstein was the great-grandfather of the present Austro-Hungarian ambassador at our Court.

[1] The censorship of literature and of the stage under the Thugut administration was extraordinarily and absurdly restrictive. It affected the works of the greatest writers of the age, such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, &c. Shakespeare's historical plays were prohibited on account of their dangerous references to the murder and deposition of kings, while Schiller's *Maria Stuart* was held to be objectionable, as reminiscent of the fate of Marie Antoinette, and *Egmont*, *Wilhelm Tell*, and *Wallenstein* as inciting to rebellion.

CHAPTER III

FRANCIS II.—AUSTERLITZ AND WAGRAM

1801-1809

ALTHOUGH Francis II. is not by any means to be reckoned among *fainéant* sovereigns, he left so much latitude to his chief counsellors that the first and more eventful part of his long reign may conveniently be divided into periods marked by the Prime Ministers to whom he successively entrusted the affairs of his Empire. Count Louis Cobenzl, who now replaced Thugut, was an experienced diplomatist of good old family in Carniola, and in his early days had graduated at the then renowned University of Strasburg, where Talleyrand was one of his fellow-students. He was a protégé of Prince Kaunitz, and had held for twenty years the important Embassy at St. Petersburg, where he was in the good graces of the Empress Catherine. He cannot have owed the distinction with which he was treated by that sovereign to the good looks that were so often a passport to her favor, for Hormayr draws a positively repulsive portrait of him. His head, says that gossiping historian, was in shape like that of a cat, his hair whitey-brown, and his complexion of a sickly,

pallid hue. He was short and obese, or, as Hormayr prefers to call it, bloated and flabby. Small eyes with a squint in them complete the seductive picture. In spite of these serious drawbacks, he must have been endowed with some special charm; "his ugliness," we are told, "being interesting, and even graceful!" He seems at any rate to have been an accomplished courtier, and was before long admitted to the small and select coterie of the Hermitage, which helped to beguile the Empress's declining years. Cobenzl, whom Meneval in his Memoirs describes as being so Frenchified *"qu'il n'avait d'Allemand que le nom,"* had a pretty turn for *vers de société,* and was besides a clever amateur actor. He wrote plays for Catherine's private theatre, and by means of these, says Hormayr, sometimes contrived to attenuate the effect of unpleasant communications he was charged with for the Russian Government. One day the Empress, with unconscious prescience of what lay in the near future, twitted him by saying that probably his best play would be written when the French were at Vienna.

It was Cobenzl who had finally signed the treaty of Campo Formio, after protracted negotiations, during which he was in daily contact with Bonaparte. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the sleek, podgy, middle-aged Austrian and the lean, sunburnt young general with the stern features and the eyes that flashed lightning—those *"rai fulminei,"* as Manzoni so splendidly describes them. Bonaparte was just then playing a regular

game of bluff. The army at his disposal in Italy barely numbered 70,000 men, and was very deficient in cavalry. The Directoire, whom he was very soon to overthrow, would send him no reinforcements. On their side, the Austrians had largely increased their armaments since the signature of the preliminaries of peace at Leoben six months before, and Hungary had risen *en masse*. October, too, had now come with its early snows, and it would be madness to attempt to repeat the audacious march on Vienna over the Julian Alps into Carinthia, where almost the whole of the Imperial forces had now been concentrated for the protection of the capital. Cobenzl, conscious of the resources at his back, made a bold front and stubbornly held out for the retrocession of Lombardy, which the Emperor had ceded in principle at Leoben. His tone indeed was haughty and bitter (*hautain et amer*), says Thiers. The young Corsican determined to shake his nerves, and treated him to one of those tantrums into which he was wont to lash himself on special occasions. They had met at Cobenzl's lodgings in Udine, and from the turn the discussion had taken a final breach seemed unavoidable. Bonaparte strode across the room to a table on which stood a cabaret with a set of valuable china —a gift of Catherine. Seizing this he dashed it to the ground, saying as he did so, that since the Austrians wished for war they should have it, but he would smash their monarchy as he had the porcelain. He then at once drove off to his own quarters, and despatched an officer to inform the Archduke Charles

that he would recommence hostilities within twenty-four hours. Next day the treaty was signed.

Cobenzl's lines were not cast in easy places, although during the five years and a half that followed upon Lunéville Austria was ostensibly at peace, and even her British ally had sheathed the sword for a short time at Amiens. But Russia no less than France had to be carefully watched. After Marengo the Emperor Paul had been seized with a violent infatuation for Bonaparte, which might have led to strange consequences[1] had not the unfortunate autocrat's career been cut short in that hideous murder scene at the Michaelovski Palace on the night of March the 25th, 1801. His son and successor, Alexander I., showed greater reserve in his dealings with France, but was not insensible to the advances and cajoleries by which the First Consul sought to win him over to his side. As for Prussia, since the day of her defection from the First Coalition her relations with Austria had been those of mutual jealousy and distrust, while her general attitude towards the Holy Roman Empire, of which she was the first feudatory, could scarcely be deemed other than disloyal.

That venerable fabric was rapidly nearing its end. It had long lost all real vitality or vigor. The strain of war and the destructive revolutionary wave which had swept over it from the Rhine had shaken its

[1] Among other wild schemes he seems to have entertained that of driving, in conjunction with the French, the English out of India. A fully equipped French force of some 30,000 men was to join the Russians on the Danube and reach the Indus by way of the Black Sea and the Caspian.

ancient foundations to their base. The trunk of the majestic oak planted by Charlemagne was still standing, but it was hollow and sapless and only cumbered the ground. Its fate was decided by the committee to which the Imperial Diet at Ratisbon entrusted the task, which had been interrupted at Rastadt, of devising compensations for the princes who had been dispossessed in Italy and in the country beyond the Rhine. On the 25th of February 1803 the Diet finally issued the notorious *Reichsdeputationshauptschluss*—a terrible word of twenty-nine letters—which gave its death-blow to the Empire in its traditional shape. The sovereignty of almost countless bishoprics and abbeys was abolished, and their lands parcelled out among the princes to be provided for. Even the three spiritual Electorates of Mainz, Trèves, and Cologne ceased to exist, and of the numerous group of Imperial cities (*Reichstädte*) only eight were spared. The territories of the smaller princes, counts, and knights remained intact, but only for a time. The worst feature of these high-handed proceedings was their being in great measure dictated from Paris; several of the claimants for compensation looking chiefly to Bonaparte for support in their pretensions. Prussia, as a recompense for her ill-judged neutrality, had already secured considerable extensions of territory by a private treaty with France, to which Russia was a consenting party. The dominions of the young Bavarian Elector, who was completely under French influence, were likewise greatly augmented.

The circumstances in which the extinction of the

Holy Roman Empire took place offer at first sight a decidedly unedifying spectacle. On the other hand, as has been justly observed, the decree by which it was accomplished can scarcely be said to have brutally closed a glorious past, but should rather be looked upon as a necessary, however severe, surgical operation performed on an utterly diseased body politic. It was well that the rich and slothful abbeys; the miniature courts aping Versailles with its luxury and vices; those strongholds of Philistinism, the free cities, should all be swept off the ground. The enlarged States that came into existence under the new arrangements were able to confer on the Fatherland many benefits which had been almost entirely denied to it when it was parcelled out in wretched little sovereignties, which had neither the means nor the organization required to effect any useful improvements—to build roads, to found public institutions, to put some life into the stagnation of centuries. Surely the German people were well rid of their fossil Holy Roman Empire.

Gross abuses, which the Emperor Joseph had grappled with in vain, likewise attended the administration of justice in the Imperial Courts. The supreme tribunal, or *Reichskammergericht,* had become a veritable Augean stable. The papers relating to pending lawsuits lay piled up in heaps, untouched, year after year. A suit between the Elector of Brandenburg and the city of Nürnberg, for instance, dating back to the middle of the sixteenth century, still remained undecided 250 years later. When the

Empire was finally dissolved, eighty thousand untried cases were found stacked in the registry of the Supreme Court.

Yet more deplorable were the military system and resources of the Empire. The contingents to be furnished in time of war by its feudatories more or less corresponded with the size and population of their territories. The result being—to quote a contemporary critic, writing in 1796—that an abbey would place two men in the field, the neighboring count an ensign, and the nearest Imperial city would provide a captain. The raw levies joined in every variety of uniform; these motley forces being mostly armed with muskets of different calibres. Making every allowance for the palpable exaggerations of this grotesque description of the *Reichsarmee,* the Empire *per se,* as a military power, had long ceased to be redoubtable. The burden of its defence really fell on the Emperor himself and the troops, more or less disciplined, he drew from his hereditary dominions; and also on Prussia, but only when the latter was not too much absorbed by her personal aims and ambitions.

The assumption of the Imperial dignity by General Bonaparte, and his coronation in 1804, led to a further step towards the complete severance of the ties between the German Empire and its Emperor; for Francis II. almost simultaneously took the title of Emperor of Austria two years before he finally surrendered the Imperial German crown.

Meanwhile the daily increasing power of France, and the defiance of public opinion shown by such

outrages as the kidnapping and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and the seizure of the British representative at Hamburg, Sir George Rumbold, excited such fears and aroused such horror and indignation throughout Europe that a fresh coalition was soon formed against what was felt to be the common enemy. Pitt, who had now returned to power, was the life and soul of the new league, and greatly contributed to wean Alexander of Russia from his French proclivities and make him join the alliance. In the summer of 1805 Francis II. issued his declaration against France, but not until after a great struggle between the peace and war parties at Vienna; the former of which was headed by the Archduke Charles and the latter by the impetuous Empress Theresa, the daughter of the dispossessed Queen Caroline of Naples, whose wrongs she warmly espoused.

In an evil hour the coterie of the Empress, which included the Ministers Cobenzl and Colloredo, entrusted the command of the Imperial forces in Germany to the notorious Mack, who had been chief of the staff to the Prince of Coburg during the first campaigns against the French Republic. Fatal though the choice of Mack turned out, it is but fair to remark that he had been received with marked distinction in England, when sent there on a mission in 1794, and had been presented with a valuable sword by George III. in recognition of his services to the Allies in the Low Countries. Austria paid dearly for this selection of the most incompetent general ever placed in charge of her armies. Mack

committed mistake upon mistake; rashly moved forward through Bavaria without awaiting the arrival of the Russians under Kutusow, and, taking up a most unfavorable position at Ulm, allowed himself to be surrounded, and his line of retreat cut off, by Napoleon. Finally he shamefully capitulated on the 20th October, 1805, the whole of his fine army of 80,000 men being lost to the Empire in a few weeks. There was nothing now between Napoleon and Vienna, which he entered on the 10th of November, capturing there an enormous amount of booty in military stores of all kinds, with some 200 cannon, which presently went towards making the splendid column erected in the Place Vendôme in glorification of this campaign.

On the 13th Napoleon took possession of the Palace of Schönbrunn. Vienna was no safe residence for him, the temper of its inhabitants being very hostile to the invaders. Only after dark did its conqueror venture into the city, attended by the trusty Savary and an Alsatian secret agent of the name of Charles Schulmeister, who was specially attached to his person and did him very good service. Three years later, at the great gathering of princes at Erfurt, this man preserved him from an attempt at assassination, and with a body of detectives which he had organized, watched admirably over his safety. Those who remember Vienna as it was forty odd years ago can picture to themselves the new-made Emperor, pacing the ancient bastions—which some two centuries before had withstood Kara Mustapha and his hordes—and

looking down exultingly on the city he had wrested from the heir of the Cæsars. The intoxication of those days must have surpassed that of all the subsequent triumphs of his astounding career.

The Austrian Court had hurriedly withdrawn to Olmütz, where Francis was joined a few days later by his Russian ally. It was but mid-November, and the disaster might still be repaired. The main Russian army, which had retreated into Moravia after the fall of Vienna, was practically intact. The Archduke Charles, after signally defeating Masséna at Caldiero—just as his son, sixty-one years later, was to defeat the Italians at Custoza in the fatal Sadowa year—was coming up from Italy by forced marches. And if Prussia could now be brought to join, all might indeed be well. In the short interval that preceded Austerlitz the Allies spared no effort at Berlin, but all in vain. Hanover, held out to him as a bait by Napoleon, proved too strong a temptation for the Prussian monarch.

The great overthrow soon followed. Kutusow, holding a strong position at Olmütz, where he could safely have awaited the arrival of the Archdukes Charles and John, was directed by his impatient sovereign to move forward towards Brünn and engage the enemy. The incidents of the great battle of December the 2nd, 1805, are only too well known. The bitter cold; the thick fog shrouding the heights and the field of battle with its swampy ground; then, suddenly, the red sun—the legendary *soleil d' Austerlitz*—bursting forth through the mist; the hard-fought

contest; and finally the victory with the disorderly retreat of the Russians across the frozen meres of Satschan, the French batteries pitilessly pounding the ice to engulf the shattered columns that had ventured on it—all these have been often told, and by no one more vividly than by Marbot. The loss of the battle must be in a great measure attributed to the incompetence of the Austrian chief of the staff, Weyrother, a perfect understudy of the wretched Mack. It was indeed a colossal disaster, such as should have made old Kaunitz, resting hard by in the family vault at Austerlitz, turn in his grave and curse the French, on whose alliance he had so prided himself.

There was a painful meeting two days later at the mill of Poleny, half-way between the armies. Napoleon brought to it a numerous and resplendent staff, while the Emperor Francis was attended by a single aide-de-camp. The poor Emperor came suing for peace, and wore, cruelly wrote Gentz,[1] "a woebegone and more than ever pitiful aspect." A few courtesies were exchanged. Napoleon apologized for receiving the visit in so poor a place; the Emperor aptly replying that his host certainly knew how to make the best out of bad quarters. But when they had parted, he said to his companion that now that he had seen Napoleon he "could not bear him at all" (*jetzt mag ich ihn erst recht nicht leiden*). History, it has been well said, repeats itself. Sixty-five years later a similar meeting, under nearly identical con-

[1] Friedrich von Gentz, the celebrated publicist and confidential employé of Prince Metternich. He is said to have drawn at one time considerable British pay.

ditions, took place between victor and vanquished. The positions, however, were almost exactly reversed. In the weaver's cottage at Donchéry the hour of tribulation had struck for the nephew of the conqueror of Austerlitz, and the monarch who received his surrender was he who was to restore to the plenitude of dignity and power an Empire very different from that which slipped from the nerveless hands of Francis.

Greatly though they needed peace, the treaty of Pressburg signed on the 25th of December was a sorry Christmas gift for the people of Austria. The Emperor gave up Venice and Dalmatia to the French, and was shorn of his ancient possessions in the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, Upper Suabia, and the Breisgau, in favor of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, who had all three unpatriotically thrown in their lot with the foreign invader. The new Confederation of the Rhine, formed under the ægis of Napoleon, was the final blow dealt at the old Empire, and Francis II., bowing to the inevitable, solemnly renounced the Imperial crown in a manifesto couched in very dignified and eloquent language.

Nothing could be more reprehensible than was the conduct of the minor German sovereigns at this juncture. The new kings and grand-dukes who accepted not only the Austrian spoil but their titles from the conqueror of their own liege lord, and were content to be his satellites as long as victory followed his eagles, stand out in ugly contrast to the Imperial power which, undeterred by misfortune and defeat,

stubbornly renewed the contest with him time after time. In looking back at the records of that period, it is impossible not to feel that Austria has since then fared badly at the hands of that Germany for whom she fought so valiantly in those days of its national adversity.

An immediate and important result of the treaty of Pressburg was the dismissal of the Chancellor Cobenzl, who survived his fall only three years. With him disappeared the baneful *camarilla,* whose rashness and incompetence had cost the Empire so dear. Its animating spirit, the poor, frivolous Empress Theresa, died not very long after Austerlitz. Francis II. now entrusted the conduct of affairs to Count Philip Stadion, a member of an ancient and distinguished family which had originally come from the Grisons under the Hohenstaufens, and, acquiring large estates in Suabia, had become *Reichsgrafen,* or counts of the Empire, early in the eighteenth century. Count Stadion, though his tenure of office was but brief, ranks very high among Austrian statesmen. His principles and policy were much more enlightened than those of his predecessors. The heavily taxed and police-ridden Austrian people breathed more freely under his administration. His efforts were chiefly directed to putting heart into the dispirited nation and rousing its dormant patriotism. The military forces of the Empire were completely reorganized; the Archduke Charles, who now presided over the Aulic Council, taking a leading part in this work. In the years that immediately followed

the treaty of Pressburg, the course of events placed Austria in a position of great isolation and danger. The destruction of the Prussian power after Jena; Napoleon's daring and successful Polish campaigns; and finally, after Friedland, the treaty of Tilsit and the famous interview of Erfurt, at which Europe was practically divided between Russia and France, exposed Austria to the most formidable of combinations. On the other hand, Napoleon was now deeply engaged in that weary contest in the Iberian peninsula, which led to such serious results for him. The time was, therefore, not ill chosen for a last attempt to free Germany from a hateful yoke. The tidings of the sturdy resistance offered by the Spanish *guerillas* to Napoleon's seasoned troops likewise greatly helped to stimulate the national movement all through the Empire for a war of revenge. Once more Francis II. resolved to try the chances of battle, and armed to the teeth.

The year 1809 may be called Austria's *risorgimento*. The popular enthusiasm grew to its highest pitch, and the Emperor, in a progress he made through the provinces with his newly-wedded third Consort, the charming Maria Ludovica of Modena, was everywhere hailed with the most patriotic demonstrations. The war fever had seized upon the whole country; the Hungarian half of the monarchy being equally inflamed by it. By the beginning of the year some 500,000 men, including the reserves and the newly created *Landwehr*, were ready to take the field. "To the puny, insignificant-looking, taciturn

Emperor Francis," writes Wolfgang Menzel, "must be accorded the honors of the year 1809. He had, it is true, called the capable Stadion to power, but he himself it was who gave the final decision on every measure that had to be taken."

Early in the year the Emperor launched his famous manifesto, penned by Gentz, and the Archduke Charles entered Bavaria at the head of 180,000 men. Instead, however, of advancing rapidly and scattering the feeble forces of the *Rheinbund,* he did not move the great body of his army beyond Ratisbon. Some mystery attaches to so consummate a commander's feeble conduct of the campaign. He showed unwonted vacillation, thus giving Napoleon time to hurry back from Spain, to throw himself upon the advanced Imperial corps, and to beat them in detail. It seems not improbable that one of those sudden attacks of illness which from time to time prostrated Charles now incapacitated him. Mr. F. Loraine Petre states in his able work on the campaign of 1809 *(Napoleon and the Archduke Charles)*, that on the day of the battle of Abensberg (20th of April) there is no trace of the whereabouts or doings of the Archduke between the hours of 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. Hormayr's explanation of this apathy, says Mr. Petre, is that he suffered on this day from one of the epileptic seizures to which he was subject, and that for several hours he locked himself in his quarters and would see no one. The direction of the operations was thereby left in the hands of his incompetent chief of the staff, Prohaska, who had been forced upon

him by the War Office. The Austrians were finally attacked by superior numbers at Eckmühl on the 22nd of April, and totally routed. Once more the road to Vienna lay open, and the Imperial capital was occupied on the 13th of May after a short bombardment.

The week that followed is rendered memorable in Austrian annals by the terrible days of Aspern and Essling. The Archduke boldly took the offensive with fresh forces, and by sheer hammering at them, drove the French out of all their positions on the Danube into the island of Lobau—now an Imperial preserve, where the privileged sportsman may see abundant pheasants rocketing above the trees which, during that critical period, sheltered the bivouac of the great Napoleon. The carnage of the two days was fearful. The Hungarian regiments took a great share in this gigantic and glorious conflict. Napoleon in his bulletin speaks of 700 Hungarians having been put to the sword (*Passés au fil de l'épée*) in the cemetery of Aspern, where a colossal stone lion now marks the site of the desperate struggle; and at Essling the Archduke, grasping a standard, himself headed the last victorious charge of Zach's Hungarian grenadiers—an incident commemorated by his equestrian statue on the Burgplatz at Vienna.

For six weeks the two armies continued to face each other across the Danube while gathering reinforcements. At last, on the 5th of July, Napoleon broke through, and assaulted the Austrian position at Wagram with very superior forces. In the two days

battle that ensued the Austrians not only held their own, but made a determined attempt on the second day to cut Napoleon off from the river. The sanguinary struggle, which in view of its results justly ranks as a great victory, was in reality undecided, but the Archduke, waiting in vain for the coming of the promised forces under his brother John, and having lost 30,000 men, or one-fourth of his entire strength, drew off his army to Znaim. An armistice was concluded, and, after protracted negotiations which lasted until October, peace was signed at Vienna. A peace by which the Empire was still further dismembered; Trieste, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Carniola being ceded to the so-called kingdom of Italy, and Salzburg and Berchtesgaden to Bavaria. One of the conditions imposed by the conqueror was the removal from office of the energetic and high-minded Stadion.

There are many circumstances attending this fatal campaign which remain unexplained, as for instance the failure of the Archduke John to reinforce his brother in time at Wagram. But, meanwhile, further off in the Emperor's dominions, the heroic spirit was not extinct. The Tyrolese, who had been handed over to Bavaria after Austerlitz by the treaty of Pressburg, rose *en masse* in the spring of 1809 and expelled all the Bavarian garrisons and their French allies. But it was not until the summer after Wagram that the peasantry, led by Andreas Hofer and other patriots like the peasant and poacher, Joseph Speckbacher, made their most desperate stand against the Bavarians who sought to reoccupy the country. After

severe fighting, in which a geat number of the Tyrolese women took an active part, the invaders were again driven out of the mountains, and Hofer installed a provisional government at Innsbruck, which he administered with much ability until, yielding to the peremptory orders he received from Vienna after the signature of peace, he made his people lay down their arms and retired into obscurity. He was forced, however, once more to put himself at the head of another successful rising, but was finally betrayed to the French and taken to Mantua, where he was shot by express orders sent from Paris by Napoleon in February, 1810, on a day which, as it happened, marked a very conspicuous event in the Napoleonic annals. The story of the rough Tyrolese innkeeper and his faithful mountaineers sheds a brilliant lustre of its own on this last struggle of Austria against her irresistible adversary. By their loyalty and undaunted pluck they made up for much of the slackness, the divided counsels, and the incapacity that marred this great effort in which, by the fatuous expedition to Walcheren, we ourselves took so inglorious a part.

On the morning of his execution Hofer wrote from the citadel at Mantua a few parting lines to his brother-in-law Pohler. "My dearest one, the *Wirthin,*"[1] he said, in his simple, alpine *patois,* "will see to the masses for my soul. She must have prayers said in both parishes, and take care that the friends are each of them given soup and meat and a pint of wine.

[1] His wife, the landlady of the inn he kept.

What money I have had by me I have given to the poor, and, for the rest, thou must look to all other people being dealt with as fairly as thou canst. Farewell to you all from this world till we meet again in heaven, and praise God without end. Dying appears to me so easy that my eyes are not even wet. Written at five in the morning, and at nine I shall journey *(sic)* with the help of all the saints of God."

He went on to the ramparts of the citadel and faced the firing-party, refusing to kneel or to have his eyes bandaged. "I stand," he said, with a loud voice, "before Him who created me, and standing I will return my spirit to Him." He then himself gave the order to fire. The men bungled their work abominably, and after two salvoes a corporal had to give him the *coup de grâce.* It was the morning of the 20th of February. Only four days before at Vienna the formal betrothal of the Emperor's eldest daughter to Napoleon had been decided upon.

CHAPTER IV

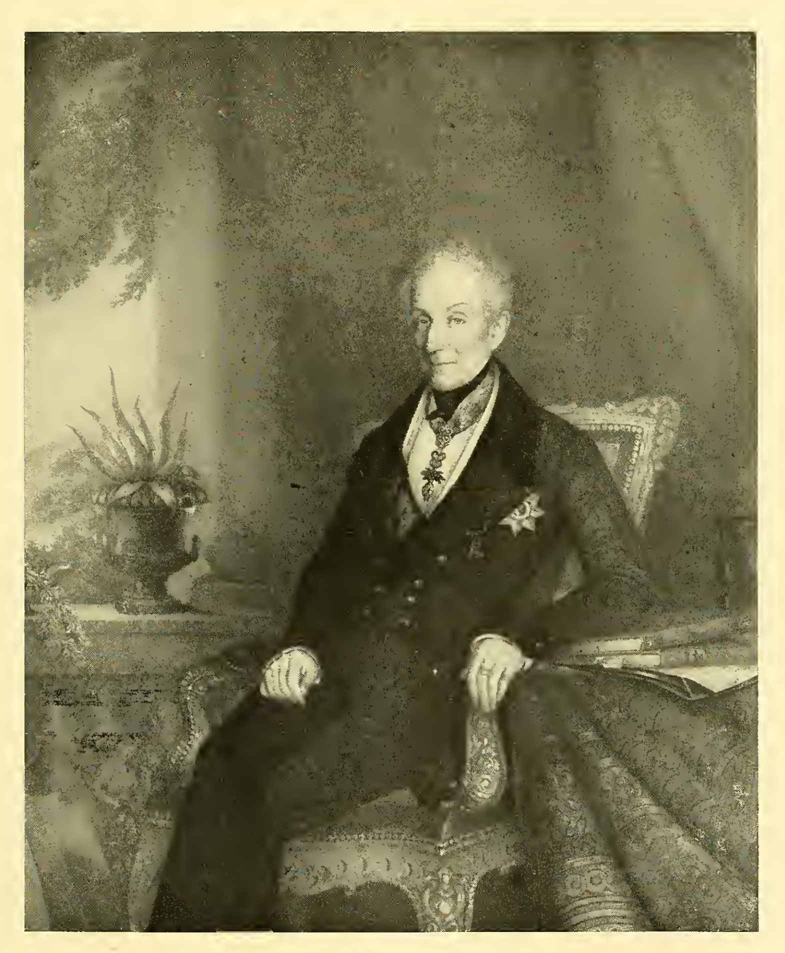
THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

1810-1833

ON the compulsory retirement of Stadion, Count Clemens Wenceslaus Lothar Metternich was summoned by the Emperor Francis to his councils and placed at the head of the Imperial Government, which he was to direct for the space of nearly forty years. This celebrated statesman was a cadet of a very distinguished family which ranked high among the oldest nobility of the Rhenish provinces, and had furnished Electors to the great sees of Trèves and Cologne in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He early entered the Imperial service, where he attracted the favorable notice of the old Chancellor, Prince Kaunitz, whose grand-daughter he subsequently married in 1795. By this match Metternich at once acquired a privileged footing in the most exclusive circles of the aristocracy of Vienna. In 1801, at the early age of twenty-eight, he was appointed Envoy at Dresden, and five years later was transferred to Paris, where he found Napoleon on the very brink of the Jena campaign. His remarkable good looks, his subtle wit and charm of manner, soon made him conspicuous at the brand-new French Imperial

Court, and specially commended him to the good graces of Napoleon's favorite sister, Caroline Murat. Napoleon, we are told, encouraged the intimacy, and is reported to have said to his sister: *"Il faut amuser ce niais là; nous en avons besoin."* Metternich, on his side, made skillful use of the opportunities afforded him, and, under cover of the simplicity attributed to him by the victor of Austerlitz, was soon able to fathom most of the secrets of his policy. There is a curious story which shows that some years later, when fortune had deserted the great conqueror and he was making his last desperate stand against the Allies in France, Metternich was still mindful of Caroline Murat's early friendship for him. An English man-of-war captured in the Mediterranean a Neapolitan vessel, on board of which were found some letters addressed by Metternich to the Queen of Naples warning her, in very affectionate terms, of the dangers which she and her husband, Joachim Murat, were incurring by the dubious attitude of the latter towards the Allies. These letters were sent by the Austrian General Nugent to the allied headquarters at Troyes, where they naturally made a considerable sensation.

Metternich, in the course of his mission to Paris in the dark and difficult days that divided Austerlitz from Wagram, acquired a diplomatic experience such as seldom falls to the lot of a foreign representative. To thread his way safely and imperturbably amidst the wiles and snares of Talleyrand and Fouché, and the alternating brutal or cajoling moods of their mighty master, without detriment to his own position



PRINCE METTERNICH

AFTER THE PAINTING BY HEUSS

or to the interests of Austria then still reeling under the stunning blow of Austerlitz, was an achievement of the first order. He bore with truly admirable dignity and equanimity the torrents of abuse launched at him by Napoleon in 1808, at a public audience, on the subject of the Neapolitan Camarilla (so called from its presiding genius, the Empress Theresa) and its hostility to France;[1] showing himself equally impervious to insult and flattery, while at the same time becoming on the whole a *persona grata* to the then arbiter of Europe.

His Embassy to France, therefore, in every way qualified Metternich for the conduct of the Imperial Foreign Office, and his first care, in entering upon his duties after the crowning disaster of Wagram, was to guard against the closer understanding between France and Russia, which was then ominously growing up, and must, if perfected, inevitably complete the ruin of the Austrian monarchy.

At this critical juncture it was that the French Emperor, after repudiating the childless Josephine, was devoting all his energies to effecting a matrimonial alliance with one of the great European dynasties. He had some time before initiated negotiations for the hand of one of the Russian Grand Duchesses, but had hitherto only received evasive replies, and met with stubborn opposition on the part of the Empress Dowager. There can be little doubt that it was Metternich, although he is not known to have

[1] Napoleon seized Metternich by the collar of his coat, saying: "*Mais enfin que veut votre empereur?*" "*Ce qu'il veut?*" replied Metternich; "*il veut que vous respectiez son ambassadeur.*"

ever frankly admitted it,[1] who conceived the idea of diverting Napoleon from the threatened Russian match by holding out to him the prospect of his obtaining the hand of an Austrian Archduchess. No alliance could be more alluring to the *parvenu* instincts of the master of legions. On the other hand, Habsburg pride of race, and the abhorrence of the Austrian Emperor for the revolutionary origin of his victor and oppressor seemed insuperable obstacles to his consent to such a project. The intended victim of political exigencies was his eldest and best-beloved daughter, and, by all accounts, Marie-Louise at this time was the perfect embodiment of German girlish beauty and freshness—a "Lotte,"[2] born in the purple indeed, but brought up in the very simple and sheltering observances of her father's court. In short, as sweet and dainty a maiden as could be "cast in prey to the Minotaur," as she herself put it[3] when the scheme was first broached to her. To quote in part Lamartine's ridiculously high-flown portraiture of her: "She was a comely maiden of the Tyrol (!), blue-eyed and fair-haired, her complexion tinted by the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys, slender and supple, and with that languorous attitude of the German woman who seems to need to lean on a man's heart."[4]

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[1] He is said to have taken to himself the credit (?) of the suggestion; but in his Memoirs, published by his son, he entirely attributes the initiative to Napoleon.

[2] The heroine of *Werther's Leiden.*

[3] Meneval, *Napoleon et Marie-Louise, Souvenirs Historiques.*

[4] "C'etait une belle fille du Tyrol (!), les yeux bleus, les cheveux blonds, le visage nuancé de la blancheur de ses neiges et des roses de ses vallées, la taille souple et svelte, l'attitude affaissée et langoureuse de ces Germaines qui semblent avoir besoin de s'appuyer sur le cœur d'un homme . . . les lèvres un peu fortes, la

Of many questionable transactions held to have been justified by reasons of state this one seems in many ways exceptionally odious. Yet it was carried out with surprising ease and rapidity. The pressure, whencesoever it came, was thoroughly effectual, and in less than six weeks from the commencement of the *pourparlers,* the last obstacles were overcome, and the marriage by proxy took place at Vienna on the 11th of March, 1810, the Archduke Charles representing Napoleon.

Unfortunately some of the incidents of the young Archduchess's journey to France throw an unpleasant light on the whole affair. At Braunau, on the Bavarian frontier, Marie-Louise was to be formally handed over to the care of Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel, who had been deputed to receive her. Here, however, she was met by Caroline Murat, and was informed, to her infinite distress, that her lady-in-waiting, Countess Lazanski, who had been with her since her childhood, would not be permitted to proceed any further on the journey. She was to part with with all she had brought from Austria. Even her favorite little Spitz, M. Masson tells us, was sent back to Vienna, for Napoleon could not endure dogs. As some amends, however, for this inexplicable and unpardonable slight should be reckoned the incident of the first meeting between the strangely mated couple. The mighty conqueror—so engrossed by his desire to make himself

poitrine pleine de soupirs et de fécondité, les bras longs, blancs, admirablement sculptés et retombant avec une gracieuse langueur . . . nature simple, touchante et renfermée en soi-même, muette au dehors, pleine d'échos au dedans, faite pour l'amour domestique dans une destinée obscure."

acceptable to the youthful bride as to send for tailors to fit him properly, and dancing-masters to teach him the Vienna waltz—set out, in a fit of knight-errantry, to meet her incognito on the road, in the character of a messenger charged with a letter for her. He wore the plain uniform of an artillery officer, and, but for the blundering zeal of a Court official, who, on his riding up to the carriage, called out: "l'Empereur!" the delicately conceived surprise would have completely succeeded. Yet, in brutal contrast to this, at Compiégne, where the cortège rested for the night, his evil instincts got the better of him, and, in fact, he boasted the next morning to his intimates of having disloyally anticipated his conjugal rights.

The nuptials were only solemnized on the 1st of April with the greatest imaginable pomp. Their splendor, however, was soon sadly marred by the fatal fire that took place at the ball at the Austrian Embassy, among the victims of which were the sister-in-law of the Ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg, with her daughter and other ladies. But in spite of this sinister omen, which recalled to mind the catastrophe that marked the coming of that other Austrian Princess, Marie Antoinette, the dawn of Marie-Louise's wedded life gave promise of much happiness. Her innocent grace and gentleness and her innate and simple piety made a profound impression on the most domineering spirit of the age, and awakened in him a tenderness and devotion which seemed utterly foreign to his nature. He came down, so to speak, from the pinnacle to which he had raised himself and where, till now, he

had dwelt sternly alone with his soaring dreams and his boundless ambition and found a delight he had never deemed to be possible in the sober joys of married life. In short, he fell desperately in love with his young wife, and naïvely confessed to Metternich, rubbing his hands over the success of his great venture, that he was for the first time beginning really to live and to enjoy the sweets of a home hitherto denied to him. But M. Masson[1] has already admirably told us the curious story of that unique imperial *"lune de miel."*

Marie-Louise, on her side, revealed a rare tact and intelligence in dealing with the strange and dazzling situation to which she had suddenly been called from the tranquil seclusion of the Hofburg and Schönbrunn. She from the first unconsciously took by storm her husband's family, from the austere *Madame Mère* to the jealous, intriguing sisters; while from the royal sister-in-law, Catherine of Würtemberg[2]—a fully competent observer—she won the meed of praise that "it was impossible to see her without loving her." The Emperor's tenderness and devotion of course deeply moved her, and before long the reports received at Vienna from her left no doubts as to her attachment for the man whom she had so abhorred and dreaded, but whom, as she playfully observed to Metternich, she was now so far from fearing, as was generally held, that she really believed it was rather he who was afraid of her. The only drawback to Metternich's satisfaction, and a very serious one, was that he saw no

[1] Frédéric Masson, *L'Imperatrice Marie-Louise.*
[2] The wife of Jerôme Bonaparte. King of Westphalia.

certainty of the influence of the young Empress procuring for Austria the abrogation of the humiliating article of the last treaty of peace, whereby she bound herself not to keep on foot more than 50,000 men.

For the rest, everything that could satisfy the vanity or appeal to the fancy of a young and pretty woman was lavished upon Marie-Louise. The splendor and brilliancy of her surroundings far outshone the old-fashioned grandeur of her father's Court. Nor could the young Empress, with her quick intelligence, fail to be impressed by the wonderful glamor which, for a brief period—the interval between Wagram and Moscow—surrounded the throne she was sharing with a husband who made her slightest wish his law. The short-lived French Empire reached its zenith at this time. Already, in 1809 Napoleon had, in a rescript audaciously dated from Schönbrunn four days before Aspern, proclaimed himself the successor of Charlemagne, and, revoking the gift of the territories granted by that Monarch to the Holy See, had annexed Rome itself to his other Italian dominions, and made a prisoner of the recalcitrant Pontiff. Before long Marie-Louise's maternal pride was gratified by the bestowal of the title of King of Rome on the infant to whom she gave birth in March 1811. It was a strange dispensation that conferred on the son of a successful soldier of fortune the time-honored designation borne for centuries by the heirs of the German Cæsars from whom Marie-Louise herself descended. But her consort was now the undisputed Emperor of the West and master of the world, and at no time did he assert

his omnipotence so ostentatiously as during the halt he made at Dresden in 1812, when mustering his forces for a final trial of strength with, as yet, unsubdued Russia.

The German people and the German Press had long made themselves conspicuous by fulsome adulation of the man who had trodden them down and scourged them like no conqueror since Attila, and, at Dresden, even the German princes assembled to do him homage assumed an almost servile attitude towards him. The proudest houses of Germany, Hohenzollern and Wettin, and Hesse and Zaehringen, waited upon his pleasure like the satraps of some Eastern potentate. In the Court Theatre at Dresden, at a gala performance given by command of the King of Saxony, an immense flaming sun which decorated the house bore the inscription: *"Di lui men grande ed è men chiaro il sole."*[1] Marie-Louise shared these triumphs, to which even the illustrious Goethe contributed a laudatory poem inscribed to her, of the poorness of which the following still poorer sample in English may convey some idea:

> "Henceforward every heart can safely beat
> And only wonder at the task fulfilled.
> Whate'er was petty now has disappeared,
> For see! the realm is safe and firmly grounded."[2]

The chief object of the great gathering was to parade the cordial relations now subsisting between the conqueror and his vanquished father-in-law.

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[1] The sun is less great and less bright than he.

[2] "Ein jeder fühlt sein Herz gesichert schlagen
Und staunet nur, denn alles ist vellbracht.
Das Kleinliche ist alles weggenommen,
Nun steht das Reich gesichert, wie gegründet."

Francis and his consort accordingly came from Vienna to this pompous celebration of the *pax Germanica.* Of the principal personages present at it two, however, could not but view it with distaste and displeasure. The one was the unfortunate King of Prussia, whom policy compelled reluctantly to attend, but who, acording to Ségur, was treated by Napoleon with an icy civility bordering on contempt. The other was the Empress Maria Ludovica, who, besides being a violent Gallophobe, found herself quite eclipsed by the wonderful display of jewels and Parisian millinery of her now Frenchified stepdaughter. The meeting may well have been uncomfortable in many ways, but, outwardly, things passed off smoothly; Napoleon adroitly humoring his father-in-law's prejudices about birth and long descent by saying that he must look upon him as the Rudolph of Habsburg of his family. As for the Emperor Francis himself, he made a considerable impression on his son-in-law, who confided to Metternich that he found his master vastly superior to what he had imagined him to be, and that, in their discussions, he often saw himself reduced to silence by him. Austria agreed to furnish to the invasion of Russia some 30,000 men under Prince Charles Schwarzenberg who would operate independently in Volhynia. The great assemblage that had met to do homage to the master of the Western world then broke up; Marie-Louise, to her delight, accompanying her parents to Teplitz and Prague, whilst her husband hastened to the front to join the host of more than half-a-million of men, gathered together from

every nation on the Continent—one-third of them at least Germans—whom he was launching on the maddest and most disastrous of military enterprises.

In June, 1813 Napoleon was at Dresden again. By prodigious efforts he had raised fresh forces to replace the magnificent army destroyed in the terrible retreat from Moscow, and had sharply checked the allies by his victories at Lützen, Bautzen, and Gross Görschen. But, though victorious, he was at bay, for on his flank his recent, but reluctant Austrian ally stood wavering, and might at any time, like Prussia, turn upon him and render the combination against him fatal. During the long truce that followed his last successes he made the Marcolini Palace his headquarters, and, although doubtless consumed by anxiety as he watched the course of the armed mediation which had been undertaken by Austria, he kept up a semblance of his habitual court life. He sent for his favorite comedians from Paris, and gave dramatic entertainments. The poor King of Saxony, whom he had dragged back in his suite and re-installed in his capital, had to be present at these performances, but was always careful, it was said, to make his peace with Heaven afterwards by getting his confessor to grant him absolution before retiring to rest.

At the Marcolini Palace, on the 28th of June, took place the famous interview with Metternich which finally turned the scale in favor of war. In his old age the Chancellor never wearied of relating the incidents of the meeting. It lasted over six hours, and, in Metternich's words written that same evening, "con-

sisted of the oddest mixture of heterogeneous subjects, violent outbursts alternating with friendliness." The French Emperor left no means untried to shake his interlocutor. He threatened and stormed at him and then, by turns, endeavored to tempt and cajole him. But when it came to the terms he was asked to accept, and which—but for the retrocession of the Illyrian provinces and of the Prussian territory east of the Elbe, and the dissolution of the Duchy of Warsaw—would have left the rest of his conquests untouched, he would hear of no abandonment of territory whatever, and indignantly asked what manner of truncated empire the Emperor Francis proposed should be left for his daughter and grandson. In the end he grossly insulted Metternich by demanding point-blank how much he had got from England for playing such a part against him. With his habitual restlessness he strode up and down the room, while he either menaced or expostulated with him. The climax came when Metternich observed that his new levies were "not soldiers but children." "You are no soldier," Napoleon violently retorted, using very coarse language; "I grew up in the field, and such a man as I am troubles himself little about the lives of a million of men." He then threw his hat to the ground,[1] possibly to test his adversary's pliancy. But Metternich, walking by his side, took no notice of this pettish display, so that at last, picking up the hat himself, the baffled Emperor flung violently out of the room.

[1] The curious and characteristic incident of the hat is related by some writers and denied or ignored by others. There is good reason to believe, however, that it forms part of the Metternich family traditions.

Napoleon, in his fury, real or simulated, had divined rightly. The Austrian Minister had come to the interview prepared for war, though anxious, if possible, to avoid it. But when he left the Imperial audience chamber his mind was quite made up. He was met at the door by General Berthier, who, alarmed at the length of the interview, asked him whether he was satisfied with the Emperor. "Very much so," replied Metternich, "for he has made things quite clear to me, and I swear to you that your master is bereft of his senses."[1] He had already committed himself to a great extent to the allies, and now, behind the curtain of the Bohemian mountains, as Napoleon put it, Austria proceeded to arm in haste. But Metternich's master had yet to be reckoned with. Francis was strongly opposed to war, and very loth to break irrevocably with the consort of his favorite daughter. On the other hand, throughout the length and breadth of Austria-Hungary there was a fierce longing to wipe out past defeats and humiliations by the final overthrow of the oppressor. And that feeling it was which found vent in the refrain to the popular ditty of the day:—

"Franciscus auf! Dich binden keine Bande,
Das Vaterland hat keinen Schwiegersohn."[2]

What may well be called a sham Congress continued to sit at Prague until the first week in August.

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[1] "*Oui, j'en suis content, car il a éclairé ma conscience et, je vous le jure, votre maître a perdu la raison.*"

[2] "Up with thee, Francis! there are no ties to bind thee,
The Fatherland knows of no son-in-law."

It had been stipulated that unless by the 10th of that month the French Emperor signified his acceptance of the conditions formulated by Austria, that Power would join her forces to those of the Allies. No communication from him having been received on that fatal date, the die was cast, and at night great fiery beacons on the summits of the Riesengebirge proclaimed to the whole country around, and to the French over the border, that at last Austria had drawn the sword.

Yet, well into the campaign in France after Leipzig, Francis II. continued to show some consideration for his daughter's husband. When, after the abortive Congress of Châtillon, the Russian Emperor and the Prussian King resolved to march straight to Paris, which they entered on the 31st of March, Francis went to Dijon with Metternich, Stadion, and Lord Castlereagh, and it was only after the formal abdication of Napoleon that he joined the other sovereigns in the French capital.

By thus deliberately tarrying on the way the Austrian Emperor unconsciously did the greatest disservice to the Napoleonic cause and to the interests of his daughter and grandson. He thereby left an entirely free hand to the Tsar Alexander, and enabled that sovereign to deal, without consulting him, the death-blow to that cause by the famous declaration he issued on the evening of his entry into Paris, announcing that the Powers would no longer treat with the French Emperor, but would recognize and guarantee whatever Constitution the French people might choose

for themselves. Not only Napoleon, but the possibility of a regency under Marie-Louise, was practically excluded by this arbitrary decree of Alexander who harbored the most vindictive feelings against the ravager of Moscow, and now opened the door wide for the return of the unpopular Bourbons.

Peace was signed at Paris on the 30th of May, and on the 13th of June Francis was back again in Vienna, after an absence of a whole year. The joy manifested by the citizens of the Kaiserstadt at his return with the fruits of victory seems to have been little short of delirious, and Gentz, writing to Rachel von Varnhagen, puts the cost of the illuminations of the old city that evening at between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 florins. Metternich meanwhile, who had been rewarded for his services by the title of Prince, and now was promoted to the Chancellorship of the Empire, went on from Paris to England and shared in the enthusiastic welcome given to the Prussian and Russian monarchs during their visit to these shores. His personal success at Court and in English society was remarkable, and in the fashionable circles of the day he soon became generally known as the fascinating Prince Metternich. It was during this stay in London that he laid the foundations of an intimate understanding with the British Government, which was only impaired by his own retrograde policy in later years.

The autumn of 1814 saw the opening at Vienna of the memorable Congress where the map of Europe—which a quarter of a century of warfare and the

stupendous Napoleonic conquests had rendered unrecognizable—had to be made afresh, and the destinies of countless populations determined for good or evil. No meeting in more recent times can be compared to it. The concourse of sovereigns, princes, and statesmen, together with celebrities of every kind who flocked to it from all quarters, was quite unprecedented. But although the work got through by this high council of the nations was prodigious—some of its traces being still visible at the present day—the really distinctive trait of the Congress was its outward gaiety, not to say frivolity. So apprehensive was the Austrian Court lest anything should mar the luster of the great gathering that, on the death of Queen Caroline of Naples, which took place three weeks before the opening of the Congress, no official mourning was ordered for this last surviving daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, who was not only the Emperor's aunt, but the mother of his second wife, the Empress Theresa.[1] The hospitality dispensed by the Emperor Francis was of the most lavish character. The vast, rambling Hofburg was filled with royal guests who, with such of their suites and attendants as were lodged outside the precincts of the palace, were all provided for from the Imperial kitchens; the daily cost of their entertaining being put by one authority at 50,000 florins (£5000). His Consort, the attractive Empress Maria Ludovica of Modena, a daughter of the illustrious House of Este, whose Court had been the most

[1] One of the motives assigned for this was the difficulty of officially notifying the decease, there being another Queen Caroline of Naples, the wife of Murat, whose dethronement had not yet been finally decided upon.

brilliant centre of the Italian Rennaissance and the home of Ariosto and Tasso, was full of artistic taste, and presided with infinite grace and tact over the splendid Imperial festivities which lightened, and at the same time in great degree distracted, the labors of the plenipotentiaries. During fully six months—from October, 1814 till March, 1815—there was an unbroken round of balls, banquets, concerts, masquerades, dramatic performances, amateur theatricals, *tableaux vivants, and carrousels.*[1] Half the aristocracy of Europe had been drawn to the Congress, and, if we are to trust narrators such as Varnhagen von Ense and de La Garde Chambonas, the number of beautiful women who were present, and took part in the *tableaux* and other scenic representations, must have been surprising.

Alexander of Russia was enthroned like an Olympian deity amidst all these fair ladies, on some of whom he bestowed the most flattering appellations: Princess Esterházy was *la beauté étonnante,* Countess Julie Zichy *la beauté céleste,* while for Princess Auersperg, *née Lobkowitz,* was reserved the crowning title of *la beauté qui seule inspire du vrai sentiment.* Among the *tableaux vivants* the most striking was that which represented Olympus and its divinities. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—destined to be the

[1] The gay doings of the Congress were by no means confined to the fêtes given by the Court, the Austrian grandees, or the foreign ambassadors. Private individuals vied with them in the sumptuousness of their entertainments. The descriptions of a ball at the house of the banker Arnstein show it to have been worthy of the most lavish of modern New York millionaires. In the depth of winter the *salons* of this *magnifico* were filled with fruit-trees in full bearing, from which the guests could pluck cherries, peaches, apricots, &c.

husband of Princess Charlotte of Wales and first King of the Belgians—personated Jupiter, the part of Mars being assigned to a Count Zichy, who was renowned for his good looks, and that of Apollo to Count Wrbna. Of the goddesses, Venus was represented by a lady-in-waiting of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, Minerva by a charming Pole, the Countess Rzewuska, while, as a tribute to English beauty, Miss Emily Rumbold,[1] a step-daughter of Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, figured as Juno, queen of the gods.

Altogether the fair sex took no small part in the affairs of the Congress, and the principal plenipotentiaries were all effectually assisted by charming and gifted countrywomen of their own. Talleyrand had no more capable coadjutor than his niece by marriage, the Comtesse Edmond de Talleyrand Périgord, better known afterwards as Duchesse de Dino, who became the Egeria of this craftiest of statesmen in his declining years. Russian interests were equally well served by the Princess Bagration—a great-niece of Catherine's powerful favorite, Potemkine—who at a later period settled in Paris, where she held a very exclusive *salon* and ended by marrying Lord Howden of Peninsular and diplomatic fame. In the same way the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, sister

[1] Third and youngest daughter of Sir George Rumbold, Bart., the British Resident at Hamburg, who was seized by orders of the French Government and carried as a prisoner to the Temple at Paris, in 1804. Of her Varnhagen von Ense says: "Her skin was like white velvet on which the red dawn glows, her teeth were pearls, her mouth like a rose. She had the foot of a Parisian, and was tall and as stately in figure as Old England, while her eyes had an irresistible power of attraction."



EMILY RUMBOLD (AFTERWARDS BARONNE DE DELMAR). "JUNO" IN THE OLYMPUS *TABLEAU VIVANT* AT THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

AFTER A PAINTING BY G. HAYTER

of the lovely and heroic Queen Louise of Prussia, was a most valuable ally to her widowed brother-in-law, King Frederick William III., and his Minister Hardenberg.

A few of the more notable royal personages deserve mention. The chivalrous Eugène Beauharnais was there with his father-in-law the King of Bavaria, but, in his painful position as the adopted son of the man whom the assembled sovereigns had dethroned, was glad of the more powerful countenance of the Russian Emperor, who had acquired a great friendship for him. His descendants, the Leuchtenbergs, now rank among the junior branches of the Russian Imperial family. Yet more interesting relics of the shattered Napoleonic régime were close at hand. Away from the turmoil of the Congress, in the retirement of Schönbrunn, there rested for a while Marie-Louise and her infant son. She was still wavering as to the course she should pursue, but lacked sufficient spirit and energy to follow the advice urged upon her by her great-aunt, Caroline of Naples, almost from her deathbed, that she ought to tear her sheets into strips and let herself down from the window rather than allow herself to be held prisoner, and prevented from following her husband whithersoever he might go. And yet among the many contradictions that marked the career of this amiable Princess, we are told, on the authority of General Gneisenau, writing to Princess Louisa of Prussia on the 16th of March 1815, that Marie-Louise really hailed with joy the return to France of Napoleon from

Elba, though she never seriously attempted to join him.

A unique type among this shoal of royal personages was the stoutest man of the age, King Frederick of Würtemberg, whose perfectly colossal paunch once made a Parisian newspaper wag announce his arrival by saying, *"Qu'il était arrivé ventre à terre."* In his palace at Stuttgart the tourist used to be shown some years ago the table, with a great half circle cut out of it, made to accommodate his Majesty's formidable protuberance. At one of the banquets at Vienna, where no such provision had been made for his comfort, "this huge hill of flesh" violently started up in high displeasure at some remark made by a royal neighbor, and, in so doing overturned the whole table with its contents. He left the Congress in high dudgeon early the next day for his native dominions.

Going through the list of plenipotentiaries and other celebrities is like turning over the pages of the history of half a century. It contains names like Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's fellow-countryman and implacable adversary, who represented Russia in France till well into the reign of Louis Philippe, having considerably helped to place that King upon the throne;[1] Capo d'Istria, later on President of Greece, who was foully murdered at Nauplia in 1831; Nesselrode, who directed the policy of Russia for forty years, and lived to see the Crimean War; Sir Stratford Canning, who not a little contributed to bring about that conflict, and survived it many years;

[1] See the recently published Memoirs of Madame de Boigne.

W. von Humboldt, the eminent diplomatist and greatest of philologists and linguists, elder brother of the celebrated traveller and explorer; Prince Adam Czartoryski, one of the most powerful of Polish magnates and an early friend of the Emperor Alexander, who, when that sovereign was still coquetting with Poland, was spoken of as Viceroy of the kingdom, but afterwards took up his abode at Paris, where he became the head of the Polish emigration, and died, well over ninety years of age, in the splendid Hôtel Lambert, in the Ile St. Louis, one of the most interesting of old Parisian mansions. Great artists, too, came to the concourse at Vienna, and recorded for succeeding generations the features of the great ones of the earth. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom Prince Metternich had already known in London, was there, as well as Isabey, the Napoleonic Court painter, attracted thither by his late patroness, the Empress Marie-Louise. A slight, but curious, fact may be noted here. A young Dutchman who attended the Congress, Jonkheer Boreel, is reputed to have been the first person to wear a *monocle* or single eyeglass, a fashion which up to that time had been quite unknown.

In the accounts given of the Congress by the diarists of the day there is one feature which cannot but impress an Englishman—namely, the unfriendly tone in which the English of distinction who were present at it are referred to. Castlereagh and even the great Duke do not escape criticism. We get of course the old story of Lady Castlereagh adorning her

head—it may be admitted in somewhat doubtful taste —with her husband's jewelled Garter worn as a tiara. But we also hear of the insolent overbearing manners of that very gallant soldier Lord Stewart, his brother's co-plenipotentiary; and the no doubt entirely apocryphal story of his personal chastisement in the hands of outraged Vienna *fiakers*.[1] There are plenty of gibes, too, at the vanity and eccentricities of Sir Sidney Smith of St. Jean d'Acre fame. On the whole we gather that the islanders in general were deemed strange and uncouth in their bearing and dress, as well they might seem to foreign eyes, cut off as they had been for years, by war and the *blocus continental*, from the civilizing influences of the outer world, and restricted in their intercourse with it to their not altogether unsuccessful fleets and armies. The impression is a curious one, and leads to the conclusion that the liking for us as a nation was no greater then than it has been since, and that, although we are now far better understood, our peculiar national characteristics probably still count for much in the estimation in which we are held.

Meanwhile the great conclave had sat all through the autumn and winter, and the chief questions in debate still remained unsolved. *Le congrès danse, mais il ne marche pas*, was one of the last witticisms of that veteran observer, the Prince de Ligne, who died full of years amidst his old haunts in December 1814. The future fate of Poland and of Saxony presented the greatest difficulties. Russia and Prussia, having

[1] The name given to the Vienna hackney-coachmen.

effectively occupied those countries with their armies, evaded all the proposed arrangements as to their future disposal. The Northern combination became so threatening that on the 3rd of January, 1815 Great Britain, France, and Austria entered into a secret offensive and defensive alliance against the two Northern Powers. A general European war appeared in fact to be imminent when, on the 5th of March, the news burst upon the Congress of Napoleon's escape from Elba and his landing in France. The common peril drew the conflicting Powers once more together, and on the 13th of March Napoleon was solemnly declared to be under the ban of Europe. A fortnight later the existence of the secret treaty was revealed to the Russian Emperor. The Russian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris brought with him to Vienna the French copy of that instrument, which, in the hurried flight of Louis XVIII., had, with absolutely incredible carelessness, been left lying on the King's writing-table in the Tuileries. General Wolzogen relates in his Memoirs that, on receiving the document, the Emperor Alexander at once sent for Prince Metternich and held out the paper to him, asking whether he recognized it, and, when the latter, in his embarrassment, attempted an explanation, cut him short by saying that he did not wish the subject ever to be mentioned again. Now that the common enemy had reappeared, he added, the bond between the Powers must be drawn closer than ever, and, so saying, he flung the treaty into the blazing fire. A curious result of this scene was that Alexander, who

had long entertained a prejudice against the Austrian Chancellor, from that time entirely changed his attitude towards him and remained on the best of terms with him till the end of his life.

On the 10th of July, after Waterloo, the three allied sovereigns once more entered Paris, where the Emperor Francis sojourned until the end of September, and, after visiting his faithful Tyrolese subjects on his return home, was back at Vienna by the 31st of October. The ties between him and his two Northern Allies had been considerably strengthened by the celebrated Holy Alliance. The contracting Powers engaged thereby "to remain united in the bonds of true and brotherly love; to mutually help and assist each other; to govern their people like fathers of families; and to maintain religion, peace, and justice in their dominions." It was a noble and in every way admirable programme, but with a bitter irony it led to a period of severe repression.

Indeed the story of the following years of the reign of Francis might be termed a catalogue of conferences and congresses especially called to dam up the current of Liberal thought. Outwardly the map of Europe had been rectified at Vienna to the satisfaction of the great Powers. Russia had laid hands on the Duchy of Warsaw, or the main bulk of Poland, at first under the cloak of a dependent kingdom, with semi-constitutional institutions which were, however, soon to be ruthlessly suppressed. The new Germanic Confederation had been started on its feeble way. Austria was once more supreme in Italy, and for fully two

decades no voice was more potent in Continental affairs than that of Metternich. Nevertheless, beneath the surface, the spirit of Liberalism evoked during the great revolutionary tornado was still abroad and at work, and no coercion availed to put down the smouldering discontent. The numerous German Universities and gymnasia became the centres of the Liberal movement. Throughout Germany the students formed associations which, under the names of the *Tugendbund* and *Burschenschaften,* made noisy demonstrations that caused the greatest displeasure at Vienna and Berlin. Most of the minor states of the Confederation had indeed been nominally endowed with constitutions more or less copied from the French *Charte* granted by Louis XVIII. on his return from exile. But the arbitary checks on the free play of these institutions rendered them almost illusory, though none the less distasteful to Prussia and Austria, who remained sternly hostile to all constitution-mongering. A nocturnal gathering at the Wartburg in Thuringia, where a large number of students, clad in fantastic *Altdeutsch* garb, met by torchlight, and, after hoisting a flag with the old black, red, and gold Imperial colors, solemnly burned a number of books that were hostile to the national aspirations; and, still more, the sensational murder, by the student Sand, of Kotzebue, the famous playwright and reactionary pamphleteer in the pay of Russia, afforded plausible grounds for the Congress which met at Carlsbad in 1819 to adopt severe measures against the peccant universities. These were sub-

jected to police supervision and to a rigorous censorship, while at the same time the minor German Governments were urged to discover and suppress the secret societies with which the soil of the Confederation was assumed to be honeycombed.

Other Congresses which were subsequently held at Vienna, at Troppau, at Laibach, and finally at Verona, all equally applied themselves to devising means for checking the Liberal tendencies of the day. The insurrection in Spain against Ferdinand, which was put down by a French intervention; and the rising at Naples and in Piedmont summarily dealt with by Austria, were soon followed by the Hellenic struggle for independence, which both Metternich and his Imperial master, in their dread and detestation of all resistance to authority, viewed with great disfavor. At Verona, in fact, where the Congress made it its chief business to affirm and safeguard the legitimacy of thrones, the recognition of the Sultan's sovereign rights over the insurgent Greeks was solemnly recorded.

It was a curious chance, therefore, that brought the news of Navarino to the Austrian Chancellor on the morning of his second wedding-day. He was getting into his carriage to drive to the church where the beautiful Antonia von Leykam was awaiting him, when the tidings of this, to him doubly "untoward," event reached the Ballplatz.[1] He felt it to be his first duty to go at once and apprise the Emperor

[1] The name by which the Imperial Foreign Office at Vienna is known, and which is taken from the tennis-court (Ballhaus) close by.

of the destruction of the Turkish fleet. Francis, of course, speedily dismissed him, and sent him back to his bride and the expectant wedding guests, but not before his strange non-appearance had almost led them to fear that at the eleventh hour he had resolved to break off the match. Antonia became the mother of Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador to Napoleon III., and died, after barely two years marriage, to the inexpressible grief of her husband.

The French Revolution of July, 1830, followed by the Belgian insurrection against the Dutch, and the great rising in Poland, found a ready echo in the territories of the Germanic Confederation, and disturbances took place there in several of the minor States. But in Austria the resources of Metternich's admirably organized absolute régime were sufficient to prevent any serious outbreak; the last years of Francis II.'s reign being marked by no adverse event beyond the first invasion of Western Europe by Asiatic cholera. The germs of that terrible malady had probably been brought from the confines of Persia with the troops which, under Paskevitch Erivansky, were then engaged in quelling the Polish insurrection. In the autumn of 1831 the plague spread westwards from the Polish borders, making fearful ravages on its way in Prussia and in Hungary. In the latter country the ignorant masses, in their terror, were seized by the same notion which, at the present time, is fostered by agitators in India, and causes such trouble to the

British administration, *i.e.* that of the pestilence being the result of a deliberate attempt on the part of Government to poison the people. This led to a formidable rising of the peasantry who, besides wreaking their revenge on the medical men who attended them, murdered a number of local officials and landowners under circumstances of great atrocity. At Vienna and in Austria proper, where the mortality was equally great, the population showed much sense and fortitude, and indeed thereby contributed to what the Emperor Francis looked upon as a personal triumph, the last of his life. He issued an edict which was placarded everywhere, to the effect that the disease was not contagious, and this hint from above, being generally accepted, no doubt helped to diminish the terrors of the hour. As the Emperor, with a naïve but no doubt sincere belief in his omnipotence, is said to have observed to Count Majlath: "One proclamation from me has been sufficient to allay the fears of the Viennese." On this occasion it was that Marie-Louise sold for the benefit of the victims of the epidemic the magnificent silver-gilt toilet service designed by the eminent painter Prudhon, which had been presented to her by the city of Paris on her marriage.

For the rest, with the exception of the abortive rising in Italy in February 1831, in which the two sons of Louis Bonaparte—the youngest of whom was the future Napoleon III.—took part, and which for a time drove Marie-Louise from her throne at Parma, the internal peace of the Austrian monarchy remained

undisturbed during the last years of the reign of Francis. The skillful, although essentially reactionary and narrow-minded, policy of Metternich warded off all foreign complications, and Austria, as the leading central Conservative Power, never carried more weight in the councils of Europe.

Family troubles and trials, on the other hand, were not spared to Francis II. towards the close of his life. Not long after the termination of the Vienna Congress the charming Consort, who had presided over its festivities, was taken from him. With characteristic uxoriousness he replaced her before long by Princess Caroline Augusta of Bavaria. This fourth wife of the Emperor, his junior by twenty-four years, had been previously married to the Crown Prince William of Würtemberg, but her union with him having never been consummated, a divorce had been granted to her by the Holy See. Napoleon, at the height of his power, had destined her to be the bride of his step-son, Eugéne Beauharnais, and it was in order to avoid this distasteful matrimonial alliance with the Bonaparte family that the marriage to be so promptly dissolved had been arranged for her.

A cause of constant anxiety to the Emperor was his grandson, the young Napoleon, of whom he had assumed sole charge since the day when, after the first abdication of her husband, Marie-Louise had taken refuge with her child at her father's Court. There are in history few more pathetic destinies than that of the Duke of Reichstadt. From Victor Hugo and Lamartine to Barthélemy with his *Fils de*

l'Homme, and, in quite recent days, Rostand and his *Aiglon,* the genius of French poetry has found a singularly touching and soul-stirring theme in the fate of the gifted Imperial youth whom that pitiless instrument *la raison d'état,* together with a narrow conception of the sanctity of treaties, consigned to a gilded captivity. Certain it is that however false and prejudiced may be the statements woven about his lot, his short span of life was essentially desolate. Practically fatherless from the first, and ere long bereft of a mother's care by circumstances on which there is no need to dwell, it might be a moot question whether the lonely hours of the youth eating out his proud heart in an Austrian palace were not as sad as those of the great captive reviewing the memories of his mighty past at "the silent nightfall of an inert day"[1] on the rocks of his ocean prison. And yet there can be no manner of doubt that the grandfather who, with a preverse sense of rectitude, had bound himself towards the Powers to be his uncompromising gaoler, was deeply attached to him, and that between the old man and the strikingly handsome lad there was a strong bond of affection. When news was brought to Francis, then away at Linz, that his grandson had breathed his last in the self-same room at Schönbrunn whence, twenty-two years before, Napoleon had dictated the most boastful and arrogant of his decrees, the Emperor, who had never been known to shed a tear, completely broke down and sobbed like a child. Nor could greater kindness have been shown

[1] Manzoni, *Il Cinque Maggio:* "*Al tacito morir d'un giorno inerte.*"

the young Napoleon throughout his infancy and youth than by his step-grandmother the Empress Caroline Augusta, and by the Archduchess Sophie, mother of his present Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph. The latter Princess visited him on what proved to be his death-bed, and induced him to take the sacrament by offering to communicate together with him on the ground of her own approaching confinement. He was in fact a great favorite with all his mother's family, whilst a peculiarly interesting bond existed between him and the victor Aspern, his great-uncle the Archduke Charles.

Treating with the contempt they deserve the utterly calumnious statements which attributed the early death of Marie-Louise's unfortunate son to slow poisoning, and the still more infamous charge of his youthful indiscretions having been deliberately fostered to the ruin of his constitution, it is equally false that he was purposely kept in ignorance of his family history and paternal glory. In his earliest years, indeed, a child's recollections of the pomp and splendor attending him from his birth haunted his mind, and impelled him to seek a reason for the entire change in his home and surroundings. *En véritable enfant terrible,* he would plague his grandsire with questions. He asked him one day whether he had not been King of Rome and why he was so no longer. "Among my many titles," replied the shrewd old Emperor, "is that of King of Jerusalem. I have never been to Jerusalem and own not an inch of territory there. So have you, my boy, never been

to Rome, and you were King of it just as I am King of Jerusalem."

It is pleasant, on the contrary, to think of the ardent youth going through a complete course of military history with Marshal Marmont—whom he at first refused to see, looking upon him as a traitor to his father—and storing his memory with that father's marvellous strategy. Scarcely less touching is the delight he showed when he, who in his cradle had been the heir of the modern Charlemagne, was rewarded with an Austrian sergeant's stripes; or the boyish joy to which he gave expression in a letter, which is still extant,[1] relating how, after the family dinner at the Hofburg, the Emperor had called him aside and told him that he was well pleased with him, and that in token of his satisfaction he had appointed him captain in his own regiment of Kaiserjäger. His sole passion, in fact, was soldiering, and his dreams were of military glory, though the hot Corsican blood that coursed through him was so far tempered by the lymph in his Austrian mother's veins that the ambition of the K.K. lieutenant-colonel, to which rank he rose, seems to have been sincerely directed to serving his mother's country to the best of his ability, and to giving to it some day perhaps another Prince Eugene of Savoy.

That his restless thoughts constantly turned to the land of his birth and its people is of course painfully true. But an insurmountable barrier had been

[1] The facsimile of the letter is given in E. von Wertheimer's *Der Herzog von Reichstadt* (*Napoleon der Zweite*).

raised between him and France. Many as were the Bonapartist attempts to communicate with him and even to carry him off, there is no evidence of his having in any way willingly lent himself to them. Still, as long as he lived, Metternich's secret agents and police were kept ceaselessly on the alert. The most critical time of all came when the Bourbons of the elder branch were driven from the throne and the ursurping Duke of Orleans took their place. Metternich and his Imperial master were so hostile to the change that but little seemed needed to urge them to a bold stroke whereby, in the early troublous days of Louis Philippe's reign, Napoleon II. could have been easily restored to France, while Austria, in intimate alliance with him, might have secured for herself the control of the Continent. But such speculations as these were beyond the compass of the frigid, scrupulous Emperor and his sagacious, but unimaginative, Minister, and although the captive in their hands was no doubt used as a standing menace to the citizen King, whose revolutionary antecedents they both dreaded and abhorred, they shrank from any more decisive venture.

And so the chapter sadly closed for this young prince of romance with all his promise and his ardent dreams. He himself clearly felt that life held no future for him, and, above all, he was bitterly conscious of his feeble health and delicate constitution. "I am angry," he said, "with this wretched frame of mine, which is incapable of keeping pace with my

will."[1] The soul of iron, as his physician Malfatti quaintly put it, had indeed worn out the crystal body,[2] and, with a galloping consumption, the end came on the 22nd of July, 1832, the anniversary of the day on which the news of his father's death had been broken to him. He lies—an alien among all the Habsburgs—in the vault of the Capuchin Church at Vienna.

Francis II. survived his grandson barely three years, dying on the 2nd of March 1835. Few sovereigns have been more diversely judged by their contemporaries. In the eyes of some he is accounted a crafty, dissembling despot—*"l' Empereur Tartuffe,"* as he is termed by Hofmayr, who had no cause to love him. Others again dwell on his strong sense of justice, and his loyal and rigid adherence to his word when once pledged. In plain truth, his virtues seem to have fitted him better for private life than for the throne. He was easy-going and good-natured, readily accessible, giving weekly audiences to which all were admitted irrespective of rank, and where he patiently listened to the grievances of the plainest of burghers, and took pleasure in advising them about their private concerns, their family disputes, or the marriages of their children. He thus courted and acquired an extraordinary popularity and made himself, as his Consort Caroline Augusta said of him, essentially "the people's Emperor." The naturally indolent disposition he had manifested from

[1] Comte de Montbel, *Le Duc de Reichstadt, notice sur la vie et la mort de ce prince.*

[2] *Ibid.*

the first was never completely conquered by him, and although he showed both spirit and decision at the great crises of his reign, he gladly entrusted the general conduct of affairs to his able and devoted servant, the Chancellor. He had, nevertheless, a strong will of his own and an exalted sense of his Imperial prerogative, so that in last resort, in matters of real importance, his word always prevailed. On one subject only was he intractable and not to be moved. He never condoned what he looked upon as treason to himself or the State, and Metternich, with all his influence, had the greatest difficulty in obtaining from him any mitigation of sentences passed on political offenders. In this respect *"le mie prigioni"*[1] have stamped him not unjustly as one of the most relentless of rulers. But he made no concealment on this point, and was wont to say of himself that he felt he was but a poor Christian inasmuch as it went against the grain with him to grant pardons to those whom he considered his enemies, and those of the power he held from above.

The numerous portraits that exist of him enable one to form a fairly accurate idea of the aspect of this last of the old line of German Emperors and

[1] The poet and dramatist, Silvio Pellico, incurred the displeasuse of the Austrian authorities in Italy by the liberal views that were ventilated in a newspaper of which he was the editor and proprietor. He was arrested in October 1820 and confined at Milan and then in the notorious prison of the Piombi at Venice. In February 1822 he was tried for high treason and forming part of the *Carbonari* organization and condemned to death, the sentence being commuted to fifteen years *carcere duro* in the fortress of the Spielberg in Moravia. He remained there for eight years, and in August 1830 was pardoned and allowed to return to Italy. The account he gave of his sufferings in "*le mie prigioni*" had the effect of mitigating the severity and putting a stop to the grosser scandals of the treatment of political prisoners in Austria in those days.

founder of the present Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. One can readily picture him to oneself treading the narrow streets of old Vienna, a lighted taper in hand, in the great *Frohnleichnam* or Corpus Domini procession—the spare, slightly stooping figure, its bare head crowned with a few silver locks; the high, narrow forehead; the cold steel-blue eyes; the somewhat tremulous mouth with the unmistakable Habsburg nether lip. There is about "the people's Emperor" a certain mediæval, almost Gothic, air, suggestive of the stained glass in some dim cathedral aisle, and as he moves slowly on his way through the throng, to the strains of that half-march, half-hymn of Haydn, the *"Gott erhalte"*[1] which first invoked blessings on his head, the faithful Viennese echo in their hearts the loyal words to which is set that grandest of royal anthems.

Then when we turn to the private life of this absolute ruler of millions of men and uncompromising upholder of the divine right of kings—for in his own day even he was an anachronism—when we inquire what were his daily occupations, his tastes, and fancies, the contrast between him and the high office of which he had such lofty conceptions appears yet more striking. In the earliest days of his boy

[1] Haydn died at Vienna on the 31st of May 1809, shortly after its second occupation by the French. His recollections of their first coming in 1805 terrified the aged composer, then in his seventy-eighth year. The bombardment of the town on the 10th, when shells fell close to his garden retreat in the suburbs, drove him to a safer abode in Mariahilf, where Napoleon sent one of his aides-de-camp to visit and reassure him. But he did not recover the shock, and on the 25th of May, although much prostrated, he insisted on being carried to his piano, where he three times sang the "*Gott erhalte!*" to his own accompaniment, immediately afterwards falling into a state of collapse from which he did not recover.

and girl marriage with his lively Neapolitan cousin, the romping proclivities of the young couple are said to have caused much annoyance to the Emperor Joseph, whose apartments lay immediately beneath those occupied by his nephew. In order to check the all too exuberant spirits of the youthful archducal pair, and provide for them less noisy amusements than leap-frog or blind-man's buff, they were set to work on wood-carving, the making of ornamental boxes and bird-cages, and the preparation of the colors and varnish with which these pretty trifles were decorated. To these futile though harmless occupations and diversions the Emperor Francis remained addicted to the last, and was as much given to carpentering, fretwork and wood carving as was his uncle by marriage, Louis Seize, to the making of locks and keys. He was also very fond of fishing—a sport to which the enticing trout-streams of his fair Austrian valleys might well tempt the most indifferent. To give him his due he likewise took much interest in natural history and botany. Schönbrunn in part owes to him its *ménagerie,* as well as its splendid glass-houses and conservatories. Its gardens were a great delight to him. He tended the flowers himself, and, watering-can or pruning-knife in hand, was sometimes taken for one of his own gardeners.

Amidst these innocent and peaceful occupations, and soothed by the assurance that after him the Empire would remain in strong and capable hands, that *frondeurs* in Hungary and disloyal Lombards would be dealt with firmly, and that the well-oiled

absolutist machinery would continue to do its work smoothly and effectually, the Emperor Francis tranquilly concluded his long and stormy reign. His popularity was such that the death of the kindly, well-intentioned, conscientious ruler was generally felt to be a national misfortune. At Vienna more especially his loss caused great and genuine sorrow. As a curious illustration of the affection in which he was held in the aristocratic circles of his capital it may be mentioned that feathers from the pillow on which he breathed his last were eagerly sought after and distributed among the intimates of the Court and the society of Vienna.

The Emperor left by his second wife, Theresa of Naples, besides five daughters, two sons—Ferdinand, who succeeded him, and Francis Charles, the father of the present reigning sovereign.

CHAPTER V

FERDINAND I. AND THE VIENNA REVOLUTION

1835-1848

THE Emperor Ferdinand came to the throne in his forty-third year, and only four years after his marriage with Maria Anna Caroline of Savoy—or, as she came to be generally known, the Empress Marianne, a daughter of the Sardinian King Victor Emmanuel I. From his birth upwards the new Emperor's constitution had been very delicate, and he had undergone several severe ailments in the course of his childhood and early youth. One of the results of his ill-health had been to retard his studies and to stunt the growth of what scanty intellect he had been endowed with by Providence. The choice made of the persons charged with his education seems, also, to have been anything but fortunate. One of his tutors had to be dismissed at the death of his mother, the Empress Theresa, while another soon showed signs of insanity, and was before long removed to a lunatic asylum. Such circumstances as these naturally contributed not a little to check the mental development of the heir to the throne. Although he became physically normal, his brain never attained complete maturity, and he was thus in

great measure unfitted for the heavy responsibilities which afterwards devolved on him in the prime of life. On the other hand, his well-known gentle and kindly disposition readily won the hearts of those who approached him, and acquired for him with the friendly, good-humored Viennese a popularity which was well expressed by the cognomen bestowed on him of the kind-hearted or *débonnaire* Emperor (*Ferdinand der Gütige*).

More or less amusing stories of his quaint, naïve sayings became current, and some of these, which no doubt lost little in the telling, certainly conveyed a general impression of feeble-mindedness in the amiable sovereign. "To govern is easy, but to sign one's name is difficult,"[1] is one of the aphorisms attributed to the poor Emperor whose pen was not that of a ready writer. Among the subjects with which it was sought to entertain and instruct him were studies in natural history. One day, after his teacher had explained to him of the mode of reproduction of fishes and frogs, he said to the *grandmaître* of his household: "So-and-so has been teaching me a lot of nastiness *(Schweinereien)* this morning. If the Empress Mother (Caroline Augusta) was to hear of it, how angry it would make her!" Being a great stickler in matters of Court ceremonial and etiquette, he insisted on the ladies-in-waiting appearing in full dress and *décolletées* at dinner, which in those days took place at the unearthly hour of 1 P.M. It was respectfully represented to him that leave might be granted

[1] "*Regieren ist leicht, aber unterschreiben ist schwer.*"

to them to come *en demi-toilette* with high gowns. "No, no!" replied the Emperor, "that wouldn't suit us at all; we like to see the flesh *(das Fleisch)*," which, considering that the unfortunate ladies in question ranged between fifty and sixty years of age, and had but their poor withered necks or their occasionally superabundant charms to display, showed a peculiar taste on the part of their august master.

These and other stories of the same kind, some of which have been already related elsewhere,[1] went the round of the Vienna *salons,* to the serious annoyance of Prince Metternich, who naturally objected to whatever detracted in any degree from the Imperial dignity and prestige. Ferdinand seems, nevertheless, to have been by no means devoid of a certain sense of humor, of which the following affords a good instance. Several years after his abdication, when he was living in dignified retirement at Prague, the Empire was greatly stirred by the announcement of an approaching happy event in the Imperial family. In the hope that the beautiful Empress Elizabeth might give birth to an heir to the throne, speculation was already rife as to what name he should bear. With typical patriotic self-sufficiency the Hungarians were confidently putting forward the claims of their patron saint and king, Stephen, as by far the worthiest to furnish the future Crown Prince with a suitable designation. "Na!" said the Emperor Ferdinand— who by this time had become a ripe sexagenarian, with a consort not very much younger than him-

[1] *Recollections of a Diplomatist, vol. i. pp.* 2 8-60.

self—when the subject was discussed before him; "if the *liebe Gott* were now to vouchsafe a son to the Empress Marianne and to *us*" (he never spoke of himself otherwise than in the plural) "we would call him Wenzel (Wenceslaus)." There was a good deal of sly fun in this reference to the patron saint of Bohemia; the Czechs of that kingdom being scarcely behind the aspiring Magyars in their exclusive national pretensions.

The Emperor had been crowned King of Hungary, under the title of Ferdinand V., *rex junior,* in the lifetime of his father, who wished thereby to conciliate and gratify his somewhat troublesome Trans-Leithan subjects. In 1836, one year after his accession, he went through the same ceremony at Prague, and in 1839, as King of Lombardy, put on the iron crown of Charlemagne at Milan with great pomp and display, the event being happily marked by a very comprehensive amnesty for all political offences committed in his Italian dominions.

It stands to reason that under the feeble, almost shadowy, sway of the new Emperor, the influence of his able Chancellor became more powerful even than in the days of Francis II. From 1835 until 1848, therefore, the Empire continued under the same inflexible, absolute régime. But although this form of government was in no wise tempered by concessions to the spirit of the age, it could not truly be said to affect injuriously the ordinary wants and interests of the Austrian community at large. In fact these years of stern repression witnessed a notable

expansion in all branches of Austrian industry and commerce, together with a marked improvement in the means of communication between the more distant parts of the monarchy. New roads and canals were built, and the introduction of railways and the foundation of the Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company date from this period. Provided only they abstained from concerning themselves with public affairs, and did not venture to find fault with the policy or the acts of those in authority over them, the Austrian lieges at this benighted epoch led quiet and materially prosperous lives. It may indeed be fairly questioned whether even the restless Italian provinces, for instance, did not at that time enjoy as full a measure of well-being as they can boast of at the present day under autonomous rule, while the burthen of taxation bore upon them far more lightly. Nevertheless, there is no denying that under the rigid censorship of the press all free thought and intelligence was "confined, as it were, in a cellular prison, and its evolutions subjected to State control."[1] In short, although the Austrian fared well, and was neither unduly taxed nor harshly governed, the State provided him with the scantiest of educations, and practically starved him intellectually.

In one respect, however, the Metternich system certainly afforded the Empire a period of more complete internal peace and concord than it has known since. The conflicting racial pretensions and claims of rival nationalities, which in our days so seriously

[1] Count Hübner, *Une année de ma vie*, 1848-1849.

impede the task of government in both halves of the dual monarchy, then lay relatively dormant and unheeded, being mutually kept in check by a skillful application of the ancient maxim, *"Divide et impera."* It was, in fact, a singularly dull, uneventful spell in Austrian history, and its monotony was first broken by the rising in Galicia in 1846, the center of which being at Cracow, led to the Austrian annexation of that "free and independent, and strictly neutral city,"[1] which, under the arrangements of 1815, had alone been spared at the final extinction of Polish national existence.

But it was in a very different and quite unexpected quarter that the first signs of the approaching storm were to appear. A vacancy in the Papal See, and the elevation to it of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, under the title of Pius the Ninth, gave the first impulse to a movement which even the infatuated optimism of Metternich could not afford to ignore. He had all along been strangely blind to the signs of the times. His irreconcilable enmity to liberalism, as he himself expressed it,[2] prevented him from distinguishing between even an open agitation, such as that in favor of parliamentary reform in England, and the dark and sinister plottings of Carbonarism in Italy. The spectre of revolution persistently haunted him, and, as his late master had put it when addressing the students of the University of Pavia, what he looked for was implicit obedience at the cost of everything—

[1] These are the terms in which the miniature republic of Cracow was described in the Vienna protocols.

[2] See Gentz's account of his conversations with him in 1834.

even of learning: *"Voglio sudditi devoti, non sapienti!"* had been the memorable words of the Emperor Francis on that occasion.

When, therefore, Metternich was confronted on the troublous soil of Italy with the amazing spectacle of the head of the Church personally furthering liberal views and aspiration: creating a *Consulta,* or Council of State, to aid him in the temporal administration of the patrimony of St. Peter, and counting among his avowed supporters men like the arch-conspirator Mazzini, even his hitherto imperturbable confidence deserted him, and for the first time he thought of stemming the torrent by concessions. But the hour for temporizing or conciliating was long past.

The revolution which so unexpectedly drove Louis Philippe from the French throne in 1848 found a ready echo throughout Central Europe, and nowhere more than in the great monarchy where for thirty years absolutism had been working at high pressure without any kind of safety-valve. The force of the explosion was tremendous. And yet up to the very last a strange sense of security seems to have obscured the vision of Prince Metternich's immediate *entourage.* Count Hübner, who was afterwards Ambassador in Paris and was so well known in London society, speaks, in the very interesting recollections he has left of that fateful year, 1848-1849, of the gaiety, the *insouciance,* the charming *laisser aller* he noticed at Princess Metternich's customary evening reception on the 25th of February, in spite of the ominous re-

ports that came from Paris. Three days later, indeed (on the 28th), he mentions the Princess questioning him as to Guizot's chances of maintaining himself. "If he falls," she said, "we are all lost!" And yet the next day, when the fact of the complete overthrow was actually known at Vienna, Hübner notes the general cheerfulness at dinner *(tout le monde fort entrain)*; the Chancellor himself "wearing his habitual mask of serenity."

Within a fortnight of the events at Paris, a revolutionary movement was in full swing in the Austrian capital. That movement had received its first impetus some time before from a group of liberal-minded members of the aristocracy, of whom the most prominent were Count Montecuccoli, Anton von Schmerling, and Baron Doblhoff, together with certain influential leaders of the Vienna *haute bourgeoisie.* These men agreed upon a motion to be introduced in the *Landtag,* or Provincial Estates of Lower Austria, to which they belonged, inviting the Government to summon an Assembly composed of representatives of all the Provincial Diets of the monarchy. This first step in the direction of representative government was known to and in fact approved by the Emperor's uncles, Archdukes Charles and John, and—what was far more important—by that very remarkable woman the Archduchess Sophie, wife of the heir-apparent Francis Charles, and mother of the present sovereign. As a Bavarian princess, the Archduchess had seen a constitution working satisfactorily in her father's do-

minions, and she was far too clear-sighted not to foresee the impossibility of maintaining much longer the narrow, antiquated form of personal government of which Prince Metternich was the infatuated upholder.

But as invariably happens in revolutionary periods, the moderate reformers were soon outstripped. The *Gewerbeverein* (Trades' Association) of Lower Austria sent up an address to the Emperor, peremptorily demanding far more extensive concessions. This was immediately followed by tumultuous manifestations on the part of the Vienna University students, who surrounded the precincts of the Imperial residence, clamoring for the dismissal of Metternich. The Court and the Government, headed by the Archduke Ludwig,[1] showed great weakness, received the addresses, and endeavored to gain time by promises. But on the 13th of March a mob of students and insurgents invaded the building in which the Estates of Lower Austria were assembled, and called upon them to see that the promised reforms were at once carried out. A sharp conflict, with some fatal casualties, ensued with the troops; but these were soon withdrawn, and nothwithstanding the adjurations of the Archduke Albert[2] and Prince Windischgrätz, no serious attempt was made to cope with the insurrection. Windischgärtz urged the porclamation of a state of siege, and this was indeed placarded in the night.

[1] The youngest and least distinguished brother of the Emperor Francis, to whom the care of his son and successor, Ferdinand, had been somewhat strangely committed.

[2] Son of the illustrious Archduke Charles, and subsequently the victor of Custoza in 1866.

But, chiefly at the instance of the Archduchess Sophie, who counted on the promise of a constitution restoring order, that measure was at once withdrawn. The Court party, inspired by his rival, Count Kolowrat, had meanwhile urged Prince Metternich to resign, and this, with the simple dignity which had distinguished him throughout his memorable career, he consented to do.

For nearly forty years he had administered the Empire with great skill and courage, and had raised it from the ruin and humiliation of Austerlitz and Wagram to the paramount position it now occupied among Continental Powers. It was a hard fate for the old statesman who had all his life combated the Revolution and its principles, and had not quailed before the great Napoleon himself, finally to succumb to a street riot, which the least determination on the part of the Government could easily have put down. On the evening of the 14th he left the Ballplatz for England, which he reached safely with his family after a somewhat hazardous journey across Germany and Belgium.[1]

Sweeping concessions were now granted in the shape of freedom of the press; the formation of a National Guard; the arming of the University students; and the convocation of deputies from the Provincial Diets, whose duty it would be to frame a Constitution for the whole of Austria. The following

[1] Those who had the privilege of knowing Prince Metternich in his retreat at Brighton in the winter of 1848-49, and in the following summer at Richmond, could not but be struck by his calm and dignified attitude in exile, and by the simple, unaffected charm of his family circle.

months witnessed a period of indescribable confusion bordering on anarchy. One weak and incompetent administration followed upon another. The greater number of the troops that could be relied on were away in Italy. Vienna was in the hands of a mob led by the *Aula,* or armed legion of the University students. On the 18th of May an Imperial proclamation appeared, finally announcing the grant of a Constitution on approved Liberal lines, closely resembling that of Belgium; and summoning a Reichstag, which was to meet in July. This was, however, contemptuously rejected by the democratic leaders. On the 26th of May there was a general rising of the workmen and students, who marched on the Hofburg and extorted from the panic-stricken Court the acceptance of a charter of the most advanced type, with only one Chamber; together with the assurance of the calling together of a *Constituante* on the model of that of the French Revolution, charged to work out institutions of the purest Radical character. The following night the Emperor, taking with him the whole Imperial family, started for Innsbruck, where he was certain of a safe refuge among the loyal Tyrolese. The master-mind of the party, Archduchess Sophie, left Vienna, cured once for all of any liberal opinions she may at one time have favored.[1]

Ferdinand's flight brought about for a brief period a salutary reaction. With the support of the sounder classes of the population of the capital, the Pillersdorf Ministry were able to close the University, to disarm

[1] Heinrich Friedjung, *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860.

the *Aula,* and to restore some degree of order. But this did not last long. The revolutionary leaders soon regained the upper hand, and, amidst much tumult and rioting, installed a sort of Committee of Public Safety, of the French Republican pattern which imposed upon the weak Government the withdrawal of all the remaining troops, and practically held its own until the end of July. The popular Archduke John, to whom his nephew, the Emperor, had given full powers to act for him, was then able to form a new and more vigorous administration under Baron Wessenberg, with men like Bach and General Latour.

The collapse of the central power had meanwhile led to disastrous results in other regions of the Empire. In Hungary the disloyal section, of which Louis Kossuth was the spokesman and ruling spirit in the Diet, put forward demands which before long were to culminate in open rebellion and civil war. At Prague the historian Palácky and other Czech leaders took advantage of a Slavonic Congress, which met at Whitsuntide in that city, to start a movement in favor of the independence of Bohemia, and this, under the inspiration of the Radical Russian Bakounine and kindred spirits, led to serious conflicts with the authorities. Prince Windischgrätz, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, and was, besides, a great Bohemian magnate, was deputed by the Government at Vienna to restore order and negotiate with the heads of the seditious party. While he was parleying with a body of insurgents outside his resi-

dence, a shot deliberately fired from the crowd killed his wife, the Princess Elenore Windischgrätz,[1] as she was watching the scene from a window; and one of her sons was severely wounded in the fighting that followed this dastardly act. The Prince none the less continued his attempts at conciliation, but in the night of the 14th of June he marched out of the town with all his troops, his wife's coffin borne in front of him, and his wounded son following in a litter. The rebels were jubilant over his tame withdrawal, but when, early the next morning, the heights of the Hradschin were seen to be bristling with the Imperial lieutenant's guns and bayonets, and a warning shell or two had been sent over the city and followed by a short bombardment, they very soon capitulated, and the entire movement collapsed.

So distracted was the condition of the monarchy at this troublous time that the only thoroughly sound spot remaining was to be found in the army in Italy. Early in the spring the forces in the Lombard and Venetian provinces, which were under the command of the veteran Marshal Radetzky—then in his eighty-third year—had been compelled to evacuate Milan, Brescia, Padua, and other large towns, and finally Venice. A formidable insurrection had spread over the entire country, the Lombard regiments in the Austrian service deserting their colors *en masse,* and the invading Sardinian host under King Charles Albert advancing rapidly after several successes.

[1] *née* Schwarzenberg, and daughter of the Princess of that name who was one of the victims of the fatal fire at Paris in 1810. She was a sister of the Prime Minister, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg.

The old Marshal withdrew with his troops, which barely amounted to between forty and fifty thousand men, to the celebrated Quadrilateral. Here he was practically cut off from Vienna by the successful rising in the territory in his rear, and by the fall of Venice. But the very strong position he held, resting on the first-class fortresses of Mantua and Verona; the dilatory tactics of Charles Albert; and more than all, the splendid spirit and confidence of his soldiers, enabled him to hold his own until late in June. In his camp alone, indeed—as the national poet Grillparzer truly sang of him—was Austria to be looked for,[1] and his faithful army it was that saved the Empire when it was crumbling to pieces all around. Already, early in May, two of the Archdukes—Albert, the son of the Archduke Charles, who was destined later on to emulate his father's exploits, and the youthful Archduke Francis Joseph,[2] then in his eighteenth year—had joined Radetzky's staff, bringing with them the authority and luster of the Imperial House.

At last, on the 25th of May a reinforcement of 20,000 men under General Nugent reached the Quadrilateral and enabled the Marshal partly to assume the offensive a fortnight later, when that important stronghold Vicenza was wrested from Durando, and the country towards the Tyrol and Austria was entirely cleared of the insurgent bands. But not before the last week in July did the veteran commander attempt to break through the enemy's lines. On the

[1] "In Deinem Lager ist Oesterreich;
Wir andre sind einzelne Manner."

[2] The now reigning Emperor, born on the 18th of August 1830.

22nd and 23rd he suddenly attacked and drove before him the Piedmontese under Sonnaz at Somma Campagna, and two days after completely routed the Sardinian King at Custoza in a hard-fought action. Charles Albert fell back on Milan, which he was unable to hold, and where his life was attempted by the enraged Republicans; and on the 9th of August an armistice was signed at Vigevano by which the whole of Lombardy reverted to Austrian rule.

The brilliant victories of Radetzky and his devoted army restored some courage and confidence to the Court in its Tyrolese retreat, and on the 12th of August the Emperor somewhat unwillingly returned to Vienna. Witnesses of the entry of the Imperial family have recorded their impressions of it. In a corner of the first travelling-carriage sat Ferdinand, scarcely heeding the crowd that here and there burst into acclamations, while by him the gentle, saintly Empress Marianne made no concealment of her tears. Facing them were the heir-apparent, Francis Charles, and his wife, the Archduchess Sophie, the latter fearlessly facing the throng and screening her emotion as best she could by means of her eyeglasses, while her consort showed signs of the deepest dejection. Last of all came the three young Archdukes, sons of Francis Charles, the eldest of whom, Francis Joseph, bore an impassive, determined aspect, verging on sternness, as he surveyed the surging masses that lined the roads from Nussdorf to Schönbrunn. Altogether it was not a cheerful home-coming.

The promised Reichstag, or Constituent Assembly

of deputies from all the Austrian provinces, had meanwhile met in the capital and had been formally opened by the Archduke John on the 22nd of July. An entire absence of harmony, or indeed of mutual comprehension, between the various nationalities represented in this first Austrian parliamentary Babel, prevented the Assembly doing any useful work beyond confirming the suppression of all the old feudal charges *(Frohn and bäuerliche Dienste)* borne by the peasantry, which had been already decreed.

Affairs at Vienna, however, were now entirely influenced by the course of events in Hungary, where the advanced Separatist faction, led by Kossuth, had acquired complete mastery and had forced through the Diet, in April 1848, a Constitution which almost audaciously resembled a declaration of independence. That formidable tribune of the people, Kossuth, endowed with the rarest gifts of eloquence both of word and pen, had become the idol of the Magyar masses. The work he then did has left its mark even down to the present day, when men's minds in Hungary seem once more set on that separation from Austria which he then all but achieved. The "deeper shades" of his character—his lack of truthfulness, his phenomenal vanity—are now forgotten, although in their day they estranged from him the best elements in Hungarian society, beginning with the noblest of them all, Stephen Szechényi. Early in the year the first-fruits of the agitation—the formation of a separate and independent Ministry for Hungary under the Premiership of Count Louis Batthyányi—had



PRINCE FELIX SCHWARZENBERG

AFTER THE PAINTING BY M. STAHL

been extorted from the weak Emperor. This was followed by demands for the complete financial and military autonomy of the kingdom, together with attempts to impose the Magyar language and Magyar supremacy on the several Saxon, Croat, Roumanian, and Servian races which make up more than one-half the population of Hungary. The Emperor would not give way on the vital army question, and when Kossuth, who had now become Minister of Finance in the Batthyányi administration, resorted to an unauthorized issue of paper-money; ordained a levy of 200,000 men without seeking the sanction of the Crown; and seized upon the fortresses of Komorn, Peterwardein, and Mohács; the extreme limits of concession were felt at Vienna to have been overstepped, and all Kossuth's new measures were declared to be null and void.

At the same time General Count Lamberg was appointed to the command of all the forces in Hungary. That officer, who was a landowner in Hungary and very well disposed to its people, arrived from Vienna at Ofen (Buda) quite alone, and on the 28th of September drove across the bridge towards Pesth without any escort, attended only by a single aide-de-camp, with the object of conferring with the Minister, President Battyányi. His companion left the carriage on some pretext, and just before entering Pesth the Imperial Commissioner was met on the bridge by an infuriated mob—led by a fellow of the name of Kolossy—which at once attacked him, dragged him out of the carriage, and beat and stabbed him to death.

After this brutal murder, and the equally barbarous execution by order of the insurgent general Görgei of the Deputy-Governor of Stuhlweissenburg, Count Eugene Zichy, the breach between the Emperor and Hungary became irremediable, and General Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, was given full powers to deal with that kingdom, which was declared to be in a state of siege and placed under martial law.

Meanwhile a fresh and severe crisis had broken out in Vienna itself. The Wessenberg Government had at first displayed unwonted vigor in quelling some disturbances caused by the navvies employed on the public works having struck on a question of wages; and they had afterwards dissolved the democratic committee of public safety, announcing at the same time that they would henceforward be themselves responsible for the maintenance of order and security. But they had not reckoned with the Radical clubs, nor with the action of revolutionary emissaries from Hungary and Germany, such as Pulsky and the notorious demagogue Robert Blum, who organized a monster demonstration by torchlight against the Wessenberg Cabinet; this being further swollen by thousands of the peasantry from the neighborhood. There can be little doubt that funds for the agitation were provided by Kossuth and his friends. The demonstration was more particularly directed against the Minister for War, Count Latour, a conscientious officer who had supplied Radetzky's army with reinforcements, and was now preparing to strengthen the forces of the new generalissimo,

Jellachich, with drafts from the Vienna garrison for his campaign against the seceding Hungarians. The Viennese democratic leaders who sympathized with the Hungarian cause were therefore specially bent on his removal. A battalion of the Hrabowski grenadiers, which was under orders to march, had been tampered with and had gone over to the insurgents. With its connivance, on the evening of the 6th of October, a formidable mob surrounded the now unguarded War Office, situated on the great square known as Am Hof, with loud cries of "Death to Latour." The whole of the Ministry were assembled there, and on the approach of the furious crowd they severally endeavored to escape. Bach, who was Minister of Justice, at first wanted to put on female attire, but on its being pointed out to him that his moustache would betray him, he borrowed a servant's livery cap and coat, with which he succeeded in getting away. The others also managed to save themselves. Latour alone remained behind, and concealed himself in a cupboard in a back room. But when the mob, led by University students, had forced their way in, he bravely came forth to expostulate with them, and was at once felled to the ground by a workman with a blow from a bludgeon, after which he was literally torn to pieces, his body being shamefully mutilated. It was then dragged out by the feet into the open square, where it was hung to a lantern-post—the murderous, drunken crew, among whom were women and children, afterwards dancing with torches in a mad frenzy round the wretched remains. Altogether

an abominable crime, fit to rank with the worst atrocities of the French Revolution.

Early the next morning the whole Imperial family precipitately left Schönbrunn, where they were residing, under an escort of five thousand men. Their departure was so hurried that the young Archdukes were mounted on ordinary post-horses, and rode by the side of the coaches conveying the Emperor and Empress and their own parents. The destination of the fugitive column was the strong fortress of Olmütz in Moravia, where it was assured of the protection of the army under Prince Windischgrätz, who had now been appointed to the command of all the Imperial forces, with the exception of those in Italy. It took the Court eight days to reach this haven of safety. They travelled with the greatest discomfort, having literally not had time to bring even a change of clothes with them. In the open country the travellers were received with respect, but the spirit of the towns they passed through was extremely hostile. At Olmütz, on their arrival, they were met by a sullen crowd, and a student rudely thrust his head in at the carriage-window, insolently staring at the Imperial couple. It was almost like another memorable flight,[1] but Bouillé and his troops did not fail this time.

Vienna during the following three weeks was completely at the mercy of mob-rule. Many of the members of the Reichstag had deserted that assembly on the departure of the Court, and the remaining

[1] The flight of Louis Seize and his family to Varennes.

Rump Parliament simply registered the acts of the resuscitated *Aula* and the chiefs of the revolutionary faction. The position became indeed desperate. The few remaining troops under Count Auersperg, scarcely numbering 8000 men, had evacuated the city and retired to the Schwarzenberg Park, and afterwards to the surrounding heights. The arsenal had been pillaged, and 20,000 stands of arms distributed among the populace. A man of the name of Messenhauser —formerly a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, who had taken to journalism and literature—had been selected by the students as Commandant of the National Guard and of the city, which in a few days was surrounded by the combined forces of Windischgrätz and Jellachich. The ex-Polish General Bem, who afterwards played so prominent a part in the Hungarian insurrection, came to the assistance of the beleaguered capital and in some degree organized its defence. The Imperial commanders naturally shrank from inflicting a regular bombardment on the inhabitants, and at first confined themselves to a few warning salvoes which did little damage. But the city had eventually to be taken by storm after severe fighting with much bloodshed. Its narrow, tortuous streets lent themselves admirably to barricades, conspicuous among the defenders of which were the leading demagogues Froebel and Robert Blum.

Succor from Hungary had been promised to the insurgents, and when this failed to arrive they formally agreed to capitulate on the 28th of October.

But, while arrangements for the surrender were being discussed, a Hungarian corps made its appearance on the Schwechat, a few miles from Vienna, and the leaders of the insurrection treacherously broke the truce. The forces under Jellachich, however, soon put the Hungarians to flight, and thereupon a renewed and final attack was made on the city, preceded on the evening of the 31st by a short bombardment, which at one moment threatened to destroy the priceless Imperial library and the Augustiner-Kirche, or Court church. Fortunately the violent autumn gale that was raging and fanned the flames abated in the night, and was followed by heavy rain before irreparable damage had been done. Most of the ringleaders had absconded, but Messenhauser and Robert Blum, who held out till the end, were taken, tried by court-martial, and shot on the *glacis* of Vienna on the 9th of November. Thus ended this insane insurrection.

By an Imperial decree dated from Olmütz, the remnant of the Reichstag was transferred to Kremsier in Moravia, and on the 24th November Prince Felix Schwarzenberg was entrusted with the formation of a new administration. Schwarzenberg, a son of the unfortunate Princess who lost her life in the fatal fire at the Austrian Embassy in Paris in 1810, was a man of unusual capacity and strength of character. He had fought with distinction in Italy, and in the evil days at Innsbruck had been one of the few counsellors who had instilled some courage and confidence into the feeble, disheartened Emperor and his *entourage.*

The Government he formed with such capable men as Bach, Bruck, and Stadion was necesssarily reacitonary in its tendencies, but at such a time reaction was unavoidable. His first act, none the less, was a declaration he made in the moribund Diet at Kremsier, three days after taking office, to the effect that it was the firm will and intention of the Emperor to regenerate Austria on a monarchical basis, but with liberal reforms in full harmony with the requirements of the age.

At the same time the new Premier at once took up a very decided attitude in the affairs of Germany, where the till recently preponderating Austrian influence had been sadly impaired by the distracted condition of the Empire. As he vigorously wrote to Trauttmansdorff, his Ambassador at Berlin, in January, 1849, his sovereign, as Emperor of Austria, was the first of all German Princes. His was a right the sanctity of which rested on the traditions of centuries, and which was justified by the power of Austria itself as well as by the wording of treaties. That right the Emperor, his master, was not prepared to renounce.

The ill-starred German National Parliament which had met at Frankfort six months before, had chosen as *Reichsverweser,* or Vicar of the Empire, the popular Archduke John, who owed his election in part to a speech he had made at some public gathering, when he was reported to have declared that, for his part, he knew only of one nationality, and that the German one. *"Nicht Oesterreich,"* he had said, "*nicht*

Preussen, sondern ein einiges Deutschland!"[1] with these words, in fact, opportunely evoking the old Imperial spirit. But the Assembly from which so much had been expected failed miserably in its task. Although it contained a fair proportion of distinguished and patriotic men, earnestly bent on reconstituting a united Germany and endowing it with amply liberal institutions, the German Parliament was wrecked almost at the outset by its more moderate members' utter ignorance of all parliamentary practice; by the interminable orations and unprofitabe debates inflicted on it by wordy professors and journalists; and, above all, by the factious tactics of a numerous group of advanced Democrats and Republicans. It made no progress, did no useful work, and very soon lost all credit and authority with the nation it was supposed to represent. Before long it came to a struggle in the Assembly between the partisans of Austria and Prussia. The latter, under the leadership of Heinrich von Gagern, sought to exclude even the purely German provinces of Austria from the future National Pan-Germanic Union. This was looked upon at Vienna as tantamount to a deliberate and audacious Prussian bid for exclusive power in Germany, and Schwarzenberg replied to this move by declaring on the 27th of November that he would never submit to the exclusion of Austria from the Fatherland. Later on, in fact, he actually put forward the extreme and impracticable demand that the entire Austrian dominions, including Hungary, Gali-

[1] "Not Austria, nor Prussia, but one united Germany!"



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE AGE OF SIX

AFTER THE PAINTING BY DAFFINGER

cia, and the Italian provinces, should be included in the German *Bund.* In reality Schwarzenberg was radically hostile to the Frankfort Parliament, which he looked upon as a noxious product of the Revolution. Finally, after an unworkable Constitution, on the lines of the French charter of 1791, had been elaborated and voted at Frankfort, the Prussian part in the Assembly succeeded in forcing through, by the narrowest of majorities, a resolution conferring the Imperial German crown on King Frederick William IV.

That gifted but irresolute monarch, however, after some shilly-shallying—due in great measure to traditional reluctance to take precedence of the heir of former Emperors—declined the honor bestowed upon him. Already at the accession of Francis Joseph he had charged Count Brühl, whom he had sent on a confidential mission to Olmütz, to assure the Imperial Government that he in no way aimed at the leadership in Germany, and was most anxious to work together with Austria for the solution of the German question. His Ministers, Counts Brandenburg and Bülow, it should be added, were completely opposed to the views of their master, who was so steeped in mediævalism as to have originally offered the ancient Holy Germano-Roman Imperial crown to Austria, reserving for himself the visionary dignity of *Erzfeldherr,* or hereditary Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces.

Not long after the King of Prussia's refusal of the crown, the Archduke *Reichsverweser* in his turn

resigned his functions, and thenceforward the extreme elements in the Assembly more and more acquired the lead in it. Simultaneously revolutionary and republican movements, which had to be put down with a strong hand, took place in several of the minor States, and notably in Saxony and Baden, and, after a somewhat chaotic period, the German Princes in the end resorted to the restoration of the old *Bundestag*, or Federal Diet, as it had been established at Frankfort by the Congress of Vienna. Thenceforward, for the next sixteen years, peace and order reigned throughout the Fatherland, and at Frankfort Austria soon recovered, with the Presidency of the Diet, her old ascendancy. The days of Bismark had yet to come.

CHAPTER VI

FRANCIS JOSEPH—THE ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

1848-1854

DURING the first weeks that followed the withdrawal of the Court to Olmütz, it was finally determined to carry into effect certain weighty plans which had been originally conceived early in the year, but had since then remained in abeyance, and had at the same time been most carefully kept secret.

From the first it had been well understood that his uncertain health and his weak, however amiable, disposition in no way fitted the Emperor Ferdinand for the heavy task of government even in normal times. His father, the Emperor Francis, had nevertheless, in spite of the Chancellor Metternich's pressing recommendations, failed to provide him with an advisory council, but had only—quite hurriedly at the end—specially committed him to the care and advice of his uncle, the Archduke Ludwig—the Emperor Francis' youngest and least capable brother[1]—and of the Chancellor himself. Later on these two had completed this private and unofficial council by the

[1] The choice of Ludwig in preference to his very distinguished brothers Charles and John must be put down to the Emperor's fears of their well-known sympathies for a more liberal form of government.

adjunction of the Minister of State, Count Kolowrat, and the Archduke Francis Charles, Ferdinand's younger brother and heir-apparent. This so-called *Staatskonferenz* practically governed the country, but unofficially and without the sanction of any duly recognized authority. At a period of such stress and storm as that through which the Empire was passing, the need of a stronger and well-defined control was universally felt.

Somewhat strangely, it seems, the idea of solving the difficulty by the abdication of Ferdinand would appear to have originated with his pious and exemplary consort, the Empress Marianne. That daughter of the House of Savoy, brought up in the pronounced clerical atmosphere of the Court of Turin, and absorbed by religion and good works, was greatly under the influence of her energetic sister-in-law, the Archduchess Sophie. At any rate, it is stated on the best authority[1] that at a late hour on the night of the 13th to the 14th of March, 1848, when Vienna was at the mercy of the mob, Prince Metternich, who, bowing to the tempest, had just resigned, received an urgent message from the Empress, desiring his immediate attendance at the Hofburg. The Chancellor found the Empress ill in bed, and in a state of the greatest agitation. She at once reminded him that, already some months before, she had spoken to him of the expediency of a change of reign. Neither the Emperor, she had then told him, nor his brother,

[1] The statement is said by Count Hübner to have been made to him by Prince Metternich in a conversation he had with the ex-Chancellor during the latter's voluntary exile in England.

the heir-apparent, Archduke Francis Charles, held to occupying the throne, and for many reasons it was desirable that the next heir, the Archduke Francis Joseph, should be proclaimed on attaining his legal majority in the following August. Now, however, the Empress went on to say, having regard to the grave occurrences of the day, she was convinced that the change ought no longer to be postponed, and should take place at once. She urged this view upon the Chancellor as strongly as she could. But Metternich, who was at that very moment preparing to leave Vienna for self-imposed exile, could only seek to calm and reassure the agitated Empress, and the course of events which shortly afterwards compelled the Court to take refuge in the Tyrol made it impossible even to think of carrying out a scheme of such magnitude as that she had suggested.

When the 18th of August came round—on which day the Archduke Francis Joseph completed his eighteenth year—it found the Emperor and his family once more established at Schönbrunn. Yet that date was allowed to pass unnoticed without any formal, and still less any public, recognition of the fact that the prospective heir to the throne had legally come of age. Thus matters stood at the beginning of November, after the suppression of the Vienna insurrection and the advent to power of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. Nevertheless, the elevation of Francis Joseph to the throne had been fully decided upon, although the secret had been so religiously kept, that up to the very last the young Archduke himself, it

has been stated, had been left in ignorance of the destiny that was in store for him.

Already as a child the young Prince, in whom all the hopes of his sorely tried House now centered, had of course been looked upon as the future Emperor, his uncle being childless, and his father standing in immediate succession to the throne. In his earliest years he had been an especial favorite with his grandfather, the Emperor Francis, who constantly had the boy about him. Pleasing anecdotes, of which the following is a sample, have been preserved of the intercourse between the benign old monarch and his pet grandchild. On a very hot summer's day at Laxenburg the little Archduke, then about four years old, noticed a sentry standing in the full rays of the sun—nowhere more scorching than at Vienna—and apparently suffering greatly from its effects. He sought out his grandfather and told him he would like to do something for the poor man, whereupon the Emperor gave the boy a coin or two for him. The little Archduke then ran back to the sentry, who presented arms, as in duty bound, but mutely declined to take the money, it being contrary to all discipline that he should accept anything when on duty. Greatly disappointed, the child returned to his grandfather and told him of his difficulty, when the old Emperor went out himself with him, and, lifting up the little fellow, enabled him to drop the gift into the soldier's cartridge-box. There is a portrait of him by Daffinger, painted when he was six years old, which shows him to have been a remarkably handsome fair-

haired child, with merry gray-blue eyes. Those eyes have long lost their mirth, but there is still in them a kindly, half-humorous twinkle that singularly lightens the worn, deeply marked countenance.

The young Archduke's education took the course planned out and invariably followed in the case of princes in direct succession to the Habsburg throne. His brothers Ferdinand Max and Charles Louis being respectively only two years and three years younger than himself, he had the great advantage of being brought up with them, and of pursuing his studies in common with them. The curriculum through which an Imperial prince is put in Austria seems in all conscience sufficiently exacting, not to say deterring. Besides the more ordinary subjects, including foreign languages, he is expected to grapple with the several idioms current in the polyglot Empire, such as Hungarian, Czech, and Polish. The Archduke Francis Joseph thus early acquired unusual linguistic attainments. Besides his native German, he learned to speak French and Italian perfectly, but in English he was less proficient. At the same time he became quite familiar with the Magyar and Slavonic tongues. In history he was thoroughly grounded by the learned Professor Joseph Fick of the Vienna University, and while being carefully instructed in literature and mathematics, he also went through a complete course of study in chemistry, astronomy, and natural history.

Much more valuable and interesting—indeed, unique in their way—were the lectures on state-craft

and political history given to him somewhat later on, when he was in his eighteenth year, by the old Chancellor, Metternich. Every Sunday during the winter of 1847-48, he visited Metternich at the Staatskanzlei in the Ballplatz. The septuagenarian statesman had taken a great fancy to his Imperial pupil, and the Archduchess Sophie in her letters gives touching expression to the value she attached to the intimacy between her son and the old man who for thirty-five years had held the Empire in his hand. Metternich little foresaw the evolutions which by slow degrees were to transform his earnest, appreciative listener from a believer in the doctrines of divine right and absolutism which he then so intelligently absorbed, into a pattern ruler of the most approved constitutional type.

By all accounts young Franzi—as he was affectionately called in the Imperial circle—proved a most apt and painstaking pupil, gifted with a remarkable memory, somewhat shy and reserved, but full of zeal and goodwill. As to his less serious accomplishments, he does not seem to have inherited the taste for music which distinguished previous Austrian sovereigns, but he had a marked turn for drawing, and a happy knack of rapidly and cleverly sketching what he saw when travelling or on shooting expeditions. A set of such sketches, afterwards lithographed by himself, is said to be still in existence.

His mother, the Archduchess Sophie,[1] had a pre-

[1] Daughter of King Maximilian I. of Bavaria and consort of the Archduke Francis Charles, only brother of the Emperor Ferdinand.

ponderating share in the arrangements made for the Archduke's education. With the exception of the unpopular Count Henri Bombelles, whose appointment as *Ajo*—an old Spanish designation for governor, still preserved in the Habsburg family—had been forced upon her by Metternich, the selection she made of Count Coronini, a somewhat stern, but thoroughly conscientious soldier as principal tutor, and of the Abbé Rauscher—afterwards Archbishop of Vienna—for the boy's moral and religious instruction, was excellent. His arduous studies fully occupied the youthful Archduke until his thirteenth year, when he began his military training at the hands of Colonel Hauslab, an officer of great distinction and a strict disciplinarian. He was put through his drill, like any private, in the three arms of the service; successively wearing the uniform of a linesman, a gunner, and a lancer. At this time he is described as a slender youth, tall for his age, of a grave and earnest demeanor and very reserved in manner—a trait which may in part perhaps be attributed to the harshness of his governor Coronini.

The great riding-school of the Josefstadt barracks, where young Franzi was taught to ride, has a curious tale to tell of the strange repugnance he seems to have shown when mounted for the first time on an ordinary Uhlan troop-horse. Those who have seen the ease and perfection of a seat that makes the Emperor one of the finest and most accomplished horsemen in his dominions can scarcely credit the story, which is, however, given on the authority of Colonel Hauslab.

The young Archduke, nevertheless, soon proved himself so apt and fearless a cavalry leader that in 1844, at the age of fourteen, he was appointed by his uncle, the Emperor, colonel-in-chief of the 5th regiment of dragoons, and himself commanded that regiment with much credit during the autumn manœuvres of that year in Moravia and Silesia. Francis Joseph has remained a thorough soldier at heart throughout his life, and to this day, in his declining years, nothing affords him greater pleasure and satisfaction than the personal inspection of his troops. He attends to this duty with the utmost care and exactitude in the early summer, either in camp at Bruck on the Leitha, or at Vienna, where very early risers visiting the Prater may see the Emperor passing down the ranks of one or other of the regiments garrisoning the capital, criticising them with the keen but friendly eye of the experienced commander.

In October, 1847, when he had just entered upon his eighteenth year, Francis Joseph was selected to represent the Emperor at Pressburg for the installation of his cousin the Archduke Stephen as Obergespan, or Lord-Lieutenant, of the Komitat of Pressburg. This was the first occasion on which he was called to perform any public function, and, as it happened, it acquired historical significance. The appearance of the tall, slight youth, in the smartest of Hussar jackets, at once predisposed the impressionable Hungarian assembly in his favor, and when he addressed them in the purest of Magyar his speech was greeted with tumultuous "Eljens," and the enthusiasm it

aroused carried one back, says a witness of the scene, to the days of Maria Theresa. A few brief months later, Louis Kossuth in his great philippic of the third of March in the Hungarian Diet—the first trumpet-call to resistance and rebellion—referred to the young Archduke as "the heir of the Habsburgs who was so rich in promise, and had at once known how to win the hearts of the nation by his memorable words." Ten days later, on the 13th of March, when the streets of Vienna were in the hands of the insurgents, a mob orator of the name of Putz, who was reading out Kossuth's speech to the crowd, was interrupted by ringing cheers when he came to the passage concerning the young Archduke, and was not allowed to proceed until he had repeated it amidst the greatest excitement. Francis Joseph's popularity, indeed, became so marked, that at the worst revolutionary period he alone was excepted from the violent attacks made indiscriminately on all other members of the Imperial family and on the Court circle, including his own immediate household, and notably his *Ajo,* or Governor, Count Bombelles. No doubt this popularity led to his being selected, early in the spring of 1848, for the Vice Royalty of Bohemia, a post he was prevented from taking up by the insurrection which broke out at Prague in June.

About this time the Archduke obtained leave to visit the Tyrol, where he first acquired that love for sport in the Alps to which he has ever since been addicted. His intrepidity as a chamois hunter, and his skill as a marksman, brought to life again, among

the simple Tyrolese, old-world memories of his renowned ancestor the Emperor Maximilian of mountaineering fame.

But more stirring sounds than the crack of his own rifle soon seemed to the young Archduke to rouse the mountain echoes. From away down below in the Lombard plain the roar of the guns of Radetzky at bay reached him, so to speak, and left him no peace. He asked for and obtained leave to join the army in Italy, and on the 29th of April reached the headquarters at Verona. The old Marshal gave him but a sorry welcome. He already had half-a-dozen Imperial princes serving under him, and he, therefore, very plainly gave the young Archduke to understand how great would be the responsibility, in the event of disaster, of having in his ranks so precious a hostage as the future heir to the throne. "*Herr Feldmarschall!*" replied the young prince, "it is possible that it was a mistake to allow me to come here, but now that I am here my honor forbids me to leave again forthwith." He had not long to wait, for on the 6th of May, on the day of Santa Lucia, when an attack *en masse* by the Sardinian army was vigorously repulsed, the Archduke showed the greatest coolness under very heavy fire and by his fearless bearing earned unstinted praise from the old Marshal, as well as from the gallant General d'Aspre, who afterwards contributed so largely to the victory of Novara. Early in June he rejoined the Imperial family at Innsbruck, and resumed his studies, which now comprised every branch of jurisprudence—from

Roman to civil, criminal, and canonical law. Subsequently at Schönbrunn, as also later on at Olmütz, he steadily continued to apply himself to his studies, although by this time he had been duly warned, under the seal of secrecy, of his approaching accession to the throne.

When broken to him, the momentous decision that had been come to caused the young Archduke much heart-searching, and he only accepted the situation thus created when a direct appeal was made to that sense of duty which has ever guided him throughout his long and chequered reign. The Archduke Francis Charles, for his part, was also greatly troubled in his mind as to his right to waive his claim to the crown in favor of his son. According to his own statement he only finally made up his mind when, whilst earnestly praying for guidance in his perplexity, he had a vision of the spirit of his father, the late Emperor Francis, laying his hand on the head of his youthful grandson and thus putting all his own doubts to rest.

Meanwhile the course of events made the early execution of the plan more and more imperative. Prince Windischgrätz—who had for some time past been in the confidence of the Empress Marianne and of her sister-in-law the Archduchess Sophie—when passing through Olmütz on his way to reduce rebellious Vienna, strongly deprecated any further delay, while the Emperor Ferdinand, long weary of his load, pressed to be relieved of it, and only desired to transfer the weight and responsibility of empire to younger

shoulders that were free from all contact with the past and its entanglements. The great decision was finally taken, and the 2nd of December appointed for its accomplishment. The choice of that date, it has been said, was partly due to a wish to efface the memories of Austerlitz hitherto so disastrously associated with it.

Up till the very last, however, the most complete secrecy was maintained. Even the future Emperor's brothers were kept in ignorance of the impending change, and on the 1st of December the young Archduke Franzi was still to be found engaged on his daily task, poring over the intricacies of ecclesiastical law as expounded to him by the Canon of St. Stephen's, Doctor Joseph Columbus.

Very early on the morning of the 2nd Olmütz was astir. All the dignitaries of the Court, the heads of the clergy, of the army, and of the administration had severally received an Imperial summons to attend at the archiepiscopal palace, where the Emperor resided with his family. No reason was assigned for this command, and by 8 A.M. the outer rooms of the palace were thronged with eagerly expectant courtiers and officials, none of whom, however, were admitted to the throne-room. Precisely at nine o'clock the doors leading from the Emperor's private apartments were thrown open, and their Majesties, preceded by the aide-de-camp general, Prince Joseph Lobkowitz, entered the throne-room, followed by the Archduke Francis Charles with the Archduchess Sophie, and the Archduke Francis Joseph. Here they found assembled the young Archdukes Charles Louis and



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT HIS ACCESSION IN 1848

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY ZASTIERA

Ferdinand Max,[1] the Archduke Ferdinand of Este and his wife, and the Archduchess Marie Dorothea, widow of Joseph, Palatine of Hungary. No one else was present excepting the Prime Minister, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and his colleagues of the Cabinet, the two generals, Prince Windischgrätz and Baron Jellachich, who had just signally vindicated the Imperial authority, and Count Grünne in attendance on the Archduke Francis Joseph.

As soon as their Majesties were seated the Prime Minister proceeded to read out three manifestoes: the formal abdication of the throne by the Emperor Ferdinand; the act of renunciation by the heir-apparent, Archduke Francis Charles; and the declaration of the Archduke Francis Joseph having attained his legal majority on the 18th of the preceding August. The *procès-verbal,* or record, of the proceedings, drawn up by Baron Hübner (afterwards Ambassador at Paris), was then signed by all the persons present excepting the two Emperors. The young sovereign, says Hübner, in his graphic account of the memorable function, had maintained throughout this trying ordeal a perfectly simple and dignified attitude, but he now went forward and knelt before his uncle, who embraced him warmly and said, in his habitual homely way: "God bless thee! Be good! *(sei nur brav).* God will protect thee; I did it willingly *(es ist gerne geschehen)*!" Then, after embracing his parents, the young monarch left the throne-room, followed by Grünne, and went through

[1] Afterwards Emperor of Mexico.

the outer rooms of the palace to receive the homage of the bewildered crowd of courtiers still waiting to know what had happened. A little later he reviewed the troops of the garrison drawn up for the occasion, and was rapturously acclaimed by them. In his interesting diaries and recollections recently published by his widow, the late general Prince Louis Windisch-grätz, a son of the Field-Marshal, briefly describes the scene: "It was a wonderful sight when this youth of eighteen rode along the lines amidst frantic cheers. There is in his attitude an assurance and decision which appeal to me. It is a grand thing to be able to be enthusiastic about one's Emperor!"

That same afternoon the Emperor Ferdinand left for Prague, where he proposed to take up his quarters for the future in the ancient Burg on the Hradschin. The young Emperor escorted his uncle and aunt to the railway, riding by the carriage door. The Imperial train was drawn up in readiness, the station-master and his underlings were at their posts, but the station itself was empty. There was no officious crowd on the platform come to wish the illustrious travellers "God-speed." "*Comment déjà?*" half sighed the gentle Empress Marianne, as she took her seat in the carriage. The young Emperor, too, returned to the palace both saddened and sobered. When first addressed as "Your Majesty" he is said to have exclaimed: "*Lebewohl meine Jugend!*" (farewell to my youth). His foot was already set on the thorny path which he has since trodden unflinchingly for more than sixty years.

Immediately after the momentous ceremony in the archiepiscopal palace, Prince Schwarzenberg proceeded to Kremsier, where he communicated to the Diet the manifesto issued by a new sovereign on ascending the throne. It fully acknowledged the value and necessity of free institutions; reaffirmed the complete equality of all races and of all citizens of the Empire in the eyes of the law, as well as the right of the people to participate in legislation through its representatives. It also announced additional measures having for their object to remove the last traces of serfdom, and to free the soil completely from such charges as it was still burdened with. But much the most important passage in the manifesto was that in which the Emperor expressed the hope that, with the help of God and of his people, he would be able to form out of all the different countries and populations subject to his rule, one great state or body politic. This was a clear declaration in favor of the centralizing policy which, although attempted without success by Joseph II., has always been favored by Austrian statesmen.

As for the "Rump" Diet of Kremsier, which had long lost all credit and authority, it now imprudently embarked on unprofitable discussions upon the status and duties of the Army, and the limits that ought to be assigned to the powers of the Crown, and was promptly dissolved. The constitution which had been granted by Ferdinand, under the pressure of the insurrection of March 1848, was now withdrawn, and a new charter was promulgated by the Emperor's

free will for the whole Empire. Under this charter the Reichstag was to be composed of two chambers, while the separate provinces were each to be endowed with local assemblies or *Landtage*. By the provisions of this constitution, which was dated the 4th of March, 1849, Austria and Hungary formed a "single *(einheitlich)* indissoluble customs and commercial territory;" parapragh 30 further providing that "in all parts of the monarchy real property *(Liegenschaften)* of all kinds might be acquired by any one, and every one should be at liberty to make any legally recognized acquisition." These latter reasonable provisions were specially directed against the narrow and illiberal legislation which made the ownership of real estate in Magyarland almost impossible for the natives of other portions of the monarchy. The old Hungarian constitution itself was indeed formally recognized in principle by paragraph 71 of the new Imperial charter (chiefly the work of Count Stadion), but with the proviso that it should only have force of law when not in contradiction with that charter. The constitution of March, 1849, says Friedjung,[1] was in fact "an iron frame which bound the entire monarchy." Further, the sovereign was to be crowned as Emperor of Austria, no reference being made to the separate crowns of Hungary or Bohemia.

The new constitution was never fully carried into effect; the serious turn taken by events in Hungary completely absorbing the attention, and taxing to the utmost the energies and resources of the Imperial

[1] *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860, *vol. i.*

Government. But before the final breach with the insurgent Magyars took place, Schwarzenberg had very important discussions at Olmütz with two leading Hungarian statesmen, Count Anton Szécsen and Baron Samuel Jósika, who both belonged to the old moderate Conservative party which had always been well affected to the House of Habsburg. Two lines were open to the Imperial Government at this supreme juncture. The first was that the Emperor should at once declare his resolution, after the actual insurrection had been put down, in no case to recognize the revolutionary constitution which the Hungarians had framed for themselves, but on the other hand fully to guarantee to them the restoration of the ancient rights and liberties which the peoples dwelling under the crown of St. Stephen had for centuries enjoyed. The other course was to maintain that Hungary, by her rebellion, had forfeited all her ancient rights and privileges, and must henceforward be assimilated to the rest of the monarchy under the new institutions granted to all the Emperor's subjects without distinction of race or of historical tradition. Count Szécsen and his colleague pleaded warmly for the adoption of the first of the two courses, and, in looking back to that period, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, if their advice had been listened to, the tremendous contest in Hungary and the terrible retribution which followed upon it, and not only so sadly darkened the outset of the young Emperor's reign, but indirectly contributed to its subsequent disasters in Italy and Germany, might

have been altogether avoided. As it was, however, Schwarzenberg was too strongly imbued with centralist views, and too fully bent on welding all the separate elements of the monarchy into one homogeneous whole, for the warnings and exhortations of these loyal servants of the Hungarian Crown to make any impression upon him. Szécsen and Jósika left Olmütz in despair. Subsequently there was an attempt at negotiation between the Imperial commander, Prince Windischgrätz, and Francis Déak, the Hungarian patriot who later on was the chief author of the compromise, or *Ausgleich,* between Austria and Hungary. But this effort failed; the Field-Marshal objecting to treat with rebels; while Déak on his side refused to recognize the abdication of Ferdinand or the title of his successor to the Hungarian throne until he had been crowned and had taken his oath to the constitution. Hostilities then broke out with varying success, and in April, 1849 the Revolutionary Diet at Debreczin went the length of pronouncing the dethronement of the Habsburg dynasty and of declaring Hungary a free state, with Louis Kossuth as dictator.

It would be quite beyond the purpose of these pages to dwell upon the different phases of this grave, internecine struggle which finally led to Russia's coming to the assistance of the Imperial Government in putting down the insurrection. The Hungarian rebellion and its overthrow furnish one of the most stirring and sad chapters in modern history, while the retribution dealt out to those of its leaders who

did not, like Kossuth, seek safety in flight, is one of its darkest pages.

In August, 1849, Görgei's capitulation at Vilagos put an end to the desperate, though heroic stand made by the Hungarians, while, by the surrender of Venice ten days later, Austria completely recovered her former hold on Italy. The Empire was at peace again, and the young Emperor and his energetic minister were able to turn their attention once more to affairs in Germany, where Prussia was acquiring a threatening predominance. Having gained over the Courts of Saxony and Hanover and a number of the smaller states, such as Baden, electoral Hesse, Mecklenburg, and others, and constituted what it termed a new "Union," the Government of Berlin called together a Diet at Erfurt, under the presidency of Prussia, with the avowed object of framing measures for the reorganization of Germany. This attempt at a Prussion *Sonderbund,* or separate confederacy, was viewed with great dissatisfaction by the South German Governments, who were at the same time very averse to any renewal of the mischievous and sterile parliamentary discussions which had distinguished the Assembly at Frankfort. Under Austrian inspiration a counter-union was formed at Munich in February, 1850 between Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony, the latter kingdom deserting the Prussian camp. Austria then declared that, in her opinion, the only mode of attaining a satisfactory settlement of German affairs was to re-establish the old Federal Diet. Accordingly, a *plenarium* of that body met

at Frankfort in May, though none of the states composing the new Prussian Union appeared at it. On the 2nd of September the reconstitution of the Diet was formally proclaimed by the states represented at Frankfort, and a summons to attend was addressed to Prussia. The relations between the two great German Powers were now strained to the utmost, and at Berlin General von Radowitz, the author of the "Union," who had become Minister for Foreign Affairs, spoke openly of maintaining that league by force of arms if necessary. On the other hand, a meeting that took place at Bregenz on the 11th of October between the young Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, clearly showed that a challenge from Berlin would be at once taken up.

Dissensions between the autocratic Elector of Hesse and his legislature, which led to serious disturbances, brought matters to a crisis. The Federal Diet took part with the sovereign, and, by its authority, an Austro-Bavarian force entered the Electorate to restore order, but was met there by Prussian troops sent to protect the country as forming part of the Prussian Union. A collision appeared imminent, and in fact on the 8th of November a few shots were exchanged between the outposts. It seemed as though the final struggle for supremacy, which was to be fought out sixteen years later, were already at hand. Orders had been issued for the mobilization of the entire Prussian army. Austria on her side had massed large forces in Northern Bohemia, and had brought

up some of her best troops from Italy, together with their veteran leader, Marshal Radetzky. The ease and speed with which this concentration of forces took place afforded proof of her thorough preparedness for war at that moment. To give an instance of this: the Grand Duke Michael regiment of infantry—a renowned Hungarian corps—which had received its marching orders at Padua on the 21st of October, was at Josefstadt on the Silesian frontier by the 2nd of November—a remarkable performance considering the incomplete railway communications of those days. In the nick of time the Prussian Prime Minister, Count Brandenburg, reported from Warsaw that an audience he had had of the Emperor Nicholas left him in no doubt as to the Russian sovereign's intention to declare war on Prussia at once if she did not yield.

The bellicose von Radowitz was forthwith dismissed from office, and M. de Manteuffel was despatched to Olmütz to negotiate. The young Emperor was personally in favor of an amicable settlement, being inspired in this by his mother, whose sister, Elizabeth, was Queen of Prussia, and who was, therefore, much opposed to any breach between the two closely connected houses. Radetzky too, who had been chief of the Austrian staff at the great *Völkersschlacht* at Leipzig in 1813, was very loth to draw the sword against his old Prussian comrades in arms, and lent his weight to the cause of peace. The upshot was a complete surrender on the part of Prussia, which renounced the Union, and agreed to withdraw her troops not only from Hesse Cassel but from Schles-

wig-Holstein—the latter in obedience to a significant hint from St. Petersburg. Conferences were afterwards held at Dresden which lasted through the winter, and ended in the entire re-instalment of the old Federal Diet at Frankfort. Peace once more reigned in the Confederation, but the Prussian discomfiture was so thorough that Prince William of Prussia, who was destined to wipe out this and other old scores, bitterly referred to it as a second Jena.

Before very long Olmütz was more than obliterated by Sadowa, but it is well to remember that in the autumn of 1850, the Austrian army was probably the most formidable instrument of warfare then existing on the Continent. It was still animated by the splendid spirt instilled into it some forty years before by the great Archduke Charles, and certainly at that time no military force in Europe was so inured to war as were the veterans who had gone through the Italian and Hungarian campaigns. It may well be asked what would have been the result of a collision if such had taken place at that juncture, and whether it might not have entirely altered the course taken by history in the last fifty years.

The vigorous and brilliant policy of Schwarzenberg had thus far been completely successful, but he was not to be spared to enjoy its fruits, for he died very suddenly a little over a year after his triumph at Olmütz. As for his internal policy of stern repression it was carried on for some time longer by his successor, Count Buol Schauenstein, but with a some-

what less heavy hand. The severest reaction, indeed, continued to reign for some years in the Austro-Hungarian dominions, two-thirds of the monarchy being subjected to the rigors of martial law. But elsewhere, too, reaction had followed upon the late revolutionary interlude, and the *coup d'état* of 2nd December, 1851 in France lent additional sanction to this return to a *régime autoritaire.*

During the two succeeding years (1851 and 1852) the Emperor visited in turn different parts of his wide-spread territories. These Imperial tours included the Vorarlberg, Galicia and the Italian provinces, and finally in 1852 he went to Hungary, where he spent nearly three months, traversing the kingdom in all directions, and covering some 11,000 kilometres in the course of his journeyings. The country was still sullenly brooding over its defeat and the loss of its ancient liberties. The shadow of the fierce struggle and of its all too sanguinary sequel darkened the land. Nevertheless, the young sovereign was everywhere warmly received, and notably at Pesth, his frank and chivalrous bearing charming all who approached him. At his departure, the Primate of Hungary and a number of the magnates accompanied him as far as Vienna, where, on parting from them, he happily summed up his own impressions by saying in their language that "he had found in Hungary many people and as many hearts."

It is highly interesting to note the opinion formed of Francis Joseph at this time by no less a judge than Bismarck, who happened then to be sent on

some mission to him at Ofen. "The young ruler of this country," he wrote to a friend, "has made a most agreeable impression upon me." He then speaks of "the fire of his twenty years joined to the dignity and thoughtfulness of a riper age." He was struck too by the beauty of his eyes, especially when in animated conversation, and the winning frankness of his smile. "Were he not an Emperor," he adds, "he would seem to me almost too grave for his years." Bismarck also speaks of the enthusiasm aroused in the Hungarians by the purity of his accent when talking their language, and by the perfection of his horsemanship.[1]

The Imperial visit was made the occasion of a few urgent concessions. An ample amnesty, comprising some 2000 persons, was granted; the courts-martial were suspended, and some of the estates and other property which had been sequestrated were returned to their owners. The singular tenacity, however, with which the Magyar race held to their time-honored institutions and customs was never more strikingly exemplified than by their passive resistance to the introduction of such beneficial measures as a reform of the civil and criminal codes, improved mining and forest laws, and new ordinances for the better protection of patents, and for the security and freedom of navigation on the Danube. Their own national legislature being in abeyance, they simply refused to co-operate in the carrying into effect of the useful legislation which, under the Bach régime,

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[1] Friedjung, *der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, vol. i.*

was applied to them in common with the rest of the Emperor's subjects. It was found impossible to secure the services of a sufficient number of Hungarian employés to carry on the administrative work of the kingdom, and functionaries had to be drafted for that purpose from the other regions of the Empire, these soon becoming derisively known as the Bach Hussars, from the name of the then head of the Imperial Home Office. And yet, after 1867, the whole of the financial organization introduced by Bach was taken over with scarcely any changes by the new autonomous Hungarian Government.[1]

A sinister incident which occurred not long after the Imperial visit to Hungary afforded an admirable test of the feelings entertained towards the young sovereign in all parts of his dominions. Early on the afternoon of the 18th of February, 1853, the Emperor was taking his customary daily walk on the ancient bastions which used to encircle old Vienna—a uniquely picturesque and delightful promenade which those who knew it in those long past days can never forget. He was attended by a single aide-de-camp, Count Maximilian O'Donell, an officer of Irish extraction, descended from the historic house of Tyrconnel. The Imperial army at that period was full of English and Irish officers, many of them cadets of Roman Catholic families. They were chiefly to be found in the cavalry, and at one time there were no less than eleven of them serving in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, a regiment of great distinction. The Emperor had

[1] H. Friedjung, *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860.

stopped in his walk, and was leaning with his companion on the parapet of the bastion, not thirty yards from the Kärnthner Thor, and watching the movements of some troops that were being exercised on the *glacis* below. Suddenly a man, who had come up some narrow steps close by which gave access to the bastion, dealt him a violent blow from behind with a big knife. The stab was aimed at the neck, but struck its intended victim too high up, just under the ear, the point being thus providentially turned by the bone, without which happy chance it must have been fatal. O'Donell at once threw himself on the fellow and knocked him down; a worthy citizen—a retired pork butcher—who was passing, coming to his assistance and pinioning the assassin as he struggled on the ground till he could be properly secured. The Emperor seemed at first not to be seriously injured, and was able to walk as far as the neighboring palace of the Archduke Albert, where the wound was at once attended to. He showed the greatest coolness, and told the people who pressed round him that it was nothing, and that he was simply sharing the fate of his poor soldiers in Italy. This in allusion to disturbances which had shortly before broken out at Milan, where officers and privates walking singly in the streets had been stabbed from behind by the insurgents. The concussion caused by the blow, however, proved very severe, and for a short time produced partial blindness. Even three weeks after the attempt, the Emperor was "unable to take in a



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY C. SCOLIK

couple of lines of middle-sized type at a glance."[1]

The assassin turned out to be a young Hungarian of the name of Libényi, a native of Stuhlweissenburg, and a journeyman tailor by trade. He swore that he had no accomplices, but that he had long determined to kill the Emperor whenever he found a chance of doing so, and had in fact been watching several weeks for the opportunity. The weapon that was wrested from him had a broad blade like that of a kitchen knife, and is described as resembling an instrument made use of by shoemakers in their work. The man himself declared that he had taken the knife to a cutler to be sharpened on both edges. A strange and painful coincidence, inasmuch as the murderous tool employed in the most dastardly of crimes forty-five years later at Geneva certainly came out of a shoemaker's workshop, and had been expressly ground down to the finest point. There was a general outburst of horror and indignation all through the Empire when this atrocious attempt on the Emperor became known, the chivalrous Magyars more especially resenting the fact of the criminal being a Hungarian by birth. Lord Westmorland, in a despatch of March 8, reports, with no doubt some excusable amplification, that "nearly every province, parish, town, and village in the Empire had sent a separate deputation to congratulate the Emperor on his escape." At Vienna the popular feeling was intense, and was at once marked by subscriptions being opened for the erection of a church in commemora-

[1] Letter from the correspondent at Vienna in the "*Times*" of March 8, 1853.

tion of the young monarch's preservation. The *Votivkirche*—a masterpiece of modern Gothic art—that rears its slender, graceful towers above the great broadway by which the Imperial city is now encircled, is a fitting memorial of the affection and reverence which grew, with every stone of it that was laid, round a sovereign who, beginning his reign by force of circumstance with full despotic powers, gradually, of his own free will, surrendered those powers and became the most loyal guardian of the liberties of his subjects, and a model for all constitutional rulers. On the 12th of March a solemn *Te Deum,* at which all the dignitaries of the Court and the foreign Ambassadors were present, was sung at St. Stephen's in thanksgiving for the Emperor's recovery. He drove to it, reports Lord Westmorland, in a small open carriage, accompanied by his father, without any attendants or escort, and was acclaimed all along the route with the greatest enthusiasm.

But if Libényi's attempt called forth such striking manifestations of loyalty, it also revealed in the Austrian governing classes a deep feeling of resentment against, and distrust of, England on the score of her supposed sympathy with the party of revolution. The newspaper reports of that period afford curious evidence of these sentiments. Great pains were taken to trace some connection between the assassin and the political refugees from Hungary and Italy who had found an asylum in London. The reception given there to Kossuth and other exiles;

the Haynau incident;[1] and, above all, the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston (the Lord Firebrand of the German press), gave the greatest offence in Austria, and the British Government and people were generally looked upon as favorers and abettors of every possible design against peace and order in the Austrian monarchy. At the same time the most absurd reports reached London from Vienna. In those early days of newspaper correspondence, the *Times* representative in that capital, who does not seem to have been a person of great discernment, sent home some curious items of intelligence: Lord Westmorland—most popular of Envoys—was said to have been publicly insulted, and the windows of the British Legation broken; an "English Countess" (whose name was not disclosed) had been treated with unpardonable rudeness when visiting one of the Austrian great ladies, whose identity was likewise withheld; intending English travellers to Austria were warned as to the unfriendly, not to say hostile, treatment they might expect to receive. Unfortunately Lord Westmorland's despatches at this period contain evidence of several cases where British subjects were arbitrarily arrested, "subordinate officers being too much in the habit of exercising with harshness and wanton oppression the powers placed in their hands." It is not easy when reading the above at the present day to realize that such were the sentiments then—not altogether without reason—be-

[1] The Austrian general, Haynau, who had shown great barbarity in suppressing the revolts in Italy and Hungary, was very roughly handled by the draymen at Barclay & Perkins' brewery during a visit he made to London.

lieved to exist towards us among the kindly, genial subjects of our oldest and most steadfast ally.

One of the shrewdest of observers who visited Vienna about this time, recorded his impressions on the situation in a letter which is to be found in that marvelous publication, *The Letters of Queen Victoria.* The King of the Belgians, on his return from the Austrian capital, whither he had gone about the engagement of his son (the present King) to the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, wrote to the Queen early in June 1853. He speaks in terms of much praise of the young Emperor, whose "warm blue eye" betokened much sense and courage, and was not "without amiable merriment" on occasion. He notes the perfection of his manners, his *kerzlich and natürlich* ways, and his *muthig* (plucky) bearing. At the same time he refers to the impression then obtaining that it had been part of Lord Palmerston's designs to "destroy the Austrian Empire," adding that, after the attempt on the Emperor's life, it came to be believed that "in England a sort of *ménagerie* was kept of Kossuths, Mazzinis, Lagranges, Ledrue Rollins, &c., to be let loose occasionally on the Continent."[1]

It was none the less a grievous circumstance for the good repute of Austria during this reactionary

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[1] In March 1853 the Austrian Envoy in London, Count Colloredo, was charged to communicate to Lord Clarendon a despatch in which bitter complaints were made of the manner in which the political refugees in this country abused the hospitality afforded them. Already in December 1848 the Queen had noted "the public affront" (which she attributed to Lord Palmerston's policy) she had suffered by the Emperor of Austria not announcing his accession to her by a special mission. (*The letters of Queen Victoria.*)

period, that the effect produced upon public opinion abroad by the permanent state of siege kept in force in two-thirds of her territories quite obscured the excellent work in the direction of reform and progress which was simultaneously and steadily carried on by Bach and Stadion, Schmerling, Thun, and their colleagues. But the dread shadow of the sword only too effectually shrouded the conscientious labors of this group of men, of whom Lord Ponsonby—who preceded Lord Westmorland as British Ambassador at Vienna—had written that "they made up a splendid Cabinet entirely composed of Prime Ministers." To all outward appearance, in fact, it seemed as if Austria, after passing through all the throes of the revolution, had simply relapsed into the former deadening despotism against which her most brilliant intellects—Hebbel, Anastasius Grün (Count Auersperg), and Nicholas Lenau—had for years past protested and striven in vain. That form of government it was which, fifteen years before, had driven the greatest genius of them all—the great poet Lenau[1]—to seek a refuge in America, whence, it should be added, he returned after but a short sojourn, with feelings which found vent in the bitterest apostrophe ever launched against that much-vaunted land of freedom:—

"Es ist ein Land voll traümerfschem Trug,
Auf das die Freiheit im Vorüberflug
Bezaubernd ihren Schatten fallen lasst,
Und das ihn hält in tausend Bildern fest;

[1] Nicolas Lenau, whose proper name was von Niembsch, came of good stock in the Banate, near Temesvar in Hungary, where he was born August 13, 1802. His poetic genius made him prominent among the leaders of the Liberal movement under the Metternich régime. He died in a private asylum near Vienna, August 22, 1850.

Wohin das Unglück flüchtet ferneher,
Und das Verdrechen zittert uber's Meer;
Das Land, bei dessen lockendem Verheissen
Die Hoffnung oft vom Sterbelager sprang
Und ihr Panier durch alle Stürme schwang,
Um es am fremden Strande zu zerrissen,
Und dort den zweifach bittern Tod zu haben;
Die Heimath hätte weicher sie begraben!"[2]

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[2] "A land there is of dreamy falsehood full,
And freedom passing in her flight doth cast—
A wondrous spell—her shadow on its face,
Where countless images do stamp it fast;
And thither from afar misfortune flees,
And trembling crime takes refuge o'er the seas;
That land whose promises deceitful oft
Made Hope spring from her dying couch and spread
Once more her banner to the storms aloft,
On foreign shores to tear it to a shred,
And there to die the doubly bitter death;
Home had more gently ta'en the parting breath!"

CHAPTER VII

FRANCIS JOSEPH—THE EMPEROR'S MARRIAGE

1854-1858

FRANCIS JOSEPH had now nearly completed his twenty-third year. From his childhood upwards the ascendancy over him of his mother had been very great. The Archduchess Sophie was in all respects a remarkable woman. To uncommon gifts of mind and beauty she joined a strong will and great tenacity of purpose. Having been debarred from sharing the throne by her husband's voluntary renunciation of his rights to it, the masterful princess had found some compensation for this heavy sacrifice to exigencies of state in watching over, and guiding, the earlier steps of her son as a ruler. During the opening years of the new reign her influence was, indeed, reputed to be paramount, and to be both reactionary and Ultramontane in its tendencies. Her attitude, however, in this respect, is now allowed to have been the result of the reaction produced in her by the excesses of the liberal movement of 1848 which she was at first strongly inclined to favor—being much too clear-sighted not to realize the impossibility of maintaining the Metternich system of government any longer.[1] Be this as it may, and however severe

[1] See H. Friedjung, *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860.

the judgments generally, and not quite fairly, passed upon her by writers who have dealt with that period, there is no doubt that the strongest bond of affection existed between the Archduchess and her son. In a remarkable letter addressed by her to the exiled Metternich, ten days after the events of March, she speaks of her "Franzi" as her only consolation at this time of trial, and almost prophetically praises his courage, his firmness, his vigorous and decided way of judging the situation.[1]

The time had now come when the young sovereign had seriously to consider the choice of a companion for life, and on this point the Archduchess mother (or *Madame Mère,* by which name she was known at Court) was of course certain to make her voice heard. Being herself a Bavarian princess, her thoughts and predisposition not unnaturally turned to her own Bavarian home and kindred. At this time the head of the junior branch of the Wittelsbachs, which was distinguished from the reigning Royal House by the title of Dukes in Bavaria (*Herzoge in Baiern*), was blessed with a bevy of fair daughters, who, by their birth and upbringing, were admirably fitted to grace even the most illustrious of thrones. Their father, Duke Maximilian, was married to a younger sister of the Archduchess Sophie, and the latter projected a union between her son, the Emperor, and the eldest of her nieces, Princess Hélene, who had not long completed her nineteenth year.

The Emperor does not seem to have previously

[1] See H. Friedjung, *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860



GROUP OF ROYAL CHILDREN PAINTED BY KRIEHUBER IN 1840, AND NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE SAXON ROYAL FAMILY

1. QUEEN CAROLINE OF BAVARIA, MOTHER OF THE ARCHDUCHESS SOPHIE
2. PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXONY, AFTERWARDS KING OF SAXONY
3. PRINCESS ELISE OF SAXONY, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF GENOA
4. ARCHDUCHESS ANNA, SISTER OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH. (DIED YOUNG)
5. PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF BAVARIA, ELDER SISTER OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH, AFTERWARDS PRINCESS THURN UND TAXIS
6. PRINCE GEORGE OF SAXONY, AFTERWARDS KING OF SAXONY
7. ARCHDUKE FRANCIS JOSEPH, AFTERWARDS EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
8. ARCHDUKE MAX FERDINAND, AFTERWARDS EMPEROR OF MEXICO
9. DUKE LUDWIG OF BAVARIA, BROTHER OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH
10. ARCHDUKE CARL LUDWIG, BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
11. PRINCE ERNEST OF SAXONY. (DIED YOUNG)

seen much of his Bavarian relations, but in May, 1853 he went on a visit to them at their Château of Possenhofen, on the western shore of the Starnberg Lake; the object of his visit, it was understood, being to see his cousin and formally to sue for her hand. No more enchanting *mise en scène* for the Imperial wooing can well be imagined than this delightful home of the Wittelsbachs, placed on the banks of the sunny lake, in the sheltering shade of the grand, solemn German woods that stretch away to the foot of the fine range of the Bavarian Alps. The Imperial idyl, as it has been told, is a singularly graceful one. On his arrival the Emperor had of course been warmly welcomed by his relations, and introduced to his charming cousin and intended bride, but later in the forenoon, when strolling alone in the woods surrounding the house, he suddenly came face to face with a young girl whom he had not met before in the family circle. Tall and slight, with a perfect gait and carriage, a wealth of bright chestnut hair falling loose down her back, the lovely maiden came all unconscious towards him, and, at sight of her exquisite charm and beauty, his heart went out to her then and there for ever.

"*Im wunderschonen Monat Mai,*
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen"

sang Heine,[1] who was the favorite poet of this the loveliest woman of our time whose brows have graced

[1] Heinrich Heine, *Lyrisches Intermezzo.*

an Imperial crown. On learning that the radiant young creature was his cousin Elizabeth, the second of Duke Maximilian's daughters, Francis Joseph expressed his surprise at not having yet seen her, and his hope that they would meet again at the family dinner later in the day. The Princess smiled, but shook her head sadly, saying that she was, alas! much too young to be allowed to appear on such an occasion. Her cousin then laughingly tried to reassure her, saying that he thought this could surely be arranged, and on returning to the house he pleaded so successfully with her parents for her presence that the Princess Elizabeth was forthwith promoted to the dignity of young-ladyhood with its long skirts and neatly braided hair. When, however, he shortly afterwards formally asked for her hand, he was told by her father that at her age—but little over fifteen—no engagement could possibly as yet be thought of.

But even the most prudent parental reservations were of no avail against the ardor and impetuosity with which the young sovereign sought to obtain the wish of his heart. Three months later, in August, 1853, we find Duke Maximilian with his family at Ischl, where the Austrian Imperial family were, as usual, spending the summer. On the 19th—the day after the Emperor's twenty-third birthday—all the Royalties attended a *Te Deum* at the parish church, when it was noticed that, as the Royal party entered, the Archduchess Sophie made way for her niece, Princess Elizabeth, to pass in before her. Then, at

the end of the service, as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, the Emperor rose from his *prie-dieu,* and taking his cousin by the hand, led her up to the altar, and there kneeling down, asked the officiating priest, in a clear and audible voice, to bestow his blessing upon him and upon his bride. Thus was made the first public announcement of the betrothal. He then turned to Count O'Donell, who was in waiting on him, and said that though he owed him his life, it was only now that he realized how much life was worth having.

The marriage was solemnized at Vienna at half-past six o'clock on the evening of the 24th of April, 1854, in the Augustiner-Kirche, which is the parish church of the Imperial House. More even than the customary pomp and splendor of the Imperial Court was displayed on the occasion. The bride had come down the Danube from Linz and had landed at Nussdorf, whence she was escorted to Schönbrunn, where she rested for the night. The next day, in accordance with an ancient custom, she came to the Theresianum, the Military Academy founded by Maria Theresa, which is situated in what was in those days the suburb of Favoriten. From here she was fetched in great state and escorted to the Hofburg in the magnificent gilded coronation coach originally brought from Spain by the Emperor Charles VI. The paintings on its panels are said to be by the hand of Rubens, and in it —in 1711—the Emperor's beautiful wife, Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick, his *"weisse Liesel,"* had made her first entry into Vienna. On this Sunday afternoon

in spring, on the threshold of May, it was another, and yet more beautiful, Elizabeth who, with all the artless grace and candor of sweet sixteen, beamed upon the world as she was triumphantly borne along through the dense masses of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic Viennese. In its progress the splendid cortège crossed the river Wien for the first time over a bridge which had only just been finished and had received the Empress's name. It was afterwards noticed as a strange coincidence that the bridge thus inaugurated by the young bride was—in consequence of the new underground railway-works necessitating the covering in of the river—demolished just the very year in which she herself met her doom.

The wedding ceremony in the Augustiner-Kirche, at which Queen Victoria was represented by the Duke of Cambridge, was followed by a great reception at the adjoining palace, where, from among all the grandees of the Empire assembled to do her homage, the first personages presented by the Emperor to his consort were the venerable and illustrious Radetzky, and Field-Marshals Windischgrätz and Jellachich, the three commanders who had so faithfully served and saved the Monarchy at the hour of its greatest need.

Much the most gratifying features attending the Emperor's marriage were the acts of clemency which graced it. An Imperial decree announced the raising of the state of siege in Hungary, Lombardy, and Galicia. A complete amnesty was granted to all persons sentenced for offences against the Crown or

for the disturbance of the public peace; over 300 prisoners confined in the dismal fortress-dungeons of those days were set free; and munificent sums were distributed for the benefit of the "more depressed Crown lands" and for the poor of Vienna.

To pass from the simple country ways of Possenhofen and the quiet Münich winters to all the grandeur and the severely punctilious etiquette which in those days reigned in the stately old Hofburg at Vienna, was a decidedly trying experience for a girl, who even though born in the purple, was not yet seventeen. The young Empress seems to have found the change extremely irksome at first, and indeed she never quite ceased to chafe under the fetters of Court traditions and ceremonial.

Characteristic anecdotes, the authenticity of which cannot of course be vouched for, have been told on this subject. The story, for instance, of the Empress having been deferentially chidden by some fossil lady-in-waiting for taking off her gloves at the first State banquet at which she was present, this being quite contrary to all received rules, and her Majesty having promptly replied that, if so, the rule must be changed there and then. Or, the sensation she caused in her household by insisting on wearing her shoes as long as it suited her to do so, when, from time immemorial, no Empress had ever been known to wear even the daintiest of slippers more than once: an ancient custom, which, it need not be pointed out, had for generations favored the plague of perquisites from

which even the best managed of Courts can scarcely be held immune. She is likewise said to have greatly scandalized her *entourage* by her predilection for the simple fare to which she had been accustomed from early youth; much preferring a midday meal of Frankfort Wurst, with a glass of Bavarian beer, to all the delicacies of the Imperial *cuisine.*[1]

On these and other less trivial matters there can hardly be a doubt that the will of the youthful and high-spirited Empress occasionally clashed with that of her imperious mother-in-law, who up till then had ruled the Court with unquestioned authority. But these differences, or rather this friction—although needless stress seems to have been malevolently laid upon it at the time—cannot have lasted long or have attained serious proportions. The Archduchess Sophie, with all her love of influence and power, was the fondest of mothers,[2] and, in her solicitude for her son, cannot wilfully have run counter to the passionate devotion of Francis Joseph for his lovely girl-wife—a devotion that only went on deepening through the years, and to which only those who are familiar with the painful vicissitudes of the Imperial House down to its final tragedy can fully bear witness.

Certain it is that the sunny grace and charm of the Empress soon completely transformed and brightened a Court which, under the régime of the weakly Ferdinand and his pious consort, may well have been

[1] A. de Burgh, *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.*

[2] See Heinrich Friedjung's testimony, in the first volume of his remarkable and in most respects praiseworthy *Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860, in favor of this remarkable woman.



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

AFTER A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

supremely dull and lifeless. The reaction, too, which inevitably followed upon the dismal revolutionary period promptly made itself felt. The city of the Danube became its old cheery *insouciant* self again. It was the age of Lanner and of the younger Johann Strauss, and to their strangely bewitching strains, at the splendid balls given in the great *Ceremoniensaal*, one willingly imagines the girl-Empress gaily dancing to her heart's content. Few only are now left who can recall the gleaming vision of the sovereign lady in those first unclouded years of her happy married life, but with them that vision remains unique, ineffaceable.

At any rate it is pleasant to think of this charming Princess unaffectedly enjoying the pleasures and diversions of her age, like any ordinary mortal, before she entered upon her weary pilgrimage of sorrows. But balls and other amusements—even Vienna balls—and still less the daily routine of Court duties, could be but of little real interest to one so full as she was of mental and physical activities. Without any *pose* or pretension she sincerely aimed at the simple, strenuous life of which we hear so much and see so little. She read a great deal and judiciously, being bent, as she herself would say, on repairing the deficiencies of her education in early youth, when she had not been kept strictly to her lessons, and was allowed, so to speak, to run wild in her happy country home. Although, from the first, she made it a rule scrupulously to abstain from any encroachment on the domain of public affairs, she nevertheless kept herself fully informed of all that went on around her; while

her influence with her husband, which never waned up to the last day of her life, was always to be found on the side of progress and enlightenment, and of toleration in matters both temporal and spiritual. For while a sincere and devout Catholic, she was much opposed to the clerical influences which, under cover of the *Concordat* shortly afterwards concluded with Rome, soon began to regain much of their old power in the Austrian dominions.

But it was in the inexhaustible field of mercy and charity that the Empress Elizabeth found throughout life the tasks that were most congenial to her. The first steps taken towards mitigating the old harsh system of military punishments;[1] the reform of prison discipline, and the improvement of the sadly neglected prisons, and of the hospitals for the poor, were all traceable to her initiative, based on the searching inquiries she had herself made into the evils and abuses she caused to be redressed. As for her good works and personal charities, they were as boundless as was her sympathy for all sorts of distress and suffering. In fact, in her lavish dispensing of mercies and kindness, this Lady Bountiful on the throne in some degree betrayed the impulsive, high-strung temperament that was characteristic of the gifted Wittelsbachs of her generation, and which found its highest expression in her eccentric kinsman, the romantic and unfortunate King Louis of Bavaria.

[1] The suppression of the cruel punishment known as *Spiessruthenlaufen*, when the offender had to walk through two rows of soldiers, receiving blows from each stick on his bare back, is attributed to the Empress.—A. de Burgh, *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria*.

The same trait might be said to have been visible in her passionate fondness for all forms of physical exercise. From early childhood she had been accustomed to an open-air country life. She roamed freely among the Bavarian Alps with her brothers—a very "child of the woods," as she is aptly termed by one of her biographers[1]—and shared all their sports and pastimes. She rode and boated and swam with them, and vied with them in pluck and endurance. Besides becoming, as is well known, a most accomplished horsewoman, her feats in mountain-climbing and as a pedestrian were quite remarkable, and even when she had long passed middle age, the slight, almost too girlish, figure she preserved to the very end enabled her to walk long distances which her much younger attendants compassed with difficulty. But in all this there was the same trait of feverish, almost morbid, need of excitement. Of a morning she would ride in turn several horses—the more unmanageable the better—in the great Imperial riding-school at Vienna—the scene of many a splendid pageant—or in the long, shady avenues of the Prater. As a young girl she had amused herself learning what she herself called "circus tricks" in the *manège* at Munich, but she now went through a complete course of the *haute école,* under the tuition of the able staff of the celebrated Spanische Hofreitschule in the Michaeler platz. She also, it was said, took lessons from one of the best-known female equestrians of the Circus Renz,

[1] A. de Burgh, *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.*

and became quite proficient in some of the most daring feats that can be attempted on horseback.

It speaks but ill for the good feeling and charity of a certain set in Vienna society at that time that these peculiar whims and fancies of the young sovereign, which were but the outcome of her exuberant vitality and superabundant nervous energy, were allowed to tell against her and to give rise to unkind comments. Far too much stress has been laid on this short and transient period of the Empress's early married days, but there is unfortunately good reason to believe that the unfriendly criticisms, which could not fail eventually to reach her ears, cut her to the quick, and, together with the irksome exigencies of Court etiquette and formality, soon made life at Vienna distasteful to her. All this no doubt contributed to make her avoid any lengthy sojourns in the gay capital, which in after years was to become to her a city of grief and mourning. Schönbrunn, and still more the charming home she made for herself at Lainz, with its fine woods and Thiergarter, were her favorite quarters whenever she resided for any length of time in the neighborhood of Vienna.

But ere long her bright presence was to shed its rays on many another region in her husband's wide territories. The young Imperial couple's first official visit, shortly after their marriage, was to Bohemia in the summer of 1854, and in the following year they made an extensive tour through the beautiful provinces of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, which

constitute the precious core and kernel of the original archducal possessions. On this occasion both the Emperor and Empress ascended the Grossglockner, the giant of the Austrian Alps, the highest peak of which had since been known as the "Franz Josef's Höhe." By this time a great joy had been vouchsafed to them in the birth of a daughter, who was given the name of Sophie in honor of the Emperor's mother. Their Majesties then spent some part of the winter to 1856 to 1857 in those fair Italian territories, which were so shortly to be lost for good to Habsburg rule. These provinces were then governed by the Emperor's next brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Max, whose able and lenient administration, following upon the stern régime of Field-Marshal Radetzky, had effaced almost every trace of ill-will and discontent. So prosperous, indeed, was then the condition of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom that, in the opinion of prominent leaders of the anti-Austrian movement in Italy, the policy of conciliation pursued by the Archduke bade fair, if persevered in, to extinguish all desire to throw off the foreign yoke.[1] The young sovereigns were very cordially welcomed both at Milan and at Venice. The warm-hearted Italians readily looked upon the lovely Empress as the harbinger of pardon and peace, and gladly associated her name with the restitution of property and the remissions of punishment, which were liberally granted on the occasion. In the Emperor's own words to his youthful Consort: "Her charm and grace had

[1] *Recollections of a Diplomatist, vol. i. p. 262*

done wonders in winning over the most recalcitrant of his subjects."

Her greatest personal triumph, however, was yet to come—a triumph which unquestionably much contributed to the turn taken by events in Hungary some years afterwards. The Empress visited that country with her husband for the first time in May 1857, and at once took the susceptible Hungarians by storm. In the spontaneous outburst of admiration with which her appearance was greeted, it was remembered that she bore the name of the most lovable and renowned of Hungarian saints, and that the consort of the great King St. Stephen had, like herself, been a Bavarian princess. For her part, too, she was greatly captivated by the people and the country, and speedily acquired Hungarian proclivities which became more and more marked in her as time went on. Soon after her marriage she had applied herself to the study of the Magyar language, mastering its many difficulties in a very short time; and, in her intercourse with the Hungarian lieges, she now laid the foundations of a popularity that grew greater year by year, and which, since the tragedy of her death, has turned to veneration, and has enshrined her memory in Hungarian hearts as that of some martyred saint.

Her personal success was the more gratifying that this first visit of hers to Hungary took place at a decidedly unfavorable juncture. During the stay of the Emperor at Pesth, a great effort was made to obtain from him certain administrative and municipal concessions for the country, and an address drawn

up in this sense, and signed by 700 notables of the kingdom, was accordingly presented to him by the Cardinal Primate and Prince Esterházy. By the advice, however, of the reactionary Ministry at Vienna, presided over by Baron Bach, the prayer of the address was rejected and, in reply, it was given to be understood that there could be no question of a deviation from the centralizing system which had been adopted, after mature study and consideration, as the only one that was applicable to a monarchy made up of such diverse and polyglot elements. The breach between the proud, chauvinistic Hungarians and their King was not to be healed yet awhile.

It was during the sojourn in Hungary that the Emperor and Empress experienced their first great sorrow. Being unwilling during their absence to leave their two infant daughters behind at Vienna, it was decided that they should accompany their parents, and, in order to avoid any risk of illness when traveling, water from the spring of Schönbrunn was taken in bottles packed in ice for their use. This water, for some reason—possibly the corks being badly fitted—became unwholesome, and the little Archduchess Sophie fell a victim to typhoid fever and died on May 29th, 1857, after a few days' illness, when just over two years old. Her baby sister Gisela,[1] born on July 12th, 1856, and named after the Bavarian Consort of St. Stephen of Hungary, was happily spared to console the young couple for this cruel loss.

[1] Now the wife of Prince Leopold, second son of the Regent of Bavaria.

Under the absolute régime which obtained all through the Fifties much latent discontent undeniably existed in all parts of the Empire. It was caused partly by the suppression of trial by jury; by the severe restrictions to which the press was subjected; and still more by the often vexatious proceedings of petty authorities, and of the police. Yet it cannot be said that there were many outwardly visible signs of ferment or agitation. The Austria of that time has been, in some respects not inaptly, termed the China of the West, and behind the great wall raised by an omnipotent bureaucracy the placid Austrians lived and throve in sufficient contentment. From an economic standpoint, the interests of the country were greatly furthered by the remarkable men who made part of the administration originally formed by Prince Schwarzenberg. A Cabinet containing statesmen of the calibre of Bruck, Schmerling, Thun, and Kübeck might well be said to be a credit to the Empire. The Minister of Commerce, Baron Bruck, who was the founder of the Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company at Trieste, effected the most useful reforms in the Austrian Tariff and in the Postal service. Agriculture, industry, and trade prospered and were encouraged. The last vestiges of the ancient feudal burdens were removed. Road-making and railway-building were vigorously pushed on by Bruck in spite of the heavy embarrassment of the Imperial Exchequer. Indeed, Austria may claim to have been the first country to overcome the difficulties of Alpine railway-building by the construction of the section

over the Semmering of the line between Vienna and Trieste. The clever engineer in charge of this undertaking, Nicolas Ghega, was the first to attempt gradients of 1 : 40, in opposition to all the technical opinion of that time.[1]

As regards the political situation, one of its most remarkable features was that, notwithstanding the rigorous censorship that existed, it was part of the by no means unintelligent Bach system to allow a considerable latitude to the press, already then mostly controlled by the Jews. In fact, it was sometimes difficult to reconcile the outspoken criticisms of the Vienna "dailies" with the existence of the arbitrary methods on which they were permitted to pass judgment so freely.

But Bach himself had begun life as an advanced Liberal, and at the inception of the revolutionary movement of 1848 had been one of its leaders. Being, however, essentially a trimmer, he had by degrees, and very adroitly, joined the party of order, and subsequently of reaction, and with the cognomen of *Barrikaden Minister* still sticking to him, finally landed himself in the Cabinet which, under Schwarzenberg, first swore allegiance to the boy-Emperor on that memorable December morning at Olmütz. With such antecendents as his, Bach was careful that the

[1] It is worth noting that among the arguments used against the building of the Semmering line was the general conviction that railway travelling at an altitude of 1000 metres above sea-level must affect the lungs with fatal results. It is curious, too, that the proposal of an engineer of the name of Keissler to surmount the difficulty by boring a tunnel of six kilometres was dismissed as utterly extravagant, and impossible of execution.

strong hand he kept on the country should at any rate be well gloved.

To pass to more trivial considerations, Vienna life and Vienna society assuredly benefited by Bach's centralizing system. The old Kaiserstadt once more became the Imperial center it was wont to be in the palmy days of Maria Theresa and her gifted son. Great magnates from Bohemia and Hungary—Esterházys, Festetics, Buquoys, Lobkowitzes, and others—now resorted to it again for the winter season, and settled down in those fine palaces in the Wallnerstrasse or the Schenkgasse, which had so long been deserted by them. It is indeed a noteworthy circumstance that, with the political changes which later on aroused the slumbering national pretensions of the separate races that people the monarchy, a centrifugal movement has drawn the uppermost classes back to their respective racial headquarters, and has raised not only Budapest but Prague and Lemberg to something more than the dignity of provincial capitals, greatly to the detriment of Imperial Vienna, which has thereby lost many valuable social elements. Nor can this movement be said to have been entirely to the advantage of the seceding aristocracy itself, for even in the aspiring Hungarian capital it is not sufficiently numerous to form a well-constituted society, but rather resembles a small and exclusive coterie—composed, it must be added, of highly interesting and attractive personalities.

From this period also dates the project initiated by the Emperor for the transformation of his capital.

The scheme set forth in the Imperial decree of December 20th, 1857, was of vast proportions, and involved the complete removal of the fortifications which encircled the ancient city and prevented its extension in any direction. The wide belt of *glacis* surrounding the walls, and entirely separating the city from the populous suburbs which stretched away beyond, was to be laid out as a broad thoroughfare, or *Ring,* running right round the inner town, and affording space for the great public buildings and gardens, for which there was no room in the cramped and crowded city itself. The plan was grandly conceived, and will remain an imperishable monument to the sovereign during whose reign it was so admirably carried out. The contemporary work done at Paris under the second empire is not to be compared with this complete renovation of the Kaiserstadt.

But a far more important feature of the centralizing régime was the marked stimulus it gave to the national Austrian sentiment, the old *schwarzgelb*[1] faith, by which alone the monarchy had been enabled to weather the tremendous storms of the Napoleonic period. The immense prestige now enjoyed by the army, which was Imperialist and *schwarzgelb* to the core, much contributed to strengthen this spirit. In a country with a population made up of heterogeneous elements there is no more unifying bond than that of the common army, as Italy, with component parts so widely differing as does Piedmont from the Neapolitan or Sicilian provinces, has well proved in our

[1] From the ancient Austrian black and yellow national colors.

time. The veterans of Custoza, Novara, Temesvar, and many another hard-fought field, who have been well compared to a Pretorian Guard—whether they were Magyar or German, Croats or Poles by birth—all knew only one Austria and its Emperor. In the half century which has passed since those days, this ancient binding faith has year by year been steadily undermined in all classes by the far-reaching effects of Hungarian autonomy and in the Cis-Leithan division of the monarchy, by the too frequent and lamentable collapses of the parliamentary machinery, for which the senseless strife between Germans and Czechs is in the main answerable. It is this regrettable weakening of the fine old Imperial spirit which has of late years so impaired the efficiency of Austria-Hungary as a great Power.

Austrian statesmen may, therefore, well ask themselves whether a more vigorous and spirited external policy, directed to the attainment of some definite object, might not be the best means of reviving the sense of one paramount nationality embracing and inspiring the several races which are now engrossed by narrower racial aims and ambitions. Fortunately for the destinies of the Empire, the personality of Francis Joseph and his immense popularity still keep up the Imperial, if not the old original Austrian, faith and tradition.

The success achieved by the Imperial Government in the conferences at Olmütz in the late autumn of 1850 had at first infused an unwonted dose of decision

into their counsels. Three years later, in September, 1853, on the occasion of the autumn manœuvres held in the vicinity of that same town, a meeting took place between the young Emperor and his Northern neighbors, the King of Prussia and the Emperor Nicholas. Nicholas was then at the zenith of his power and influence, and considered himself the divinely appointed champion and protector of the cause of order and monarchy in Europe. He came to Olmütz ostensibly to greet the ally whom only a few years before he had very materially assisted in subduing the rebellious Hungarians, but in reality to win him over to his own designs in the Near East. It was the beginning of the great crisis that culminated in the Crimean war. Already in July his forces had crossed the Pruth and occupied the Danubian Principalities—a step which had been viewed with as much displeasure at Vienna as in London and in Paris. The Austrian Emperor, however, was under such deep obligations to Russia that Nicholas still fully counted on some Austrian co-operation in the policy of coercion he was bringing to bear on the Ottoman Porte, being no doubt at the same time prepared to offer Austria some share of the advantages that might accrue therefrom. He felt, too, with some reason, that in coming to the succor of the young Emperor in Hungary, he had sought no compensation whatever for himself, but had acted in great measure as a fatherly benefactor, mindful of the promise he had made to the Emperor Francis, at their meeting at Münchengrätz in 1833, that he would at all times and

in all circumstances stand by his son.[1] Unbounded, therefore, were his disgust and anger when he found his quondam ally and protégé far from disposed to commit himself to any common action in the Levant, and in fact ready to side with the Western Powers in the line they took at this juncture. The Russian Emperor left Olmütz deeply incensed by these first overt signs of the memorable ingratitude which had already been cynically foreshadowed by Schwarzenberg. "Do you know," Nicholas one day abruptly asked the Austrian Envoy, Count George Esterházy, "who were the two stupidest Kings of Poland?" And before the Envoy, rather taken aback, could reply, he answered his own question by saying: "They were Sobieski and I myself."[2] The memory of Austria's attitude rankled in him till the end, and if the accounts given of the touching and edifying death-bed of the defeated autocrat are to be credited,[3] the last human being whom he was induced by his pious consort to forgive was the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Austrians and their sovereign, on their side, could not forget that the Imperial troops under Haynau—who, whatever his brutality, was an extremely capable commander—had already practically broken the Hungarian resistance at Szegedin and Temesvar before even the main Russian army, ponderously advancing from Galicia, had quite got into line.

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[1] The Emperor Ferdinand—father of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

[2] King John III. Sobieski, after raising the siege of Vienna by the Turks, had been treated with great insolence and ingratitude by the Emperor Leopold I.

[3] *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle, vol.* 37.

They could still less forgive the ostentatious surrender of Görgei at Vilagos to the Russian, rather than to the Imperial forces, and Paskevitch's boastful message to his sovereign: "*La Hongrie gît aux pieds de Votre Majesté.*"[1]

But if the Imperial Government at first took up a firm position in the Eastern crisis by declining to follow the Russian lead, it did not maintain that position for long. After inducing the Western Powers to hope for its co-operation with them in protecting the Turkish Empire from aggression, it soon wavered and fell back on vague assurances of support, and ended by making, in April 1854, a separate compact with Prussia, by which both Powers reciprocally guaranteed each other's possessions, and pledged themselves not to take any active part in the war so long as the interests of Germany did not appear to be imperilled. At the same time it sought to mediate between the Porte and Russia, abortive conferences being held at Vienna with that object. But with the exception of her occupation of the Principalities with a large force in June, 1854, whereby she put an end to the Russo-Turkish warfare on the Danube, Austria's attitude throughout the conflict was one of uncertain and hesitating neutrality. In the end, however, she did good service as an intermediary between the combatants, and by the mission of Count Esterházy to

[1] Friedjung (*Oesterreich von* 1848 *bis* 1860), in his admirably lucid and fairly impartial review of the circumstances, gives it as his opinion that the terrible severity with which the Hungarian leaders were treated was partly due to the exasperation caused by the manner in which the surrender of Görgei took place.

St. Petersburg in December, 1855, greatly smoothed the way for the conclusion of peace. The well-nigh desperate condition of her finances at this time no doubt almost precluded her following a more resolute policy; but at the close of the Eastern conflict—in which, by her geographical situation, she was so deeply interested—it must be confessed that Austria had in nowise strengthened her position in Europe. She had deeply offended and alienated her big Northern neighbor, and yet had not gained the full confidence of the Western Powers, although in December, 1854 she had entered into a nominal alliance with them by which the integrity of the Ottoman dominions was guaranteed. Thus, at the close of the Crimean war, she remained in reality isolated in Europe, without having procured any advantages for herself in the settlement effected at Paris in March, 1856. In Germany, indeed, she still maintained her predominance; but the history of former coalitions was there to remind her how little she could count in an emergency on the faithful support of the Power with which she had quite recently come to a mutual understanding for the guarantee of her territories. Events alone could show whether that understanding would bear the strain of a war undertaken by Austria in defence of those territories.

To this undesirable, if not perilous, isolation in her international relations must be added the perennial complications of the internal situation. Hungary was still treated as a conquered province. She was shorn of her ancient dependencies in the Banate and in

Transylvania, and had been divided into five military districts—governed, it must be admitted, not unfairly, but with the martinet-like precision of military rule. It was a state of transition, or *provisorium,* as it was termed, intended to prepare the rebel kingdom for its complete amalgamation with the rest of the monarchy. It seems strange, therefore, that a task requiring the greatest tact and moderation should at first have been entrusted to the brutal hands of Haynau, of whom Radetzky, who well knew his innate ferocity, had said that he was "much too sharp a razor not to be returned at once to its sheath after use." But Haynau was soon recalled, and before long was replaced by the Archduke Albert, who down to 1860 exercised the functions of military and civil governor with the highest credit.

At the other extremity of the Imperial dominions the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which for a few years had enjoyed and had been pacified, if not almost reconciled to foreign rule, by the kindly and intelligent administration of the Archduke Ferdinand Max, was now in the inexpert and *maladroit* hands of General Count Gyulai, who had been at first told off as *adlatus* to the popular Viceroy, but by his tactless interference had finally driven him to resign. The difficulties which Austria had at all times to contend with in her Italian possessions were now enormously increased by one of the consequences of the Crimean war. The stroke of genius which inspired Cavour to join the Western Allies had entirely changed the status of Sardinia in Europe and in the Peninsula. Indeed, it might be said that the first victories in the cause of

Italian independence were gained on Crimean battlefields. The not inglorious part taken by Sardinia in the war, besides ensuring to her the moral support of France and England, greatly enhanced her military prestige and grouped round her the best forces that were working for Italian freedom. Thus the Power now drawn up on Austria's extreme western frontier was very different from that which, under Charles Albert, had made the ill-fated onslaught that ended in Custoza and Novara. Austria had no longer to deal with a third-rate monarchy in league with revolutionary elements, but with a State that had made for itself a notable position on the Continent, and had become a worthy and efficient champion of the Italian national cause.

Still greater dangers lurked in the path of Austria at this time, though they do not seem to have been clearly perceived. It will probably never be accurately known how far the pressure brought to bear upon Napoleon the Third by the revolutionary organization to which he had belonged in his youth contributed to his unexpected intervention in Italian affairs. But there is sufficient reason to believe that, not long after the conclusion of the Crimean war, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg was sounded by secret agents of his as to its willingness to join in a combination hostile to Austria, the reward of which would have been the addition of Galicia to Russia's other Polish possessions.[1]

[1] If such overtures were actually made, they were certainly rejected by Russia, who showed great loyalty towards a Power which had made but a poor return for the services rendered to her in Hungary.

A relatively unimportant complication on the coasts of the Adriatic afforded the first inkling of latent French unfriendliness. The perennial state of warfare existing between the Sublime Porte and its normal vassal Montenegro had broken out again with great violence. Hostilities had been carried on for some months between the Turks and the Montenegrins; the border district of Grahovo being the immediate cause of dispute. In the early summer of 1858 the Turks clumsily allowed themselves to be cut off from their base at Trebigne in the Herzegovina, and from the fortress of Klobük, whence they derived all their supplies. They were thus in a critical position, and anxious to effect a retreat. A secretary of Prince Danilo of Montenegro—a Frenchman of the name of Delarue—was sent on a private mission to the Turkish commander, Hussein Tcherkess Pasha, with the assurance that he might withdraw his troops without fear of molestation. No sooner, however, was the Turkish column engaged in the defiles, than it was attacked on all sides by the Montenegrins and cut to pieces; only a few companies, with the Pasha, succeeding in reaching Trebigne. Delarue, whose treachery had led the Turks into this snare, was a creature of the French Consul at Cettinje, Hecquard, one of that unscrupulous class of inferior agents whom the Tuileries unfortunately too often employed in its less avowable work. Prince Danilo had placed himself under the protection of the French Emperor, and his wife, Princess Darinka—an intriguing lady, the daughter of a Trieste merchant—had recently re-

turned from Paris, where she had contrived to win the special good graces of the Empress Eugénie. There can be little doubt that the Cabinet of the Tuileries was really at this time subserving the traditional Russian policy in these regions, in the hope that the Russian Government would, in return, offer no opposition to the designs meditated by the French Emperor against the integrity of the Austrian dominions in Italy.[1]

In the midst of this imbroglio a French squadron of two line-of-battle ships—the *Friedland* and the *Marengo*—under the command of that distinguished officer, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, unexpectedly appeared off the Dalmatian coast and entered the harbor of Gravosa, near Ragusa, where, to the great annoyance of the Austrian authorities, it prepared to make some stay, under the pretext that one of the ships was in need of repairs. The Austrian regulations not permitting foreign men-of-war to sojourn for any length of time in an Austrian harbor, leave had to be obtained from Vienna, whence the Emperor himself courteously replied by telegraph: "*Que le bien portant entre avec le malade.*" The unwelcome visit of this French force not unnaturally aroused suspicions as to the designs of the Tuileries, and these speculations were strengthened when the French Admiral selected this moment for going up in state to Cettinje to pay his respects to the Montenegrin Prince. So strained, indeed, were the relations on the spot, that the officers in charge of the batteries at the Bocche

[1] *Recollections of a Diplomatist, vol. i. pp.* 290-296.

di Cattaro were privately directed to resist, by force if necessary, any attempt of the French squadron to enter the Straits.

While these heavy clouds were fast gathering on the political horizon, a great happiness was accorded to the Imperial couple by the birth on August 21, 1858, of a son and heir. By all accounts the Crown Prince Rudolf, even in childhood and youth, gave distinct promise of no ordinary future. As he grew up it was seen that he had inherited some of the best qualities of both his parents. He had their fearless, resolute bearing, and at the same time their great charm of manner. In after years the relations between the Empress and her son acquired an almost ideal character. He shared all her tastes and predilections, her love of travel, her artistic and literary tendencies, her devotion to sport of all kinds. His father he resembled in his capacity for and application to work, though he was of a much less patient and painstaking disposition—and more perhaps of a thinker, and in some respects even a dreamer, than a man of action. Nor was he, like his father, imbued with that all-engrossing sense of duty which governs the Emperor's entire life and makes him the hardest, most untiring worker in his dominions. On the other hand, like the Emperor, he captivated all those who approached him, by his easy, gracious manner and kindly welcome.

The ill health of the Empress and her frequent absences from Vienna during the first few years that

followed his birth, unfortunately left the boy at that period mostly in the charge of his grandmother, the Archduchess Sophie, who, in her well-meant devotion to him, yielded too much to his childish caprices, and did not sufficiently check the ill effects of the atmosphere of adulation with which from the first he was surrounded. The arduous physical and mental training through which, like his father before him, he had afterwards to pass, in a measure remedied these earlier defects, but he remained to some extent wilful and undisciplined, although full of generous instincts and impulses. Certainly no prince was ever more carefully prepared for the throne, and with his great intellectual gifts, his high courage and manly vigor, he bade fair to add an able and indeed brilliant ruler to the long line of his ancestors.

With the Crown Prince's birth the first happy, almost cloudless, period of the Imperial couple's life may be said to have closed. Dark years, full of disasters and difficulties, were all too soon to follow upon it, shaking the fabric of the Empire to its center, and at the same time afflicting the Imperial House with a series of domestic misfortunes almost without parallel in history.

CHAPTER VIII

FRANCIS JOSEPH—THE ITALIAN WAR

1859-1863

THE year 1859 dawned upon the world in unexpectedly dramatic fashion. At Paris on the 1st of January the customary annual reception took place at the Palace of the Tuileries. As usual it was attended by all the Ambassadors and Heads of Missions accredited to the French Court, headed by the Papal Nuncio, who, as their spokesman, presented to the Emperor Napoleon the congratulations and good wishes of the *Corps Diplomatique* on the opening of a New Year. The year could, indeed, be said to be beginning prosperously. To all outward appearances the world at large was in the enjoyment of complete peace and quiet. Europe was resting after the great exertions and the turmoil of the Crimean contest which had come to an end barely three years before. The era of colonial competition and of rivalry for the occupation of the waste spaces of the earth was as yet undreamt of. No international grievances or disputes specially engaged the attention of the Cabinets or their representatives. When, therefore, the Emperor began his *cercle,* moving on from the Nuncio to the next Ambassador in order of

precedence, it would have seemed quite safe to assume that the few words he bestowed on each representative in turn would be confined to the stereotyped courteous inquiries after the health of their respective sovereigns, with here or there a gracious word of welcome to any new-comers.

Passing down the glittering row of gold-embroidered coats and many-colored ribbons, Napoleon soon reached the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Hübner,[1] a highly-trained, essentially correct diplomatist of the particular stamp which the Metternich *Chancellerie* so well knew how to turn out in good old pre-revolutionary days. Abruptly addressing him in his drawling, slightly nasal tones, Napoleon said: "I regret that our relations with your Government are not as good as they were, but I request you to tell the Emperor that my personal feelings for him have not changed." Then, with an inclination of the head to the thunderstruck, but impassive, Hübner, he went on to the next man in the row.

A feeling approaching to consternation spread through the political world when this New Year's "scene" at the Tuileries became known. Only those who had access to confidential sources of information were aware of the existence of some ill-feeling on the part of France towards Austria, which ill-feeling could be traced back to the repeated remonstrances addressed from Vienna to the Sardinian Government on the subject of the attacks freely indulged in by the Piedmontese press upon the Austrian régime in

[1] Baron Hübner was subsequently raised to the rank of Count.

Italy. In the spring of 1857 this had temporarily led to a rupture of diplomatic relations, and to the initiated it was no secret that the bold stand then made by Count Cavour was due to some assurances of support from the Tuileries. Moreover, on the occasion of a somewhat mysterious visit paid by the Sardinian Premier to the French Emperor at Blombières in the preceding summer, more binding engagements were believed to have been entered into. Since then, too, the intimacy between the French and Sardinian Courts had greatly increased, and had led to the betrothal of Prince Napoleon Jérôme, the Emperor's cousin, to Princess Clotilde of Savoy, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II., the marriage taking place on January 29th, 1859.

In the course of the winter of 1858-59 it became apparent that the French Emperor was notably increasing his armaments. At Buckingham Palace, where the Napoleonic movements were always watched with anxiety and not a little suspicion, serious alarm was now felt. The Queen, in agreement with Lord Derby, took advantage of the Emperor Napoleon's congratulations to her on the birth of her first grandchild[1] to write a letter to her late Crimean ally, entreating and exhorting him "to adhere strictly to the faithful observance of treaties," and to refrain from "involving Europe in a war whose extent and duration it was scarcely possible to foresee." Her Majesty clearly warned him, too, against "entering upon a course with which it would be impossible for

[1] The present German Emperor, born on the 27th of January, 1859.

England to associate herself." Queen Victoria's chief dread at this time was that the heir of the great Napoleon, when once embarked on a career of conquest and aggrandisement, might, after defeating Austria, turn his arms against Prussia and Germany, in which countries she was now personally so deeply interested. For these reasons the Queen exerted what influence she had with her son-in-law's father, the Prince of Prussia—who had become Regent of the kingdom—towards restraining him from taking part with Austria in the impending conflict. Her Majesty, besides, not unreasonably feared the possibility of the war becoming general and of England itself being eventually dragged into it. As for the Regent, his chivalrous disposition, as well as a sense of duty towards the head of the confederation, personally disposed him to stand by Austria in a quarrel with France; and had more skillful diplomacy been shown at Vienna, it is probable that he would have been guided by his own impulse at this juncture.[1]

All through the early spring the chances for or against war seemed to alternate almost from day to day. Both from Vienna and from Paris there came assurances of pacific intentions. On the other hand, our Embassy at Paris reported the marked irritation produced at the Tuileries by the tone adopted in the

[1] At Vienna the co-operation of Prussia against France was at first fully counted upon. But great offence was given at Berlin by an attempt of Austria to bring pressure to bear upon the Prussian Government by means of a vote in favor of war in the *Bundestag* at Frankfort, where the Imperial Government commanded a majority. A still graver mistake was committed in not giving way about the permanent command of the forces in North Germany, to which the Prussian Regent aspired, and hinted at as a condition of his alliance.

controversy by the Austrian Premier, Count Buol-Schauenstein, a man of *cassant* and unconciliatory disposition, who even in private life was noted for his arrogant bearing, and who—unfortunately too late—was replaced by Count Rechberg. Sincere efforts were made by the neutral Powers to stave off a final breach. Lord Cowley, then our Ambassador at Paris, was sent to Vienna at the end of February on a mission of mediation. He was *grata persona* there, having previously served in the Austrian capital for several years; but his mission proved abortive, as did the subsequent intervention of Russia in favor of a Congress, which broke down on the question of a monarchy of the second rank like Sardinia being admitted to a conclave of the Great Powers.

The main obstacles barring the way to an amicable settlement were, on the part of Austria, the tenacity with which the Emperor naturally held to his sovereign rights over the splendid territories whose destinies had for upwards of a century been bound up with those of his House, and which were formally secured to him by the Treaty of Vienna. His personal pride was in fact deeply engaged in the question, though he was wrongly charged by so intelligent an observer as de Bunsen, then Prussian Envoy in London, with *entêtement,* or senseless obstinacy, and stigmatized as a "German Nicholas," for whom might be predicted an end similar to that of the Russian autocrat.

On the other side were all the forces which for two generations had been working for the liberation

of Italy from a foreign yoke, and which had now found in Sardinia a worthy and efficient champion of that cause. The movement had greatly gained in intensity since the close of the Crimean war, and was now directed and controlled by so eminent a statesman as Cavour. It had spread throughout the Peninsula, and from every region in Italy shoals of volunteers flocked to the sturdy little sub-alpine kingdom, and gathered under the Piedmontese standards, causing indeed no little embarrassment to the Government of Turin. It is probable that no concessions to which the Imperial Government could have been induced to consent at this period would have arrested a movement that aimed at nothing short of the complete expulsion of "the hated foreigner" *(l'odiato stranier*) from Italian soil.

Taking all these circumstances into account, it is difficult to understand why more adequate precautions were not taken at Vienna to guard against an all too probable joint attack by France and Sardinia on the Imperial possessions in Italy. Certain preparations were, indeed, made. The forces garrisoning the Lombardo-Venetian provinces were strengthened, and the frontier line of the Po and the Ticino fortified. But events afterwards showed that Austria entered upon the campaign that ensued with barely a moiety of her available forces, and only brought the great body of her reserves into the field when her first army had been thoroughly defeated. Some explanation of this fatal strategic error is no doubt to be found in the conviction at first entertained at Vienna

that the war would be taken up in Germany as a national one against France as the hereditary enemy, and in the necessity of Austria providing a sufficiently imposing force to operate, if needs be, on the Rhine.

Sardinia on her side continued steadily arming, although all hopes of the preservation of peace were not yet abandoned. Late in April the Archduke Albert was sent on a mission to Berlin to win over Prussia to a joint national war against France, each Power engaging to place 250,000 men on the Rhine; but the Archduke not being empowered to offer in return the military concessions to which Prussia attached such importance, his mission proved fruitless. Nevertheless, to guard against all eventualities, Prussia herself proceeded to arm.

Suddenly, on the 23rd of April—the very day on which the Archduke left Berlin—a peremptory summons, emanating directly from the Emperor's Military Chancery, without, it would appear, the cognisance of the Imperial Foreign Office,[1] was addressed to the Court of Turin, calling upon it to disarm and to dismiss from its service, within three days, all the volunteers who had joined it from other parts of Italy. This ultimatum was met by a direct refusal, which was followed on the 3rd of May by a formal declaration of war on the part of France. The die was now cast, and once more Austria was called upon to defend by force of arms the cherished possessions for which she had, some sixty years before, already

[1] Count Buol-Schauenstein thereupon immediately resigned.

expended so much blood and treasure, and had once more conquered in 1849.

Austria entered upon the struggle under distinctly adverse circumstances. Goaded to the utmost by the menacing attitude of Sardinia, and the noisy provocations of the Italian Nationalists, she rashly took upon herself the rôle of aggressor in a question upon which the greater part of public opinion in Europe was openly unfriendly to her. In England the leaders of the Opposition which was soon to replace the Derby Government—Lord Palmerston, and still more Lord John Russell—were notoriously hostile to her, and had long favored the Italian aspirations. But although the Queen and the Prince Consort were justly impressed by the indisputable right of Austria to govern according to her own lights and methods,[1] the territories conferred upon her by treaties to which Great Britain was itself a party, and fully sympathized with her as far as those treaty rights were concerned, the chief preoccupation at Windsor was to guard against the possibility of Prussia being involved in the conflict. The Queen thereby in some degree contributed to the neutral attitude observed by the German States, and to the indifference with which—forgetful of the traditions of the ancient Holy Roman Empire—they looked on at the loss of the German hold upon Italy. Among the people of Bavaria and the other South German States there was, indeed, a

[1] Materially and economically the Italian provinces had no cause of complaint, and under the paternal form of despotic government they shared with the rest of the Empire, justice was fairly administered, agriculture was encouraged, and the population was not heavily taxed.

strong current in favor of Austria. Nevertheless, but for these ineffectual sympathies, the external isolation of Austria was complete, while within her own borders the smouldering disaffection of Hungary very seriously hampered her action by immobilizing a large portion of her forces. In the early spring the irrepressible Kossuth had had an interview with Napoleon III.—whom later on, during the Italian campaign, he visited again at Bellaggio—and had concerted measures with him for given eventualities. And in the meantime, from his safe retreat in England, he actively prepared the ground for a rising in Hungary at the first favorable moment.

In spite of all these weighty considerations, the Emperor Francis Joseph did not hesitate to draw the sword. On the rejection of his ultimatum by the Sardinian Government, the army in Lombardy, under the command of Count Gyulai, at once received orders to cross the Ticino and invade the Piedmontese territory. But after this operation, which was effected on the 26th of April, the Imperial commander quite unaccountably remained inactive. His forces occupied the country as far as the Dora Baltea, within striking distance of Turin, but instead of marching at once upon that capital and dealing with the Sardinians before their allies could come to their assistance, he wasted three precious weeks in the plains of the Lomellina, and gave time to the French, whose vanguard entered Piedmont on the 27th of April, to pour in their forces. Gyulai's fatal supineness has been chiefly attributed to his grossly defective com-

missariat. Certain deplorable occurrences in the spring that followed the disastrous Austrian reverses lend color to this view, by throwing an ugly light on the unpreparedness of the Imperial War Office. It was then discovered that malversations to the amount of some £1,700,000 had taken place in the army accounts. Numerous arrests were made in consequence, and the principal official implicated, General Eynotten, committed suicide, his example being shortly afterwards followed by the distinguished Minister of Finance, Baron Bruck, who had been abruptly dismissed from office on the entirely unfounded suspicion of being concerned in these iniquitous frauds—a tragical close to a career of great usefulness.[1]

The Emperor Napoleon, who had left Paris on the 10th of May, joined his Sardinian ally two days later at Genoa, and the campaign then seriously commenced. The first engagement of any importance was fought on the 20th of May, at Montebello near Voghera, within the Piedmontese borders, on the extreme left of Gyulai's line. It was the same field where Lannes had won his brilliant victory over the Austrians in 1800, and from which that short-lived Marshal derived his title. Once more the Imperial troops succumbed to the French after a stubborn resistance of six hours, and the loss of one thousand killed and wounded.

The Allies at first operated on a line drawn from Alessandria to near Piacenza. They thus appeared

[1] The complete innocence of the unfortunate Minister has been established beyond question.

to threaten the Lombard frontier on the Po from Valenza to Stradella. But while carrying out this feint, they rapidly crossed that river at Casale and turned the Austrian right. A few days later they attacked and heavily defeated an Austrian corps at Palestro, the brunt of the engagement being borne by the Sardinians, reinforced by a body of French Zouaves. The Austrians, however, fought with such gallantry and determination in this action, and in their subsequent encounters with the enemy, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they were but indifferently led throughout the war.

The invading army had meanwhile retired across the Ticino, and on the 4th of June the first great pitched battle of the war was fought at Magenta, beyond the Naviglio Grande Canal which skirts the Ticino and unites it to the Po, and is said to be the oldest artificial watercourse in Europe. The forces engaged on both sides were very large, the Austrians numbering about 70,000 men and the Allies about 55,000. The Emperor Napoleon advanced from Novara, on the main road to Milan, the day before the battle, and reached the western extremity of the bridge which spans the Ticino at Buffalora. To the north of him General MacMahon was moving down from Turbigo, where he fought a severe action with the Austrian right, and was detained till late in the day. The fighting at the bridge of Buffalora was of a desperate character. The French Imperial Guards under Baraguay d'Hilliers were several times driven back, and the issue of the battle long appeared

doubtful. Late in the afternoon, MacMahon came up with his corps—somewhat like a Desaix dropping from the skies at Marengo—and a combined advance was made upon Magenta, which the Austrians tenaciously held against superior forces for several hours before finally falling back. The last shots in the battle were not fired until 8.30 in the evening, the Austrians retreating south in perfect order towards Pavia, and leaving open the road to Milan. Gyulai had been completely outgeneralled, and was relieved of his command. He had counted on an attack from the south, and being unprepared for a direct attack from the west, was unable to bring up his reserves from Pavia and beyond the Po. The battle cost the Austrians 10,000 killed and wounded, besides 7000 prisoners; the casualties of the Allies being given, and almost certainly understated, as some 4000.

So far from decisive, however, had been the French success, that even Napoleon's first telegraphic message to Paris, sent on the evening of the battle and published the next morning in the *Moniteur,* vaguely stated that the French army was "organizing itself" for further struggles. His forces were by no means in a position to pursue the enemy, who had drawn off the field unmolested. Only within recent years has it become known through papers left by Gyulai's Chief of the Staff, the late eminent General Baron von Kuhn, that immediately after the battle Gyulai consulted him as to the course he should now pursue. "Continue the battle," replied Kuhn, without hesitation, basing his opinion on

grounds which so commended themselves to Gyulai that he at once determined to resume the contest the following day. Kuhn thereupon despatched the necessary directions to the generals commanding the different *corps d'armée,* but in the course of the night, to his dismay and disgust, received a reply from the commander of the right wing, which was mostly composed of Hungarian regiments, to the effect that his forces were in such a state of disorder and dislocation that he could not undertake to do anything with them.

Milan and the surrounding country now rose in the rear of the Imperial forces. Pavia, too, was evacuated by the Austrians, who, under the command of General Benedek, retired to an entrenched position at Malegnano. This was stormed by Baraguay d'Hilliers on the 8th of June, and on the same day the victorious allied sovereigns entered Milan in triumph. With the retreat of the discomfited Austrians to the left bank of the Mincio, the first act of this great military drama may be said to have closed.

The whole of Lombardy as far as the line of the Mincio was now in the power of the Allies, who soon reduced the few strongholds still remaining in Austrian hands. But, behind that river, the Emperor Francis Joseph's defeated troops were rapidly reorganized and their depleted ranks largely reinforced. The Emperor himself joined his army and took command of it, bringing with him Radetzky's former chief of the staff, the celebrated General Hess. Barely three weeks after Magenta, the Imperial forces recrossed the Mincio and took up a carefully selected

position on a range of heights well in advance of that river. The army which had been so unskillfully handled by Gyulai was reputed at the opening of the campaign to be over 112,000 men strong. The forces which now took the field numbered no less than 160,000 men, to which the Allies opposed about the same number.

On the 24th of June was fought the great battle which takes its name from the obscure village of Solferino near Castiglione delle Stiviere. The village is perched on a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned by a picturesque mediæval tower known as *"la Spia d'Italia"* from the wonderful outlook it affords over the Lombard plains and the Alpine regions beyond. Solferino, by reason of its strength, became the key of the Austrian position, and the object of the main French attack. All through that midsummer's day, from early morning till late in the afternoon, the conflict raged along a line which, on the Austrian side, covered a front of close upon twelve miles from the heights above the Lake of Garda to the heath of Medole, where, in time of peace, the Imperial troops had their manœuvring ground. The fate of the two Austrian wings was very unequal. On the extreme right General Benedek, who in the Hungarian campaign had first distinguished himself by his vigorous repulse of a great *sortie en masse* attempted by Görgei from Komorn, now achieved his high reputation and great popularity with the army by the very rough handling he gave to the Piedmontese, who were opposed to him under the direct

command of King Victor Emmanuel. But on the left wing, which was entrusted, with a force of no less than 60,000 men, to General Count Wimpffen, nothing like the same energy was displayed. The task assigned to Wimpffen was to assault and endeavor at all costs to roll up the enemy's right, and thus to relieve the pressure brought to bear on the Austrian center by the main French forces. But Wimpffen's attacks were feeble and not pushed home. He made no use of his splendid cavalry,[1] and at two o'clock in the afternoon he sent word to the Emperor that, having twice attempted to take the offensive wihout success, he felt obliged to retreat. The central position at Solferino had been unflinchingly maintained against superior forces for hours by the corps of Count Stadion, but being exhausted by the heat, and running short of ammunition, his men were partly relieved in the afternoon by Hungarian regiments belonging to the Clam-Gallas corps, and these troops fighting as feebly as they had done before at Magenta, the height was finally stormed and taken by the French Imperial Guard. This decided the contest, the Austrian wings being compelled to fall back for fear of being outflanked and enveloped.

From the heights of Cavriana, where he was exposed to very heavy fire, the young Austrian Emperor had watched the course of the battle during the greater part of the day. As his battalions came down the hill going into action, he encouraged them, calling

[1] Wimpffen's cavalry reserve was disgracefully withdrawn from the field of battle by a general who was afterwards tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot, but was pardoned by the Emperor.

out to them as they passed by to go bravely forward, and to remember that "he too had a wife and children at home." One of the bitterest moments of his life must have been that in which he had to give the order to retreat to the men who had fought so well. The Austrian loss in this murderous action was 20,000 killed and wounded, besides 7000 prisoners, the Allies on their part admitting a loss of 12,000 men. Altogether, the casualties on both sides amounted to one-tenth of the nominal strength of the two armies added together.

The great battle, on which hung the fate of Italy, was lost by want of cohesion between the principal generals in command, and the incapacity shown by some of them. Next to Benedek, however, Colonel von Edelsheim most distinguished himself by charging with a few squadrons of hussars through the entire French right to the very ambulances in their rear—a brilliant replica of Balaclava.

The Imperial forces effected their retreat in excellent order, and, abandoning the line of the Mincio, fell back upon Verona. The Allies then crossed the river, and proceeded to invest Peschiera. Both belligerents now made the greatest preparations for a reopening of the campaign, all eyes being turned to the famous Quadrilateral and the battlefields on which Radetzky had, eleven years earlier, swept the invaders before him. Suddenly, to the universal surprise, it was announced that an armistice had been concluded for five weeks.

It can hardly be doubted that anxiety as to the

effect produced in Hungary by the Imperial reverses weighed heavily in the considerations which led to overtures for peace so shortly after the suspension of hostilities had been agreed to. That country was known to be ripe for insurrection, and exiled agitators were hard at work in league with the enemy. There is reason to believe that, among others, a somewhat adventurous plan was submitted to the Emperor Napoleon by the Hungarian leaders for a diversion to be made by French vessels at Lussin Piccolo in the Adriatic, whence a mixed force of French troops and Hungarian exiles would be conveyed to the Istrian coast, and would penetrate from there into Hungary through Croatia. Certainly, at his interview with him at Bellaggio, the indefatigable Kossuth was encouraged by the French Emperor to issue a call to all the Hungarian corps serving in the Imperial army, and to raise, in conjunction with General Klapka, a certain number of Magyar regiments. Five battalions of this force are said to have been already formed at the period of the preliminaries of peace. As for Kossuth's summons to his countrymen in the Imperial ranks, the story of Magenta and Solferino would seem to show that it was not without effect.

In the meantime a meeting took place at Villafranca between the two Emperors on the 11th of July, when certain conditions of peace were agreed upon, and at conferences subsequently held at Zürich these terms were embodied in the treaty which was signed there on the 10th of November. By this

instrument Francis Joseph agreed to cede Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, to the Emperor Napoleon, by whom it was to be transferred to the King of Sardinia. An Italian confederation presided over by the Pope was to be constituted—Austria forming part of it in virtue of her remaining Venetian territories—and the sovereigns of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, who had been driven out by the Italian national revolutionary movement, were to be reinstated in their possessions. Not one of these last conditions was fulfilled. The agitation in favor of unity had become irresistible, and early in 1860 Central Italy, with the exception of the territory left to the Pope, was incorporated in the Sardinian kingdom in spite of Austrian protests and the scarcely concealed displeasure of the French Emperor.

The loss of Lombardy, although it was felt to be a deadly blow to the prestige of the monarchy and its most cherished traditions, was admirably taken both by the Emperor and by his people. Intelligent foreign observers residing in Vienna at that time speak with the highest appreciation of the manful spirit and dignity with which the tidings of the crushing reverses and their cruel results were borne. There were no wailings, no recriminations, no cries of treason, no attempt to make any one specially answerable for the national misfortunes. The steadfast, honest, simple-hearted Austrians showed at their best

in that bitter hour, as they had done before in the great trials of 1805 and 1809.

By what might almost be called a pathetic coincidence, Prince Metternich died in Vienna at the patriarchal age of eighty-six, seven days after Magenta, and before the work to which he had mainly devoted the energies of his long career—the maintenance, namely, of the Imperial dominion in Italy—had yet received its death-blow and become a thing of the past. The news of the great defeat in fact gave him a shock from which he was unable to recover. The venerable statesman was thereby spared the pang of seeing the land which he had contemptuously referred to as "a mere geographical definition" *(ein geographischer Begriff)* unified, and its fair regions gathered under the sceptre of Savoy.

Upon the war there followed, of course, a heavy day of reckoning for Austria. Her financial embarrassments, already great before, now became almost overwhelming. Only from an entire change of system and a return to freer institutions could any improvement in the situation be looked for. It was evident that the credit of a State which had just come out of a ruinous war wih the loss of one of its richest provinces, could not be raised from the low ebb at which it stood in foreign money markets without the guarantee of some efficient parliamentary control of the national finances. Already on the 15th of July, a few days after the signature of the preliminaries of peace, an Imperial manifesto had been issued which, besides

laying stress on the fact that the future happiness of the Empire could not but be assured by its inexhaustible intellectual and material resources, hinted at improvements which must be effected in its laws and administration, and allowed it to be seen that a new departure in the internal policy was felt to be urgent. As an earnest of these intentions an Imperial patent appeared in September, by which the privileges of the hitherto much harassed Protestants were largely extended. This was more especially a concession to Hungary, where Protestantism, particularly of the Calvinistic type, had long taken deep root. A further decree followed in November removing most of the disabilities that affected the Jews. Following upon these concessions came a rescript of the 5th of March, 1860 enlarging and strengthening the *Reichsrath,* or Council of State—a consultative body which had been created in 1851 and in some degree resembled the French *Conseil d'Etat*—by the adjunction of a number of members taken from the different Provincial Diets *(Landtage)* of the Empire. This was clearly a step towards a reintroduction of the representative institutions which had been summarily revoked in December, 1851.

The remodelled *Reichsrath* was opened by the Emperor in May; but although a few Hungarians, headed by Counts Apponyi and Andrássy made their appearance at it, the experiment did not at first prove successful. The hostile public sentiment in Hungary remained unappeased. Nothing but the recognition of the constitution they had given themselves in April,

1848, and the restoration of Transylvania and the Banate, as former dependencies of the Hungarian Crown, would satisfy the obdurate Magyars. Nevertheless, the spirit of concession more and more gained the upper hand in the Emperor's councils. Before long the new *Reichsrath* was entrusted with legislative powers and with the control of the finances, while hopes were held out to the Hungarians of the recognition of their constitution of April, 1848. Finally, in December, 1860, Schmerling—an able statesman of undoubted liberal antecedents, who had played a great part in the Frankfort Parliament of 1848, and had been Minister of the Interior during the Archduke John's short-lived tenure of the Vicarship of the Empire—was called to the head of the Government. An amnesty was decreed for political offences committed in Hungary and Croatia; and under the influence of the Schmerling *régime,* a fundamental law was promulgated in February, 1861 for the representation of the Empire by the *Reichsrath,* which was now to be composed of an Upper and a Lower House, and empowered to issue, modify, or abrogate laws relating to the currency, the public finances, the customs, &c. At the opening of this new Legislature on the 1st of May, the Emperor made a speech framed on the most approved constitutional pattern. The *Reichsrath* sat till the close of 1862, and did good work in legislation on questions relating to the press, to personal liberty, commerce, and education. But its usefulness was in great measure marred by the refusal of the Hungarians, the Croats, and the Vene-

tians to attend it. Once more it was shown that no constitution based upon a centralizing system was workable in the Habsburg dominions, however firmly the Sovereign—having himself been brought step by step to realize the evils and impracticability of absolutism—might have resolved to grant the indispensable liberties to his subjects of all races, and, when once granted, to respect and uphold them.

To Francis Joseph's many cares was now added serious anxiety for the health of the Empress. She had never quite recovered from the shock of her little daughter's death, which occurred during her prolonged tour in Hungary. The Italian reverses, too, had deeply affected her. In the autumn of 1860, her physicians strongly advised a thorough change of climate for her, and it was accordingly decided that her Majesty should spend the winter at Madeira. No Imperial yacht was then available, the Austrian naval resources at that period being limited, and the Empress, therefore, made the voyage to Madeira in the *Victoria and Albert,* which was placed at her disposal by Queen Victoria. On her return to Vienna in May, 1861, her Majesty was apparently much better in health; but the improvement did not continue, and a relapse being feared, she shortly afterwards went to Miramar near Trieste, the castle with which the memory of the ill-fated Archduke Ferdinand Max[1] is so intimatly associated. A yacht named after that castle had meanwhile been provided for her, and

[1] Subsequently Emperor of Mexico.

in it—among other places—she made her first visit to Corfu, becoming so enamored of the beautiful island, that in later years she built for herself on the shores of the Bay of Gasturi the marvelous Achilleon Villa, which, since her death, had been acquired by the Emperor William.

For a few years after this the Empress was a great deal away from home in search of health. She, of course, returned to Austria at intervals, but for a time acquired restless, wandering habits which she with difficulty shook off. In the Mediterranean and on its seaboard there was scarcely a point at which she did not touch, from Asia Minor and Egypt to the coasts and Isles of Greece and to Algeria, where one winter she lived for some months in a villa near Algiers. Here she made long excursions into the interior, and among other unfrequented places, visited the ancient and little-known city of Tlemcen—the contemporary and quasi-rival of Granada—which stands with its crown of towers and shining minarets high above a smiling verdant plain watered by many springs. At Tlemcen it was that the unfortunate Boabdil el Chico sought refuge when driven from his kingdom of Granada, and here he is said to have died. The silence and mystery of the desert likewise attracted her, and with her spirit of adventure she was tempted to ride many miles into its solitudes. Her wanderings, however, were by no means confined to the East and South, for, besides visiting most of the other European countries, she made a prolonged tour in Scandinavia, and was thoroughly fascinated

by the many beauties of Norway, with its rugged scenery and vast, intricate fjords. All through her life her Majesty remained an indefatigable traveler.

Several years after these varied journeyings, and when her health was completely restored, her love of sport took her frequently to England and Ireland, where she hunted a great deal for several seasons. Her first experience of hunting in England was in 1878 with the Pytchley, then under the mastership of Lord Spencer, and she made quite a sensation in the field by her fine seat and fearless riding. For this first visit to England she had brought her own horses from Austria, and, needless to say, was always admirably mounted. Later on, however, she bought most of her mounts in this country and in Ireland, where she took a hunting box belonging to Lord Langford at Summerhill, and followed the Meath hounds under the pilotage of the well-known Captain "Bay" Middleton. Although she always preserved her incognito as Countess von Hohenembs, she brought a considerable suite with her, her master of the horse being General Prince Rudolf Liechtenstein, the most charming of men, who for many years was at the head of the Imperial Court, and only died quite recently, much beloved and regretted.

During one of her seasons in County Meath a picturesque incident occurred, the circumstances of which, although possibly well known, will bear repeating. In the course of a very fast run in which the Empress had all along been well to the front,

the fox and the hounds jumped the wall of the College of Maynooth into the exercising grounds of the Seminary. There was, of course, a great commotion among the students at this strange intrusion, but their excitement became quite uncontrollable when the same wall was almost immediately afterwards cleared by a beautiful lady who had so closely followed the quarry that she had evidently been through water after it, her habit being dripping wet. The headmaster of the College, Doctor Walsh (now Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin) hastened to welcome the august visitor who had arrived in so unexpected a manner. At once perceiving the state of her habit, he urgently remarked that she ran the risk of getting a severe chill, and begged to be allowed to provide her with some extra covering, which proved a matter of no little difficulty in this strictly ecclesiastical household. Finally, however, she was offered the Doctor's academic gown, and wrapping herself in this far from unbecoming raiment, sat down to luncheon with her host. In memory of this incident the Empress afterwards presented Dr. Walsh with a diamond ring, and sent the College a massive silver statuette of St. George and the Dragon, as well as a beautiful set of vestments richly embroidered with a design of shamrocks in green silk and gold.

The Empress's last season was in 1881 in Cheshire, where she had taken Combermere Abbey and hunted with all the packs within reach, including Sir Watkin Wynn's and the Shropshire. Here her pilot in the field was that keen sportsman Colonel Rivers Bulke-

ley. Wherever she stayed in England or Ireland, her presence was marked by innumerable acts of kindness and charity. She was munificent, too, in her gifts to those who had rendered her any service; in this—as in everything else—imperially spending the £5000 a month which is said to have been her traveling allowance. Her Majesty's last sojourn in this country, for which she had a great predilection—thoroughly liking and understanding English ways and habits—was in the summer of 1887, when she resided at Steephill Castle in the Isle of Wight, whence she went to Cromer in Norfolk.

Considering her daring in the hunting-field, it seems almost strange that she should have met with no serious accident beyond one bad fall in Ireland, which happily had no grave consequences. But on two other occasions, she narrowly escaped with her life when simply riding for her pleasure. One day in the Styrian Alps, near the Imperial shooting-box of Mürzsteg, when crossing a rude bridge thrown over a deep torrent in a narrow gorge known as *"zum todten Weib,"* her high-mettled horse somehow caught one of his hind feet between the rough, loose trunks of which the bridge was made, and began rearing frantically in his attempt to extricate himself. The Empress admirably kept both her seat and her presence of mind, and fortunately a peasant who was coming down the gorge ran to her assistance, and, holding and quieting the excited animal, enabled her to dismount and help to free it. This happened not far from the ancient and far-famed church of Maria-

Zell—the annual resort of many thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the Monarchy—with its miraculous carved figure of the Madonna and Child enclosed by Louis I. of Hungary in a separate chapel in commemoration of a victory over the Turks in 1363. Among the many valuable objects in this church, presented by members of the Imperial Family and other persons of note, are some fine golden lamps offered to the sanctuary by the late Countess de Chambord, together with a diamond cross which is said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette. Close to the spot where the Empress Elizabeth so narrowly escaped death now stands a small shrine sheltering a picture of St. George—the patron saint of all horsemen. This owes its erection to her youngest daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie, who was then only twelve years old, and so passionately attached to her mother that she is said to have devoted her own personal allowance to the execution of this pious work, in thanksgiving for the Empress's preservation.

Another serious accident befell the Empress during a summer spent in Normandy, where she had taken the small château of Sassetot. Riding quite alone one day, she attempted to clear a wall constructed of loose stones and rubble, in order to cross a field by which she proposed to reach home more quickly. The horse jumped short, and the top stones giving way under its feet, the Empress was thrown with great violence and completely stunned. Luckily some neighbors who knew her happened to pass that way, and carried her home. She remained unconscious for

a long time and her condition at first caused considerable anxiety, but it was soon seen that no grave injury had been sustained, and before long the Empress had quite recovered from all traces of the fall.

To return to Austrian domestic concerns, the year 1862 was marked by devastating floods caused by a sudden and unusual rise of the Danube. In the immediate neighborhood of the capital the river did immense damage. The low-lying lands bordering on the banks of the great stream were completely inundated, with the result of much loss of property and even of life. The populous and busy suburb of Brigittenau, with its many factories, situated on the main arm of the river, was entirely under water for some days, and the inhabitants, cut off from their habitual sources of supply, ran short of food, great efforts having to be made to relieve them. The Emperor personally put himself at the head of the work of salvage, and a contemporary picture shows him coming to the assistance of the sufferers. This disaster largely contributed to the appointment of a commission charged with the rectification of the river bed near Vienna, and led to that splendid work the Danube Canal, a channel which is ten miles long, with a width of 330 yards and a depth of ten to eleven feet at low water.

There took place at this time in the Imperial family an important event, the subsequent tragical consequences of which it was impossible then to foresee. The Emperor's younger brother, Ferdinand



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE INUNDATION OF BRIGITTENAU

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY C. SCOLIK

Max, only two years his junior and the intimate playfellow and companion of his childhood and youth, was quite unexpectedly offered the Imperial crown of Mexico. The offer, strangely enough, came from Austria's recent adversary, the Emperor Napoleon, who had some time before embarked upon what eventually proved a very disastrous enterprise in that distant country. His first interference in Mexican affairs arose out of large claims upon the Government of the Dictator Juarez and his predecessor, who, like other Spanish-American despots of more recent times, had systematically defrauded foreign subjects and bondholders, and outrageously flouted and insulted the foreign representatives accredited to Mexico. At first the French Emperor had acted in concert with Great Britain and Spain in seeking reparation by force of arms for the grievances they had in common. But before long the character of some of the claims he supported, together with the ambitious policy he revealed, led to the other Powers leaving him to pursue his own course. He had thus become entangled in Mexican politics and intrigues, and had lent his support to the clerical and conservative party who combated Juarez; conceiving at the same time the idea of establishing, with their help, a monarchical government in Mexico that might eventually work cordially, if not ally itself, with the slave-holding Southern Confederacy, which at that period was still making so gallant a stand against the North in the great American Civil War.

The Archduke Ferdinand Max was now in his

thirtieth year. After having made a highly honorable record for himself by his enlightened administration when Viceroy of Lombardo-Venetia, he had returned early in 1859 to the naval profession he had followed from his youth, and was in supreme command of the Imperial navy which he had done much to reorganize and develop. The Archduke was full of fire and imagination, very gifted, and withal liberal in his views and sympathies. He had traveled a great deal, and has left, among other works, a pleasing account of his more distant cruises. He had made the acquaintance of the Emperor Napoleon in 1856, when on a visit of some duration to St. Cloud, and had produced a very favorable impression on that sovereign. From St. Cloud he had gone on to the Belgian Court at Brussels, and had there met his fate in the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of King Leopold I., whom he married a year later, when she was just seventeen, taking her to his ideal home at Miramar on the blue waters of the Adriatic. The offer of the Mexican crown was first formally made to him in October, 1863 by a Mexican deputation, who waited upon him at Miramar with a resolution to that effect passed by an influential Assembly of Notables. There was much in the offer to tempt a man of his fervid, poetic temperament, and, to a Prince of the House of Habsburg, the prospect of reigning over the magnificent regions which Hernan Cortez had added to the world-wide dominions of his ancestor Charles V., could not but be most alluring. Still he hesitated long before even

entertaining the proposal, and finally made his acceptation of it conditional on some positive assurance that his presence would be really welcomed by the great mass of the Mexican nation.

But whatever the doubts, or one might more rightly say the forebodings, that assailed him at the critical hour of decision, there were certain influences at work which he was unable to resist. His young Consort was dazzled by the vision of the Transatlantic throne, and—with the remarkable energy to which he himself paid tribute when speaking of her at a far more momentous juncture, as "the best man of the two"—she passionately pleaded with him in favor of acceptance. No less pressing in her solicitations was his mother, the proud, imperious Archduchess Sophie, who longed to see her second, perhaps favorite, son invested with the Imperial dignity. So when, with the spring of 1864, the Mexicans returned, bringing with them an assurance that a majority of votes had been recorded in favor of his election, the Archduke gave way, and in a fatal hour accepted the proffered sovereignty, assuming as his Imperial title the name of his great ancestor Maximilian. In May, 1864 he landed, with the Empress Charlotte, at Vera Cruz, and on June 12th made his official entry into the capital of Montezuma.

CHAPTER IX

FRANCIS JOSEPH—THE GATHERING OF THE STORM

1860-66

WITH Schmerling at the head of affairs in Vienna, the so-called *Grossdeutsch* policy—that, namely, of furthering the unity of the German people by means of a reformed federal system in which Austria, by reason of her ancient historical rights and traditions, should enjoy undisputed pre-eminence, and have the lead—was certain to come to the front again. Schmerling, who had first made his name in the Frankfort *Reichsparlament* as its protagonist, was keen to take up this policy, which, since Schwarzenberg's energetic assertion of Austrian predominance at Olmütz, and his death, had been neglected by his successors in office. The juncture seemed specially favorable for the resumption of such a line of action. The slow-moving Germans, groping as it were in the dark after some form of united National existence, had been electrified by the successful unification of Italy. In Austria, too, after the first shock and despondency of defeat, there existed an uneasy sense that something must be done to revive and fortify the national spirit. Schmerling, with an ardent Austrian patri-

otism of a type which has scarcely survived his day, at once threw himself into the task of reawakening the *Grossdeutsch* sentiment, and found little difficulty in engaging the Emperor's sympathies in such a course.

At this psychological moment it so happened that the Government at Berlin itself raised the question of Federal reform (in December, 1861) by a Circular Note to the German Powers, urgently advocating the formation of a narrower confederation under the leadership of Prussia. This was in effect a return to the position of affairs before Olmütz, and caused the highest displeasure at Vienna. In February, 1862 an identic Note was despatched from the Ballplatz to the four German Kingdoms and one or two other States, formally proposing a counter-Austrian scheme of Federal reform. The main lines of this scheme consisted of a Federal Directorate—strongly centralizing the conduct of common German affairs—together with an Assembly of Delegates chosen by the legislatures of the several States. In addition to this, the Austrian project included a common Code of Civil procedure, and common legislation on the subject of bonds and debentures, the elaboration of which would be entrusted to a Committee of Delegates from the German Parliaments.

When the Austrian proposals came before the Federal Diet at Frankfort, they did not succeed in obtaining a majority, a number of the pettier States combining with Prussia to effect their rejection. And this led to direct Imperial initiative in the matter. There can be no doubt that the German popular

sentiment at that moment sided rather with Austria, which had now returned to Constitutional ways, than with Prussia, where the new King, William the First, had quarrelled with his Legislature over increased army estimates, and was wholly absorbed by military reorganization, and where Bismark, on his first advent to power, was looked upon with much hostility and distrust. This state of feeling afforded Schmerling a powerful argument in counselling his Sovereign to come forward personally as the champion of reforms which would unify and content the German nation, and place it once more under the Imperial ægis.

The Emperor, although much tempted by the prospect held out to him, and by the part he was called upon to play, does not seem to have made up his mind at once. Then it was that he was approached on the subject from two very different quarters—his brother-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Thurn and Taxis,[1] a pillar of the Clerical party, and the liberal Duke of Coburg, brother of the Prince Consort. At last the word was spoken—"the final word," says Friedjung in his remarkable account of the circumstances, "which Austria was to have occasion to address to Germany."[2] The Emperor issued an invitation to all the German Princes to meet him at Frankfort, there to deliberate on the best mode of reforming the Federal pact for the good of the entire German nation.

[1] Who had married the eldest sister of the Empress Elizabeth.

[2] *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland.*

The effect produced by this bold move was immense, not in Germany alone, but outside it. In the old city, where so many of his ancestors had been crowned, Francis Joseph received on the 16th of August, 1863 the most enthusiastic of welcomes. The *schwarzgelb* sympathies, which still lived on and were cherished by the Frankforters, burst forth with a vigor which may well have been borne in mind by their new masters when settling with them a few years later.[1] Success attended the whole undertaking. The Emperor opened the proceedings of the august assembly with a short and simple address, which had an excellent effect. It was characteristic of him that when Baron Biegeleben of the Vienna Foreign Office, who was in attendance on him, submitted for his approval the draft of a somewhat stilted speech, he rejected it at once, saying that he never spoke like that in ordinary life, and would certainly not address the princes in so high-flown a style. He showed the greatest ability in conducting the debates of the assembly, as though inured to parliamentary proceedings, his chief supporter being his uncle by marriage and lifelong friend, King John of Saxony, an erudite sovereign, with an unusual gift of eloquence. His opponents were a small clique, composed of the rulers of Baden, Saxe-Weimar, Oldenburg, Waldeck, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin,

[1] On first occupying Frankfort in 1866, the Prussians levied a contribution of twenty-five millions of florins on the city, besides large supplies in kind. These demands were accompanied by threats of very severe measures in case of non-compliance. The Burgomaster in his despair at these exactions committed suicide.

their spokesman being the late amiable Grand Duke of Baden, bound to Prussia by his marriage with King William's daughter, and inspired by his Minister, Von Roggenbach, the ablest of Prussia's adherents in South Germany.

The Austrian project of reform, mainly composed of a *Directorium* presided over by Austria, and a representative body of delegates from the several legislatures, was voted, with but few modifications, by twenty-four against the above-mentioned minority. It remained, however, a dead-letter, for by one of its clauses Prussia's adhesion was required to make the scheme operative, and her consent was withheld.

Before the meeting Francis Joseph had visited the Prussian monarch at Gastein, and had urged him in the friendliest manner to attend it. Later on, with the same intent, the King of Saxony had sought him out in his favorite haunts at Baden-Baden. King William, whom those who had the honor of knowing him remember as the kindliest and most courteous of sovereigns, felt strongly moved to attend a gathering to which, as he said, he was bidden by thirty princes who had despatched a king as *courrier* with their invitation. But he counted without his formidable Minister who was at hand, and had, it is said, a violent scene with him, wrenching off the door-handle as he left the royal apartment, and committing some breakages in his own room before recovering his temper. Bismarck would have no waiting on the heir of the Cæsars at Frankfort, and so his King stayed away.

The *Fürstentag* was none the less a personal triumph for Francis Joseph. He reaped at it golden opinions from all his compeers, and achieved so great a popularity with the masses, that on his return home he was everywhere received with ovations throughout South Germany and his own dominions. For a short time he was the man of the hour. Abroad the effect of the *Fürstentag* was such that at the Tuileries the greatest misgivings were entertained of the possible consolidation of a vast Austro-German Empire which must prove an insuperable barrier to further ambitions. Yet more striking was the impression made upon Queen Victoria by this unexpected development in German affairs. At Coburg, where she first became acquainted with the Austrian Emperor—one of their very few meetings—she is said to have spoken to him earnestly, somewhat to his surprise, about the Crown-Princely pair in whom she naturally took so deep an interest, recommending them to his favor, and expressing the confidence that he would do nothing to impair the position and rights of her dear children at Berlin. But Prussia continued to maintain an ominous silence. King William returned to his armaments, patiently forging the weapons that were soon to transform the face of Europe and of the world. The glittering *Fürstentag* left no lasting trace, and no results. Austria's last word had been spoken, and spoken in vain.

From away in the North came the cloud—no bigger than a man's hand at the outset—which grew

into the storm that for a time wrecked in succession two powerful monarchies. The Schleswig-Holstein question—of which Lord Palmerston said that he had never known a man who really understood it—had, in the revolutionary year 1849, made temporary allies of the two great German rivals who were to engage in deadly combat over it. Austria and Prussia had together put down the rising of the two Duchies against Danish authority, and the Protocol of London of August, 1850, signed by all the Great Powers and Denmark, had confirmed the Danish King in the possession of the Duchies, and acknowledged the integrity of his dominions, Denmark binding herself on her side to respect the national character of the Duchies and the rights of their German inhabitants. At the death of King Frederick VII.—the last of his line—and the succession to the throne of Christian IX. in November, 1863, the entire question was once more raised. On the strength of Holstein forming part of the German *Bund,* and the Danes having violated the stipulations of the London Protocol regarding both Duchies, a Federal intervention was called for. The Duke of Augustenburg, of a junior branch of the Danish Royal House, now laid claim to the Duchies, and his cause was generally espoused in Germany; even German princes such as the Grand Duke of Baden and the Prussian Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor Frederick) declaring in his favor.

It came to war with Denmark, who, imprudently counting on British assistance, defied the German

Powers. Bismarck looked to the war for the beginnings of Prussian aggrandisement, while Austria went into it in pursuance of her Federal obligations which bound her to keep Denmark to the engagements she had entered into in London.[1] All through the negotiations that preceded the military alliance between the two countries, the able, but irresolute Rechberg, then at the Ballplatz, was either outwitted by Bismarck or gave way to his mastery. But there were not wanting in the Austrian Reichsrath eloquent and prophetic warnings which foretold the evil consequences that must ensue to the Empire from its pact with Prussia.

Twenty-three thousand Austrians and 37,000 Prussians, under the supreme command of the old Prussian Field-Marshal Wrangel, entered on the campaign and were opposed by only 40,000 Danes, who, resting on the formidable works at the Danewerk, and the almost inexpugnable lines of Düppel, made an exceedingly gallant and protracted defence. Looking at the subsequent Prussian victories and the superiority of the Prussian armament—the *Zündnadel Gewehr* now for the first time revealing its powers on the Schleswig battlefields—the Austrian share of successes as compared with the Prussian was quite remarkable. In the very first action at Missunde Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia failed to take the enemy's entrenchments, while the Austrians,

[1] The Emperor Francis Joseph refused to receive Admiral Irminger when he was sent to Vienna by King Christian IX., to notify his accession.

under General Baron von Gablenz, carried all the outworks of the Danewerk by storm, driving the Danes back to its shelter. So irresistible had been the Austrian attack that the Danish commander abandoned his position a few days later and withdrew to the lines of Düppel. Again, when the Prussian Prince somewhat lingered in the pursuit of the enemy, Gablenz, by a forced march, came up with the retreating Danish columns at Oversee, where the Liechtenstein Hussars and the fierce bayonet charges of the Styrian regiment *König der Belgier* inflicted a severe defeat upon them.

The Allies had now conquered Schleswig, and proceeded to invade the northernmost Danish province of Jutland; the Austrians again scoring a success at Veile. The Prussians meanwhile sat down before Düppel, which, after a lengthy bombardment, they finally took by assault with heavy loss on the 18th of April, 1864. This was, no doubt, the most considerable action of the war, and gave a foretaste of the extraordinary Prussian achievements that were to come. Jutland, the last of the Danish continental possessions, was now, too, in the hands of the Allies, and still the stubborn Danes held out. Only after the occupation of the Island of Alsen by the Prussians did they give up the unequal struggle, peace being signed at Vienna in October, 1864, and the two Duchies ceded absolutely to the Allies by right of conquest, no mention whatever being made in the treaty of the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg.

With the signature of peace arose the great difficulty of the division of the Danish spoil. At first Austria made a stand for territorial compensation, and was ready to surrender her share in provinces geographically so far removed from her, against the cession of the county of Glatz in Silesia, by which she would have recovered some part of her loss in the Seven Years' War. Later on she proposed the installation of the Augustenburg pretender in the Duchies, but would not agree to the conditions by which Prussia would have reduced that prince to a position of mere vassalage. Finally, in August, 1865, it came to the well-known arrangement of Gastein, under which the Duchy of Lauenburg (from which Prince Bismarck subsequently derived a title he never used) was ceded to Prussia for two and a half million thalers, while Schleswig was to be administered by the latter Power; Austria administering Holstein, in which province, however, the splendid harbor of Kiel was to remain in Prussian hands as a Federal port, the foundation of the future German navy being thereby assured. Austrian public opinion was far from friendly to the Treaty of Gastein, looking upon it as a sign of weakness, and resenting the abandonment of the Duke of Augustenburg. Nothing could be more complicated or less edifying than the haggling that went on for months over the disposal of the Duchies. Bismarck with his rough humor once described the attitude of the two Powers in this question as resembling that of two guests before whom an appetizing dish was placed; one of them who was

not hungry, and did not care for it, sternly prohibiting the other, who was ravenous and longed for it, from setting to and devouring it.

In Austria, meanwhile, there was neither continuity of policy, nor stability in affairs. One Ministry followed upon another; Schmerling, with his centralizing parliamentarism and his attempts at a milder form of bureaucratic government, making room for Count Belcredi, and, at the Ballplatz, Count Rechberg being replaced by Count Mensdorff, whom the historian Motley speaks of as the straightest and most chivalrous man he had ever had to deal with.[1]

At Easter a ray of light briefly illumined this gloom and uncertainty, when Déak came forward with the bases of an understanding with Hungary. He gave up the condition upon which he and his friends had before insisted of a purely personal union between Hungary and Austria, and was prepared to admit that, in accordance with the bases of the Pragmatic Sanction, not only the sovereign but the army and the conduct of Foreign Affairs should be common to both countries. These latter questions would, according to his scheme, be dealt with, as occasion called for it, by delegates from the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments. Unfortunately in the rough sketch drawn up by Déak, the future economic relations between the two countries were reserved for further discussion. Schmerling might probably there and then have con-

[1] Count Mensdorff was the father of the present Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

cluded the *Ausgleich,* but he missed the opportunity and left it to his successors. Before long he fell, although supported to the end by probably the most enlightened member of the Imperial House of his generation, the Archduke Rainer.[1] One result of these advances of Déak was the Emperor's visit in the summer of 1865 to Hungary where he was everywhere received with joyful acclamations, and was assured by the leaders of the Old Conservative Party, such as Count Emile Dessewffy and Count George Apponyi, that he had been quite misinformed as to the sentiments of the nation, which were, indeed, essentially loyal. It was partly under the influence of these professions that the Belcredi government issued in September an Imperial decree, by which Schmerling's centralizing Constitution of February, 1861 was declared to be suspended *(sistirt).* By thus sacrificing for a time the policy of unification of the Empire, the ground was to be cleared for an agreement with its several discontented nationalities. The Hungarian leaders now went still further, and induced the Emperor to recognize in principle the revolutionary Hungarian charter of 1848, with the proviso that it should be subjected to revision. The Speech from the throne, delivered by the Emperor in Magyar at the opening of the Hungarian Diet in December 1865, made mention of this surprising change of front, and soon afterwards the Court took up its residence for some weeks at Ofen, an entirely new departure initiated under the reign of this sovereign. Reconcilia-

[1]The Archduke was President of the Council in the Schmerling administration.

tion with the estranged Magyars was in the air, and no one more sincerely desired it than the Emperor himself. If, indeed, it should come to war with the intractable Prussians over Schleswig-Holstein, Hungary at any rate must be kept faithful to the Empire.

The man in whose hands lay the decision as to peace or war had long made up his mind. Fifteen years before, when perusing, in his home in the Gallengasse at Frankfort, the haughty despatch in which Prince Schwarzenberg triumphantly announced to the German Courts the humiliation of Prussia at Olmütz, he had sworn to himself that, whatever the cost, Prussia must become paramount in Germany.[1] The weary squabbling and bargaining with the Court of Vienna had long exhausted his patience, but the King, his master, was slow to move in the matter, and, above all, it was difficult to induce him to face the extremity of a deadly breach with an honored ally and confederate. For this reason the most had to be made of trifling occurrences which were of a nature to irritate King William. Some popular demonstrations when the Consort of the Augustenburg pretender passed through Holstein, the leave granted by the Austrian Governor Gablenz to hold a public meeting petitioning for the calling together of the Estates of the Duchy to decide upon its future—these and similar incidents were so magnified at Berlin that an unusually sharp official note was sent to Vienna, com-

[1] Bismarck's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen.* He had shortly before been appointed Prussian Plenipotentiary at the Federal Diet.

plaining of "encouragement given to agitation against Prussia." In February 1866 the King summoned a Ministerial Council, at which the majority, including Moltke and Manteuffel, declared war to be unavoidable if Austria did not consent to retire from the Duchies. Bismarck had carefully prepared for this contingency. He had visited Napoleon III. at Biarritz and made sure in general terms of his neutrality, and had long before come to a provisional understanding with Italy as to eventual joint military action.

In April General Govone arrived at Berlin to study, it was given out, the Prussian army organization, but in reality to confer with Moltke about a military convention. At Vienna no doubts could any longer exist as to the Prussian designs, and certain measures preparatory to mobilization were taken. In this respect the Austrian military arrangements were lamentably deficient: for instance, Italian regiments quartered in Bohemia, or Polish regiments stationed in Italy, had respectively to draw their reserves from Venetia or Galicia. This involved a loss of time of at least two months, and was in great measure due to distrust of certain nationalities, and the fear of quartering the troops in their home districts. In Prussia, on the other hand, each army corps garrisoned its own region, and could be mobilized without delay. Some attempt, however, was made by the Vienna War Office to strengthen the forces in Bohemia by a few thousand men. At once, the outcry was raised at Berlin that Austria was arming for war.

To put an end, if possible, to an intolerable state

of things, the Ambassador at Berlin, Count Károlyi, was charged to inquire categorically whether the Court of Prussia really meditated tearing up the Gastein Convention and breaking the peace, which, by the Federal Pact, the States of the Confederation were solemnly bound to observe towards one another. In case of an unfavorable reply, Austria intended referring the matter to the Diet at Frankfort, and accordingly a confidential Circular, apprizing them of the attitude the Austrian Government felt bound to take up, was addressed to the other German States. Not caring to face this appeal to the conscience of Germany, Bismarck boldly replied in the negative to Count Károlyi's inquiry. But this did not prevent his making free use of the press to represent Austria as the real disturber of the peace, and to magnify her military precautions. At the same time, in conjunction with the able Minister of War, von Roon, he got the King at the end of March to sign the necessary orders for the reinforcement of the fortresses and troops in Silesia, thus making the frontier safe against possible aggression.

Everything now turned upon the understanding with Italy for joint action, and this was retarded and rendered difficult by the mutual distrust of the would-be Allies. Bismarck above all suspected the Italian Government of coming to some agreement with Austria behind his back about Venetia, for which they had already in vain offered 1000 millions of lire. It was the Emperor Napoleon—whose chief object it was that the two great German Powers should

engage in internecine conflict, and thereby render his own designs on the Rhine or Belgium more easy of accomplishment—who brought about the final agreement between Berlin and Florence. An offensive and defensive treaty was signed on the 8th of April, but made binding only for three months. If Prussia, it was therein stated, should determine to attack Austria, Italy must come to her assistance with all her forces; peace not to be signed until after Italy had acquired Venetia, and Prussia some equivalent increase of territory at the expense of Austria. This essentially military convention also, somewhat oddly, contained a declaration on the part of the King of Prussia that it was his intention to propose to the German States the calling together of a national Parliament, and in general to pursue a national policy on a grand scale.[1] The treaty was of course kept a dead secret.

It was characteristic of the many-sidedness of the Prussian Premier's political conceptions that, while making ready for war, he should not have lost sight of the desirableness of conciliating German public opinion by some show of peaceful reform. He accordingly laid before the Frankfort Diet a proposal that it should convoke a German Parliament to be elected by direct, and, what was infinitely more startling, by universal suffrage. The date of the meeting of this National Assembly would be fixed by the Diet; the respective governments first coming to an agreement as to the future Constitution of Germany which would

[1] This rough summary of the treaty is taken from Friedjung's *Kampf für die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland.*

then be submitted to the Assembly. The Prussian project was prefaced by a report in which the striking assertion was made that if Germany with its actual organization had to meet a great European crisis, it must fall a prey either to revolution or to foreign domination.

Bismark's main object was, of course, to impress upon the Teutonic mind that, in his contention with the Premier State of Germany, he was not animated by greed of conquest, and that the Prussian sword, if drawn, would be wielded for the higher and nobler interests of a great national ideal. This was the far-seeing of genius, but so little was that genius understood at the time that the announcement of his programme of reforms was but coldly received, even in Liberal circles such as that which surrounded the Prussian Crown Prince and Princess; while the old Conservatives—the backbone of Prussia in those days—were dismayed and indignant beyond measure at the mere mention of such a revolutionary shibboleth as universal suffrage.

Meanwhile time pressed. The agreement with Italy was only binding on her for three months, at the expiration of which she would resume her liberty of action, and might very possibly come to terms with Austria without any appeal to arms. Further, a more conciliatory spirit reigned for the time being at Vienna, and led to the Imperial Government suggesting an exchange of views as to a reduction of the armaments up till then effected in both countries. At Berlin it was not deemed politic to reject the Austrian

overtures, but, in the reply returned to them, the date proposed for demobilization—namely, the 25th of April—was not referred to. Before, however, the Prussian note was despatched on the 21st, a grave decision had been come to at Vienna which changed the whole situation.

All at once the dilemma which made it almost impossible for Bismarck to bring about the conflict on which he was so keenly bent, was solved by the impatience of the national spirit in Italy. Europe was alarmed by the news of extensive movements of troops in the Peninsula, and of the retention in the ranks of classes which had already served their time. The reported improvement in the situation as between the German Powers made Italy fear that she might lose her chance. Nigra, writing from Paris to the Italian Premier, General La Marmora, reported that hopes for the maintenance of peace had now become general. "Would to Heaven," he added, "that Austria would only attack us, but there is no such luck as that in store for us!"

In Austria, meanwhile, all through this anxious month of April, the popular feeling against Prussia and her ally had daily become more bitter. The Austrian Germans, most of all, resented the Prussian manœuvres for depriving them of their immemorial primacy in Germany, and for excluding them from the Fatherland. As for the Slavs, ingrained dislike of everything German grew into a passionate hatred of Prussia. The Magyars alone

kept comparatively cool, reckoning that war might very well be the means of bringing about the accomplishment of their national desires. But whatever their sentiments, the Emperor's subjects of all races indignantly agreed in repelling the notion of surrendering without a struggle the long-established Imperial supremacy in Germany.

The news from Italy precipitated the crisis. On the very day on which the pacific reply was despatched from Berlin, orders were issued for the immediate mobilization of the Southern Army—the line of the Po and the Adige being now threatened—and it was at the same time announced that General Benedek was appointed to the supreme command in the North and the Archduke Albert to that in the South. When, therefore, the Prussian communication arrived, agreeing in principle to disarmament without fixing for it a date, it remained quite unnoticed. In Italy the decision taken at Vienna gave rise to unbounded excitement and alarm. A pressing Circular was issued to the Foreign Powers complaining of Austria's attitude of intimidation. When the Sardinian Envoy in London, d'Azeglio, read the despatch to Lord Clarendon, the latter nearly laughed in his face. How could Austria, he asked, with her manifold difficulties, think of invading her neighbors? But at Berlin, where Károlyi was instructed to explain that Austria still proposed to disarm, but was compelled to guard against attack in the South, Bismarck rubbed his hands, and marveled at the ease with which Austria had fallen into the trap he had set for her.

The outcry against the Empire as the wanton disturber of peace had very unfortunate results, for, in what may be described as a paroxysm of indignation, orders were issued a few days later for the mobilization of the troops in the Northern Provinces. Austria, in fact, was now arming to the teeth in bitter earnest. All these steps were undoubtedly marked by undue precipitation, but the Monarchy, as Friedjung well observes, was like some wild animal which, being surrounded, turns on its pursuers in the hope of breaking through the ring. At the same time, a plan was conceived at Vienna for detaching Italy from the alliance by dealing directly with her about Venetia, and Prince Richard Metternich, then Ambassador at Paris, was charged to apply for the mediation of the Emperor Napoleon in the matter. The fury both of Government and nation was concentrated on the perfidious Prussians. But this strange, one might almost say, desperate, resolve came too late. The Italian Government was too far committed to withdraw from the engagements entered into at Berlin.

Only one obstacle now stood in the way of the war on which Bismarck had set his heart—the reluctance of King William. But after much doubt and hesitation—for the upright monarch well realized that Austria had been unfairly driven into her rash courses—he finally gave his consent to mobilization. It was a hard decision for him to make, and those who were then watching him noted with concern in his countenance the unmistakable traces of the struggle he was undergoing.

How was this war—a war on both fronts of the Empire—to be conducted? The preparation of the plan of campaign was confided to General Krismanić, a learned theorist deeply versed in the operations of Daun and Laudon against Frederick the Great. Unfortunately his powder and pigtail conceptions were to be pitted against those of the greatest of modern strategists, Moltke. Yet more important was the choice of the General to command in the field, and here there was but one voice as to the appointment of Benedek. General Benedek was the idol of the army. Born in 1804 at Oedenburg in Hungary, the son of a Protestant physician of respectable family, he owed his career first to Radetzky, who had been one of his father's patients, and then entirely to his own merits and matchless bravery. He had served in 1849 in the Novara campaign under the Archduke Albert, and had so won that Prince's heart by a bold stroke he made against the Piedmontese at Mortara, that the Archduke, following an ancient knightly custom, exchanged swords with him, Benedek thereby receiving a weapon which had belonged to the Archduke's father, the illustrious victor of Aspern. Later on, when Benedek himself took charge of the army in Italy, the Archduke willingly consented to serve under him as head of a *corps d'armée.*

Although invested with the supreme command by the common acclaim of the army and of the nation, and assured of the full confidence of his Imperial master, Benedek—a rough-and-ready soldier, as a rule

by no means unconscious of his own merits—on this occasion showed at once a strange repugnance for the great duty which had devolved upon him. He begged hard, in fact, to be absolved from it. He did not feel equal, he frankly told the Emperor, to directing the operations of an army of 200,000 men. His proper place, he added, was really in Italy, where he felt competent of rendering effective service. He, therefore, entreated to be allowed to return to his command there.[1] In the end he only gave way on its being represented to him that if the paramount charge entrusted to him were confided to the Archduke Albert—the only other possible candidate—and ill-success should attend that Prince, the results might be disastrous for the Imperial House. This direct appeal to his loyalty clenched the matter. For the rest, he was given the amplest powers in the most precise terms, and was left complete latitude in the conduct of operations. And it is well to note this, seeing it has sometimes been asserted that he was hampered, if not overruled, by orders from Vienna. Still it is a remarkable fact that from the first he not only honestly had grave misgivings as to his own fitness, but doubted the capacity of Austria to cope with a double enemy at the two extremities of her frontiers. His sovereign, however, had given the word, and it was for him to obey. The nominal chief of his staff was Baron Henikstein, an old comrade and a good officer, but a pessimist and devoid

[1] "I told them at the War Office," he wrote to his wife, "that on the theatre of war in Bohemia I should be an ass (*sic*), while in Italy I might perhaps be be of some use."

of all initiative. The real soul of the staff was the pedant Krismanič; and to this learned coadjutor, Benedek, in his simple faith, looked for much instruction in tactics and in the art of war on a grand scale.

Meanwhile, the efforts made to detach Italy were not relaxed. At first Prince Metternich was commissioned to offer Venetia to the Emperor Napoleon in the same way as Lombardy had been handed over to him after Solferino. But a serious condition was attached to the cession, which was only to take place after Austria had reconquered from Prussia that splendid province of Silesia the loss of which had caused Maria Theresa to shed so many tears. In return Napoleon was asked to use his influence to keep Italy neutral during the approaching war. To Metternich's great surprise, Napoleon, who willingly affected the pose of Liberator of Italy, listened frigidly to the proposal, and then pertinently observed that, in the event of Austria failing to conquer Silesia, Italy would get nothing in exchange for her neutrality. Venetia should, therefore, be ceded to France before the war. The Vienna Cabinet had now gone too far to recede, and they agreed to Napoleon's terms. The latter, however—whose object it had been all along to obtain substantial advantages for himself, and thereby to recover the popularity he had lost over the Mexican fiasco—informed, it is said, the Prussian Ambassador Goltz, of the Austrian proposal; broadly hinting at the same time that the eyes of the French

people had long been turned towards the Rhine. Bismarck, who could not hear of any cession of German territory, was now placed in so awkward a position that he resorted to temporizing, and gave no decisive answer to the feeler put out by Napoleon. The latter, greatly incensed by this holding back, then, and then only, let the Turin Cabinet know how matters stood. To the Italian Government the temptation was almost irresistible. By withdrawing from a somewhat one-sided convention which had only a few more weeks to run, it could, without firing a shot, obtain all it desired. But the decision no longer rested either with the King or with his advisers. The Italian people were bent on acquiring Venice, not as a gift from France, but wresting it by force of arms from a hated oppressor. They would show what they could do on the field of battle, where hitherto they had not achieved much success. The cry, in fact, was that which was uttered at the inception of Charles Albert's ill-fated enterprise in 1848, *"Italia farà da se,"* and it was, to boot, the cry of a strong republican party with which both King and Government had to reckon. La Mamora, therefore, made an evasive reply. Italy, he said, could only accept a direct cession of Venetia, respecting which the wishes of its population might be ascertained by means of a plebiscite. Thus ended the Austrian attempt to break the alliance, and it is difficult not to regret that it should ever have been made; but the whole complicated negotiation left its traces behind it, as the French Emperor was to feel a few years later to his cost.

Although the attempt to secure the neutrality of Italy had failed, the position of Austria was not altogether unfavorable, for she was able to count on the support of the lesser German States—which Bismarck's radical reform schemes had thoroughly alienated and alarmed—and these could put something like 100,000 men in the field. On the other hand, the main army under Benedek in the North was not in a satisfactory condition. The prudent Krismanič had, indeed, effected its concentration in Moravia, where it rested on the strong fortress of Olmütz. But here it was still a long way from the frontier, and what was yet worse, the men called up from their distant depots joined but slowly and in insufficient numbers. The Prussians, on their side, had rapidly accomplished their mobilization, and by the first week in June they were ready to place 270,000 men on the Saxon and Bohemian confines. Moltke pressed for an immediate declaration of war, to be followed by an irruption into Bohemia, but still King William recoiled from the final decision, and would on no account appear to be the aggressor.

Both Powers, while facing each other, sword in hand, did their best to obtain the support of the French Emperor. Napoleon inclined towards Austria, and a secret agreement, the terms of which were never made public, appears to have been come to at this time between him and Vienna for the guaranteeing of the remaining Papal possessions against Italy, in exchange for which he may have held out some hopes of material assistance. When, however, he

proposed that a Congress should be held at Paris for the settlement of all difficulties, Austria declared she could only attend it on the understanding that no territorial questions should be raised at it. This Congress, of course, afforded the last chance of peace, and on the failure of the negotiations for it the two adversaries resolutely faced war. Austria's main object being to stand well with the minor States, she now did that which, much to the displeasure of their rulers, she had before omitted to do, namely, referred to the Germanic Diet the decision upon the Schleswig-Holstein dispute. She also, with the same object, determined to call together the Estates of the Duchy of Holstein and allow them to express their view as to the future fate of their country. There could be no doubt that they would pronounce in favor of the Augustenburg claimant. The Imperial lieutenant in Holstein, General Gablenz, accordingly convoked the Estates, but was warned by Manteuffel—the Prussian Governor in Schleswig—that in such case he would march in to protect his master's rights. Gablenz then, under protest, withdrew his weak brigade into the adjoining Hanoverian territory. Not a shot had been fired, but an act of warlike aggression had been committed. The Austrian Ambassador was forthwith withdrawn from Berlin. At the same time Austria laid before the Diet a formal complaint against Prussia for violation of the Convention of Gastein, and demanded the immediate mobilization of the Federal forces against the offender.

On the 14th of June a vote was taken in the Diet

on a modified form, proposed by Bavaria, of the Austrian demand for mobilization. It was the last vote to be recorded in that august but effete Assembly. When the Austrian president, Baron Kübeck, announced its result, which was favorable to the Bavarian proposal, the Prussian plenipotentiary, Savigny, rose and formally stated that his master withdrew for good from the Germanic Confederation. He was sharply chidden by the president, and solemnly reminded that his declaration could be of no avail since the Confederation was fundamentally indissoluble, and that Prussia alone was answerable for what had occurred.

At last the hour had struck for the supreme contest that was to decide who should in future be master in Germany. When news of the vote at Frankfort reached Berlin, even King William was carried away by the warlike current, and forthwith ordered his troops at once to enter Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse. The gallant steed,[1] of which Bismarck had disrespectfully said that he could only bring it to the edge of the ditch, had finally made up its mind, and cleared it.

[1] The figure of speech we used applied, it is said, to a much humbler animal.

CHAPTER X

FRANCIS JOSEPH—SADOWA AND AFTER

1866

ACCORDING to the official figures given, the forces which both adversaries were able to place in the field in the summer of 1866 were about equal, each disposing of from 310,000 to 320,000 men. The Austrian army of the north was 230,000 strong, to which should be added 23,000 Saxons. The Archduke Albert answered for Venetia with 74,000 men. Of the total Prussian force of 311,000, some 48,000 operated against the troops of the Confederation, and 9000 guarded Upper Silesia. Upwards of 250,000 men were thus left for the struggle with Austria. It was one of the earlier achievements of Prussian military organization that, with a population of only eighteen millions, it could command forces equal to those of Austria, which had almost exactly double that number of souls.

The army in Moravia meanwhile remained strangely inactive. Already, on the 6th of June, the Emperor had sent his aide-de-camp, Baron Beck—in later years the distinguished head of the general staff of the army—to urge Benedek to advance towards the frontier and join hands with the Saxons, who were now

exposed to being overwhelmed by a sudden Prussian attack. The Generalissimo, however, continued to represent the necessity of delay—chiefly on the plea that neither his reserves nor the stores for the army were as yet complete; the truth being that those who remembered the man in former days, full of fire and decision, no longer recognized him in this hesitating, over-cautious commander, who seemed to have lost all faith in himself and his fortunes.

Things were going very differently in Italy, where the Archduke Albert, opposed to greatly superior forces, rapidly sketched out, with the assistance of his talented chief of the staff, Baron John, an admirable plan of campaign, which, within four days from the opening of hostilities, led to complete victory. The Archduke had to guard himself against the enemy in two different quarters: the army of Cialdini to the south of the Po, and the larger army encamped in Lombardy to the west under La Marmora. By a well-combined movement these two commanders might unite their forces and crush him. Detaching a weak division to watch General Cialdini, whose 70,000 men were about to attempt the passage of the Po, he withdrew his entire force from the western frontier-line of the Mincio, and thereby induced La Marmora who, with the king and the main army, now crossed that river into Venetia and assumed the offensive, to believe that he had taken shelter to the rear of the Quadrilateral. As soon as the Italians were well on the march, not expecting to meet any Austrian troops on this side of the Adige, the Archduke suddenly

moved forward, and, camping on the field of Custoza—rendered memorable by Radetzky's victory over Charles Albert in 1849—attacked the enemy's columns, which were quite unprepared for action, soon after break of day on the 24th of June. His cavalry suddenly appeared on the right flank of the Italian forces, and took them entirely by surprise, charging them with the greatest impetuosity and breaking up their infantry squares. Then, while the Italian right was still disordered by the shock of this furious attack, the main body of the Archduke's army assaulted and successfully enveloped their left wing with dense columns of infantry. General la Marmora rather lost his head in this critical position and somewhat tarnished his former Crimean and other laurels, but his center made a splendid stand on the heights of Custoza under General Gavone. Late in the afternoon, however, the position was carried, and by evening the broken Italian divisions were thronging the bridges over the Mincio on their return to the soil of Lombardy, and in full retreat towards Cremona and Piacenza. Cialdini, on his side, on receiving by telegraph news of his colleague's discomfiture, prudently abandoned all attempts to cross the Po and fell back in the direction of Modena.

The Austrians were much too exhausted by their efforts all through that long summer's day to pursue the enemy and turn his retreat into a rout. The Archduke had, moreover, to husband his forces, well knowing that the issue of the war must be decided elsewhere. Having cleared Venetia of the foe, he

awaited the course of events, tidings of which could not be long in reaching him over the Alps. He none the less crossed the Mincio on the 1st of July, with a view to further operations, but was stopped by the grave intelligence he then received. His victorious troops were wanted elsewhere, and he himself was soon on his way to organize the defence of Vienna against the conquerors of Königgrätz. But before finally leaving the province committed to his charge, and which he had so successfully defended, he felt bound on military grounds to destroy some of the fortifications he must leave behind him. Among other works those at Rovigo were blown up, the terrific explosion being heard at Venice many miles away. It sounded the knell of the dominion of the strong alien race which centuries before had come over the mountains into the smiling plain with Charlemagne, with the Ottos and the Hohenstaufens. From Legnano to Custoza they had fought countless battles with varying success for the mastery of the fair southern country, which now even in the hour of this last victory they were compelled to leave for good. Italy was indeed free at last.

While Benedek, hampered by doubts and difficulties, still tarried in Moravia, Moltke and King William's other military advisers had completed their concentration, and impatiently awaited the signal to advance. The *Aufmarsch* of the Prussian forces resulted in a wide semicircle threatening the Austrian borders from the Elbe to North Silesia over a front

of 120 miles. But it was in another quarter that operations were to begin. On the 15th of June, the day following the hostile vote in the Frankfort Diet, a Prussian ultimatum was presented at the three Northern Courts of Hanover, Dresden, and Hesse-Cassel, by the terms of which they were forthwith called upon to disarm and accept the Prussian scheme of Federal reform. The latter condition was equivalent to the surrender of their full rights of sovereignty. The blind King George V. of Hanover proudly replied to the Prussian Envoy, Prince Ysenburg, that his demands were tantamount to mediatization, and that sooner than consent to this he was prepared to perish with honor. He counted, with good reason, on his gallant little army which would, he hoped, cut its way through south and join the Bavarians. Leaving at Hanover—which the Prussians at once occupied—the Queen and her daughters "as pledges of his confidence in the fidelity of the inhabitants of his capital," he rejoined his troops with his son at Göttingen, whence he marched to the East to avoid the Prussian forces on his flank. He thereby lost several precious days, but on the 27th reached Langensalza, where his progress was barred on the river Unstrut by a Prussian corps under General Flies. The Hanoverians, about 15,000 strong, at once crossed the river and inflicted a severe defeat on Flies, who lost 1000 men and over 900 prisoners. But the Prussians converging upon him from all sides, the King was constrained to capitulate two days later. The devotion and valor of the Hanoverians at Lan-

gensalza constitute the only bright spot in the wretchedly conducted operations of the troops of the Confederation.

Saxony was likewise at once invaded, General Herwarth von Bittenfeld entering Dresden on the 19th of June. The Saxons, however, had long before thrown in their lot with Austria, and their army, with the King and the Crown Prince Albert—Francis Joseph's first cousin and life-long intimate friend—had withdrawn over the border into Bohemia, where they presently joined forces with the advanced corps commanded by General Count Clam-Gallas.

The Prussians at the opening of this memorable campaign were divided into three distinct armies. On their extreme right were the forces commanded by General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, which had occupied Saxony and were marching on Bohemia, following the line of the Elbe. In the center was the army under the orders of Prince Frederick Charles, and on the left in Silesia stood the army of the Crown Prince. These large forces were spread over a long front and widely separated, as has been pointed out by Moltke's critics, but by this division that consummate strategist provided against a possible attack by the most daring and dashing of generals, as Benedek was then accounted to be, on any one of the three vulnerable points. It had all along been Moltke's plan to make the three masses converge on Bohemia and effect their junction on the plateau of Jitchin, which position, by his calculation, they ought to reach on the 29th of June. So admirably

were his arrangements conceived and carried out that the concentration took place on the very day appointed.

In the interval Benedek, yielding to pressing injunctions from Vienna, was at last on the move to Josefstadt, the fortress in the north-east corner of Bohemia selected by his learned adviser Krismanič as the place at which the Imperial forces were all to be concentrated by the last days in June. Accordingly, on the 28th, the entire army, with the exception of the Saxons and the corps of Clam-Gallas, was gathered round this frontier post. The spot was not badly chosen, inasmuch as an active and resolute commander would be able from this central position to deal separately with the enemy's forces as they severally came up.

On the 21st of June the Prussian formal declaration of war had been handed in at the Austrian outposts in Bohemia and Silesia. The first engagements took place on the river Iser, which Clam-Gallas failed to hold against the overwhelming forces of Prince Frederick Charles, 140,000 men strong, or the First Army, as it came to be called after Herwarth von Bittenfeld had been placed under the Prince's orders. On the 23rd of June the leading Prussian columns, headed by Frederick Charles in person, had reached the black and yellow barriers which marked the Imperial boundaries and crossed them, uttering fierce hurrahs as they filed past their Royal leader. Never before, even in the Seven Years' War, had such vast bodies of men swarmed over the Bohemian border.

And while Benedek was still engaged in his *Aufmarsch* from Olmütz to Josefstadt, no effectual attempt could be made to check the invasion. At Hühnerwasser and at Liebenau there were sharp encounters on the 26th, in which advanced detachments of the Clam-Gallas corps were driven back.

Benedek had all along announced his intention of meeting and dealing with the First Prussian army on the Iser. Taken aback by Frederick Charles' rapid advance, he now telegraphed to the Saxon Crown Prince to defend the line of that river at all costs. There was a desperate fight at the bridge of Podol, which lasted till late into the night, the Austrians being temporarily successful. But here for the first time were shown the crushing superiority of the Prussian breech-loader, and the fatal results of the Austrian tactics of those days, for in the bayonet charges to which their infantry had been trained, the men were mercilessly mowed down by the Prussian volleys. Their fire discipline, too, was very defective, as they relied almost entirely on frontal attacks. At Podol, where nothing could exceed the gallantry of the Poschacher, or the "Iron" Brigade—as, for its prowess, it was known in the Imperial army—about 3000 men were engaged on each side. The Prussians lost 12 officers and 118 men, while the Austrian casualties amounted to 30 officers and 588 men, besides 700 prisoners. These figures will serve to mark the proportion of the losses throughout the campaign. At Podol the Austrians only gave way when one-fifth of their force had been disabled. At

the subsequent big action at Nachod a Moravian battalion of Jägers, which displayed great bravery, lost altogether one-third of its entire strength. The proportion of officers killed or wounded was well-nigh appalling, being double that of the men. In the Austrian regiment "Prinz von Preussen," 23 officers were killed and 24 wounded. This of course was due to their reckless practice of personally leading the hopeless bayonet charges.

While these first unfortunate encounters were taking place, the army at Josefstadt did not stir. Benedek's declared intention of marching to meet Frederick Charles and the First Army was never put into execution, and now invasion by the Second Army under the Crown Prince was imminent. Roused at last from their strange inertia, the Austrian General Staff resolved to detach two corps, respectively under Ramming and Gablenz, to meet and stop the Crown Prince's columns as they emerged out of the passes leading from Silesia into Bohemia by Trautenau and Nachod. At the latter place Ramming, after a severely contested action, was overthrown by General Steinmetz, the officer who, in the Franco-Prussian war, was dismissed from his command for the reckless manner in which he sacrificed the Prussian Guards in the fatal charges at Gravelotte.

At Trautenau, on the other hand, General Gablenz achieved the only Austrian success of the war. The officer in command of his foremost brigade, Colonel Mondel, skillfully occupied the heights that dominated the small town of Trautenau, where General Bonin

and his Prussians were peacefully quartered, and suddenly attacked them. The issue remained doubtful until the afternoon, when Gablenz was strongly reinforced. After the customary desperate bayonet charges, to the strains of the famous Radetzky march, the Austrians outflanked the enemy and drove them back in the direction whence they had come; and when Gablenz's reserves came up, Bonin and his remaining forces were likewise compelled to retreat in considerable disorder, over the frontier into Silesia. At Trautenau, as at Custoza, the Austrians for the last time successfully used their favorite frontal attacks. Their losses at Trautenau amounted to no less than 183 officers and 4231 men, or three times the whole casualties of the enemy they had defeated.

The thunder of the guns at Nachod might almost have been heard at the Austrian headquarters, but it would have left them undisturbed. The pedant Krismanič, content with having, in conformity with the most approved tenets of strategy, secured the advantage of operating on inner lines, was not to be turned from his original plan of taking the offensive against Prince Frederick Charles. Meanwhile, as a concession to the urgency of the moment, two additional corps under the Archduke Leopold and Count Festetics should be sent to assist in impeding the Crown Prince's further progress. The check at Nachod need not be taken too seriously.

Early in the forenoon of the 28th, the Austrian Commander-in-chief drove out with his staff to inspect the forces he had sent forward to check the

further advance of Steinmetz after his victory at Nachod. At Skalitz he found—under the command of the Archduke Leopold—the foremost of these corps. The Archduke's men occupied the town and the railway station, and a range of heights dominating the left bank of the rushing river Aupa. Benedek on his way had passed through Ramming's corps which had been so severely handled at Nachod, but was burning to be led once more against the enemy. Along the whole road the *Feldzeugmeister* with his brilliant headquarters staff was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops, who felt that, now that he was amongst them, the day of battle and of victory had at last come. He had under his hand three army corps, or 70,000 men, more than enough to crush Steinmetz debouching with only one corps from the pass, and widely separated from the Crown Prince and his corps of Guards, whose movements had been retarded by the disaster which had befallen Bonin at Trautenau.

As Benedek reached the rising ground near Skalitz, whence the eye ranged over the fertile plain and the dark woods beyond, the heads of Steinmetz's columns were just becoming visible. Already some of his guns had issued forth from the hills and were exchanging occasional shots at long range with the Austrian batteries. Benedek, from the height where he stood by the Archduke, took all this in. It was past ten o'clock. The Prussians were still a long way off, apparently feeling their way, and in no hurry to advance. They had not yet fully emerged from the hills.

In the hollow between them and the Austrian position lay a thick sombre oakwood—the wood of Dubno of mournful memories. There would be no serious fighting that day. Having fully made up his mind on this point, and conferred with Krismanič, the *Feldzeugmeister* gave his final instructions. The corps of Count Festetics, which had been recalled when halfway on the road to the Iser, and had only just come up after a strenuous night-march, would amply suffice to watch and hold back Steinmetz. Ramming's corps and the Archduke's should at once leave Skalitz on the long-planned march to the Iser to meet the First Army and Prince Frederick Charles. This decision, which is generally allowed to have been the fatal turning-point of the ill-starred campaign, was conveyed to the generals in command of the several corps in the clearest possible manner. To the Archduke, more especially, Benedek repeated by the word of mouth the order at once to commence the move to the rear with his entire force. On his way back to Josefstadt he saw Ramming, who in vain pressed to be allowed again to try conclusions with Steinmetz, and also Festetics, to whom he gave special directions as to the use of his artillery in the event of its coming to an action with Steinmetz, whom he—Festetics—was left to deal with.

It is impossible to divine the motives which led the Archduke Leopold deliberately to run counter to the precise injunctions he had received. No doubt his military honor caused him to resent being ordered to retreat when he was already in touch with the

enemy. It is also said that a painful disease, to which he not long afterwards succumbed, prevented him that day from taking any rational decision. Certain it is that, as soon as his chief's back was turned, he at once recalled one of his brigades which had already set out as ordered. After that he seems to have given no directions whatever during the action which ensued. The Prussian forces, meanwhile, had debouched into the plain, where they suffered so severely from the accurate fire of the Austrian breech-loading guns that they soon sought the shelter of the great wood of Dubno. By some evil inspiration word was passed to a battalion of the Crenneville regiment, strongly intrenched at Skalitz, to move down into the plain and clear the wood of the enemy. No sooner had they entered its recesses than they were shot down from every side by the Prussians, who occupied its every nook and corner. Perceiving the predicament their comrades were in, another Austrian corps descended from the heights to their assistance, and penetrating the wood, soon met the same fate. One after the other the Austrian battalions—no one apparently checking their movements—charged down into the plain or the murderous wood and were decimated by the Prussian volleys. It became a perfect massacre. In less than two hours one-third of the Archduke's force was put out of action, and then only was the order given to retire over the two narrow bridges that spanned the Aupa. Steinmetz, meanwhile, had been reinforced by a fresh division, and endeavored to storm the town and station of

Skalitz. These were, however, heroically defended, and time was thus given to the remnant of the Archduke's beaten and thoroughly demoralized corps to make good its retreat on Josefstadt.

By a strange chance the roar of the guns at Skalitz was entirely overpowered that afternoon by a violent thunderstorm which overtook Benedek on his way back to headquarters. It was only quite late at night that news of the disaster was brought by stragglers, and in fact early in the evening the *Feldzeugmeister* had already dispatched a telegram to the Emperor, to the effect that "the decisive hour had now come" —by which he meant that he was about to begin his famous march on the Iser—but making no mention of any untoward incident of importance. The *Times'* correspondent at the Austrian headquarters gives a curious picture of the large party of great personages, officers of all ranks, and others who met that same evening at Benedek's hospitable table, and of the cheerful talk, in which the *Feldzeugmeister* took a leading part, with his strong vibrant voice. Certainly no symptoms of discouragement or defeat were noticeable at that entertainment. But next day there came the full accounts of Skalitz, and, what was still worse, the almost certainty that Gablenz, the victor of Trautenau, had likewise met with disaster. That same night urgent messages were sent off to the commanders of the corps on the march to the Iser, to stop and await further orders. Krismanič's grand plan of campaign had utterly collapsed.

The Prussian Guards, under the immediate orders

of the Crown Prince, had marched for two days through the mountains which guard Bohemia, along a single road, parallel to those severally followed by Steinmetz and Bonin—an interminable column from ten to twelve miles long. On the third day (June 28th) they would issue forth into the open country, but would they not find the mouth of the pass closed by so able and active an adversary as Gablenz? That general had camped on the field of battle at Trautenau, and, although victorious, was much dispirited by his heavy losses and the effect on the *morale* of his troops of the deadly Prussian rifle. He had some days before written pressingly to Benedek, begging him to detach a force to occupy Prausnitz at the head of the pass through which the Crown Prince was advancing, and had been assured that this had been done. For some unexplained reason the order had not been carried out, and on reaching the entrance to the road by which the Guards were marching, he himself neglected to occupy the heights commanding it, which were at once seized upon by advanced detachments of the enemy. Altogether he showed, for him, unwonted irresolution, and instead of vigorously attacking the Prussians as they debouched, he allowed them to deploy in the open, where he waited for them on the defensive. The action did not last long. His men, who were accustomed to be led to the attack, and were greatly shaken by their experience of the previous day, could not when motionless face the terrible stress of the Prussian hail of bullets. They themselves shot

badly—mostly too high. The defence, therefore, was feeble, and soon Gablenz drew them off, and retreated towards Josefstadt, not without considerable loss. Unfortunately, still worse befell one of his brigades, which he had charged to watch the Prussians in the pass and to attack their flank. This force was overwhelmed, and almost entirely destroyed. Altogether the corps of Gablenz lost nearly 4000 men on this disastrous day. The Crown Prince had successfully emerged from the mountains; but even now, before his columns could fully effect their junction, might not Benedek, issuing forth from Josefstadt with his whole strength, still inflict defeat upon him? Meanwhile the Austrian commanders, with a foreboding of further evil, clung to their fortress, and could come to no decision.

But though incapable of any vigorous initiative, the strategists at Josefstadt took up the idea of a complete concentration of all their forces on the elevated plateau of Dubenetz dominating the Elbe, where, in a strong defensive position, they felt certain, with their greatly superior numbers, of being able to withstand any onslaught. After countless marches and counter-marches the great concentration was completed, Benedek transferring his headquarters to Dubenetz on the 29th of June. The result of these new arrangements was disastrous for the Austro-Saxon corps under the Crown Prince Albert of Saxony, who had now to endeavor to rejoin the main army by passing, as it were, through the superior forces of Prince Frederick Charles. In

doing this they had to sustain severe rear-guard actions at Münchengrätz and at Jitschin with very heavy losses, Clam-Gallas' corps in the latter engagement being so badly shaken as to be temporarily broken up. In one of these actions the Austrian Würtemburg regiment, when charging a corps of Pomeranians, was received with a withering fire to the accompaniment of the church hymns which these stern Northerners, like Cromwell's infantry, chanted as they went into action. In hurriedly falling back, the Saxon corps and that of Clam-Gallas were driven south, away from their proper line of retreat, and were thus unable to join hands with the main army for a couple of days, thereby perniciously influencing Benedek's decisions, as will be presently seen.

Altogether the position on the 1st of July, as subsequently summed up officially against Benedek, was as bad as possible. Five of his army corps, besides two divisions of cavalry, had been ruinously defeated in three days, losing at least 30,000 men and a number of guns, standards, and other spoil; his troops were thoroughly exhausted and demoralized; his entire army had, in fact, almost gone to pieces.

But the most critical feature of the situation was that the army of Frederick Charles, having driven off the Austro-Saxons, would, in its rapid advance to the south-east, soon be in the rear of the main position on the plateau of Dubenetz. At a hurried council of war it was determined to withdraw at once to a strong position further south, resting on the fortress of

Königgrätz. The move must, however, be effected without the knowledge of the Crown Prince of Prussia's forces, which lay down below beyond the Elbe. Accordingly at dead of night the great army stole away in the dark, without sound of drum or bugle, to the new position which had been selected on the heights of Chlum and Lipa, beyond the river Bistritz. The disarray and confusion of the withdrawal under such conditions can scarcely be imagined, though the distance to be traversed did not exceed twelve miles. So blocked were the roads by these masses of horse, foot, and artillery—to which must be added the demoralizing effect of false alarms of attack and pursuit—that not before late in the afternoon of the 1st of July was the whole army established on its fresh camping-ground. As a result of this retrograde movement on the part of Benedek, the first and second Prussian armies were now able to effect their junction where and when it suited them.

While the formidable crisis was drawing nearer hour by hour, the Emperor, anxiously watching for tidings, was kept but sparingly informed by the Commander-in-Chief. On the 30th of June he received the briefest of telegrams, simply stating that owing to the *debâcle* (as it was described with some exaggeration) of the Clam-Gallas and Saxon corps, Benedek had been compelled to fall back upon Königgrätz. On the receipt of this ominous message, Francis Joseph summoned a council of his immediate ad-

visers, at which it was resolved to appeal to French intervention, in the event, as seemed only too probable, of the fortune of war being unfavorable to the Imperial arms. At the same time the sovereign most considerately telegraphed to his hard-pressed general, that although but imperfectly acquainted with the result of the operations, he firmly relied on his energy finally achieving success. It may truly be said that all through this most trying period of his reign Francis Joseph showed admirable fortitude and high-mindedness, and upheld the best traditions of his House. He was on the point of joining the army himself, but in order to obtain a clearer view of the situation he sent his confidential aide-de-camp, Colonel von Beck, to the headquarters of the army. Beck found Benedek disheartened to the extent of recommending the immediate conclusion of peace—indeed, he made Beck send a telegraphic message to the Emperor to that effect. The Imperial reply was that peace was not to be thought of, but that if a retreat were necessary it should be undertaken. The only result of Beck's journey was the supersession of Krismanič and Henikstein by General Baumgarten as Chief of the Staff.

As for the *Feldzeugmeister* himself, he continued to be swayed by the same doubts and fears—at one time inclining to a retreat on his old position at Olmütz. His instinct was no doubt correct, for by withdrawing to Moravia he would have allowed time for the Archduke Albert to come up from Italy with his victorious troops, when the entire aspect of the

war might have been changed. On the other hand, it was repugnant to honor, and almost impossible, to withdraw 200,000 men in a position of great strength facing the enemy without having fired a single shot. On the morning of the 2nd of July, Benedek finally resolved to fight where he stood.

The dispositions he now took were in most respects praiseworthy. He was greatly superior to the Prussians both in cavalry and in artillery. The Austrian breech-loading eight-pounders were admirable for their range and precision, and of this he took the best possible advantage. The heights of Chlum and Lipa, which he chose for the center of his order of battle, rise from 200 to 300 feet above the valley of the Bistritz, whence the advance of Prince Frederick Charles was to be expected. Along these heights he placed a series of batteries, at some points in tiers one above the other. The hills themselves being completely bare, the fire of his guns swept unimpeded across the swollen river to the further edge of the valley. The distances had been carefully measured and marked by the artillery officers during the two days preceding the battle. So strong indeed was this central position that throughout the day it was never taken. The whole range of hills in a front of six miles was held by a force of 150,000 men with 450 guns, while upwards of 47,000 infantry, 11,000 cavalry, and 320 guns were held in reserve. Nevertheless Benedek, with a prescience of further disaster, prepared for the possibility of retreat in case of failure. Fighting with the Elbe in his rear—one

of the many errors with which he has been charged—he took care to throw numerous pontoons over that river in addition to the bridges already existing. Having installed his absolutely overwhelming batteries, and made strong entrenchments for his big battalions, the simple, valiant soldier, who had prayed to be spared the responsibility thrust upon him by the public voice, now felt that he had done all that lay in his power. To his wife he wrote on the morning of the great battle: "In all humility I say it, 'Be it as God wills!' I feel calm and at rest, and when the thunder of the guns opens close to me all will be well with me indeed."

The day broke on the 3rd of July with pouring rain. A heavy mist shrouded the heights and the valley, and only late in the afternoon did the sun struggle through and light up the Austrian rout. Prince Frederick Charles's columns, tramping through the sodden fields after a weary march of many miles from their quarters, had reached the ground behind the Bistritz by seven o'clock, and with the driving in of the Austrian outposts the action began. Their infantry crossed the bridges or waded through the stream, and, climbing the bare hill under the fire of the Austrian batteries, carried a wood in front of them—the famous wood of Sadowa. But beyond this point they did not gain an inch for five hours, the Austrian shells sweeping the whole open ground beyond the wood like a hurricane. Prussian batteries were sent hurriedly down from the rising

ground opposite, whence King William and his nephew watched the action, but for lack of proper bridge-work, the guns could only with difficulty be got over the stream. On the Prussian right Herwarth von Bittenfeld was making no better progress against the Saxons, and only succeeded in crossing the river after midday. Benedek now riding up to the centre of his line and seeing how well matters so far stood, called up a part of his reserves and prepared to take the offensive against the baffled and partly exhausted enemy. There were strong chances of victory, provided only his two wings could successfully maintain their ground.

At this stage of the great action the impetuosity and indiscipline of two of the corps commanders led to what became a fatal turn. On the extreme right of the Imperial host Count Festetics and Count Thun, with their respective corps, had been charged with the special duty of guarding against the approach of the Prussian Crown Prince and of retarding his movements at all costs. But when, early in the morning, they occupied the entrenchments carefully prepared for them in a hollow beyond Chlum, they found their view barred by a hill which seemed to afford a far better position. It was, in fact, a conspicuous landmark, its summit being crowned with two splendid lime-trees which sheltered a large crucifix. They proceeded to occupy this hill, and then saw within easy reach of them the extreme left of Prince Frederick Charles' forces, composed of the Fran-

secky division— only 12,000 men strong—which was posted here somewhat *en l'air* to await the coming of the Crown Prince. With their greatly superior numbers, the temptation was too strong for the Austrian commanders. Their impulse, which they at once followed, was to attack and crush Fransecky, and roll up the Prussian left while the main body was still engaged in its fruitless attempt to gain the heights above the central wood of Sadowa. Fransecky's force withstood the attack with great determination, and here again a wood—the Swiepwald—like that at Skalitz, disastrously marred the Austrian onslaught. The engagement lasted over two hours, and Festetics being severely wounded at the outset, the command then devolved on General Mollinary. The wood was taken and retaken, and finally held by the assailants, but in their furious attacks many lives were lost, and the two Austrian corps were much shaken; the effect being greatly to weaken the Austrian right at the time when its full strength was most needed. Repeated orders from Benedek to stop the action remained unheeded, but at last a peremptory injunction from him obliged the leaders to desist, though not until they had vainly wasted their men in headlong and almost theatrical charges.[1] A telegraphic message from the commandant at Josefstadt had just come in. The advanced guard of the Prus-

[1] "The frontal attacks of the Austrians," afterwards said one of Fransecky's officers, with a typical national sneer, "made upon us the impression of their wanting to show off before us. . . . We saw them storm straight ahead, even when by simply going round they could just as well have attained their object."

sian Crown Prince had been sighted from the walls of that fortress.

Close upon midday the Crown Prince reached a point whence, through the heavy mists and the smoke of the guns and of a dozen burning villages, he had his first sight of the field where the battle was raging. Afar off, by the Bistritz, the Prussians were making no way, and much closer at hand they were falling back from the Swiepwald, which they had lost after it had been held so long by Fransecky. There was clearly no time to lose. A little farther on a shell or two told him that his approach was perceived, and surely he must soon come upon the enemy prepared to receive him. But, as he rapidly drew nearer, there was no sign of the force he expected to find. Thun, blindly carried away by the fever of battle, had left a great gap in the line of defence, and above all, had evacuated the linden-crowned hill which, by a happy inspiration, he had at first occupied, and which now became the key of the situation. The Prussians at once seized upon it, and soon drove before them the half-dozen battalions which tried to stop them. Then the Austrian guns, which thus far had made excellent practice, were obliged to retire for want of supports. Through the door so heedlessly left half open for them the Prussian Guards pressed on.

As yet quite unaware of their approach, Frederick Charles and his generals were just then in a highly critical situation. Their battalions on the line of the

Bistritz, exposed to the raking gun-fire from above, had failed to make any impression on the almost impregnable Austrian center. On their left Fransecky, after the most gallant efforts, had been driven out of the Swiepwald, while the commander of the corps adjoining him had prudently withdrawn his men beyond the river and out of range. Old King William himself rode down to the Sadowa bridge to put heart into his wavering battalions.[1] For a brief space it looked as if victory might still be in Benedek's grasp. By hurling the great masses of infantry—which for hours he had kept idle—down from the heights on to the Prussians below, he might yet sweep them before him. At this moment, while he still hesitated, untoward news reached him from his left wing. The Saxon Crown Prince sent notice that he found himself compelled to retreat before Herwarth and the Army of the Elbe.

But the catastrophe was to come from the right wing. As the Guards were marching upon Chlum—the master-key of the Austrian position—the corps of Thun and Mollinary, severely damaged as they were by their fights in the forenoon, too late attempted to check the Prussian advance. But they were literally brushed aside, and after the feeblest defence retreated in the direction of the Elbe, entirely away from the Austrian main body. Twenty-five thousand Austrians, hotly pursued by the enemy, left the field of battle and crossed the bridges over the river.

[1] Many of the men of the First Army had left their distant cantonments at two o'clock in the morning, and had had no food since their hurried meal at starting.

There was now nothing to stop the advance upon Chlum but the earthworks in front of it, held by a brigade, under the Archduke Joseph, made up of Hungarians and Slovenes. The Archduke had three horses shot under him and was wounded, but his men made only a poor defence; and, before long, Chlum itself—where another Magyar brigade suffered heavy losses, a large proportion of the men laying down their arms—fell into the Prussian hands. In vain Benedek endeavored to recover the position, leading in person a fruitless attack upon it. The Prussian forces by this time were far too powerful to succumb to the repeated efforts made to dislodge them, and by half-past three in the afternoon they were masters of both Chlum and Lipa, and stood across the Austrian line of retreat upon Königgrätz. The fate of an Austrian battery of horse-artillery, commanded by Colonel von der Groeben, deserves mention. In order to give time for the batteries stationed behind Chlum to withdraw in safety, he boldly drove his eight guns up to within 200 yards of the enemy, unlimbered, and opened fire upon them. One after the other his men were picked off by the Prussian marksmen, but as long as one of them was left alive even the last gun was served. When the Prussians came up they found, besides Groeben, one of his officers and 52 men lying dead or wounded with their horses beneath them. The cross of Maria Theresa was afterwards laid on the heroic Groeben's grave.

Almost at the same time the Saxon Crown

Prince's forces on the left wing, which had failed to withstand the attack made upon them by Herwarth von Bittenfeld with his superior numbers, were in full retreat in good order to the Elbe, which they crossed unpursued. From King William's headquarters all these movements on the heights opposite were clearly discernible. The Austrian central batteries no longer raked the ground with their deadly fire; the time had come for assuming the offensive. When the Prussians, now vigorously pressing forward, reached the summit at Lipa and Langenhof, the rear of the central corps of the Archduke Ernest and Gablenz was just visible in the distance, falling back on the Elbe.

To complete the Austrian discomfiture, no clear directions had been issued to the several bodies of troops as to their respective lines of withdrawal. Pressed on both flanks, and cut through in the center by the Prussian Guard, they all converged on the high road leading from Sadowa to Königgrätz. The remnants of the vanquished corps thus hopelessly collided with each other and with the massive reserves behind, of which Benedek had made no use. That ill-starred commander rode from one point of the field to another, seeking in vain to rally his men. The Prussians followed up this hopeless congeries of disordered troops with their deadly fire; their impatient cavalry, which had been kept in hand all day, at the same time charging the mutilated columns. Edelsheim —of Magenta fame—on the left, and Prince Thurn and Taxis on the right, indeed, covered the retreat as

best they could with their horse, but it was not till too late that Benedek bethought him of his two reserve divisions of heavy cavalry and launched them against the pursuers. Prince Frederick Charles, meanwhile, had brought up all his own mounted regiments, six in number, and led them himself to the plateau above Sadowa. There ensued the biggest cavalry encounter that had taken place since Napoleonic days, five thousand horsemen being engaged on each side. Great bravery was shown by the conflicting squadrons, the Austrian horse charging home to the very muzzles of the Prussian guns, and brilliantly performing the duty of warding off pursuit from the retreating infantry. On this day the Prussian First *Garde Dragoner,* afterwards decimated at Mars-la-Tour, had their maiden-fight with the redoubtable *Alexander Uhlanen.*

The gigantic struggle was now practically ended, and the two Prussian armies met triumphantly on the plateau of Lipa and Langenhof. When the Crown Prince Frederick rode up, there was an affecting meeting between father and son, while from all along the Prussian lines came the crash of the regimental bands with *"Heil Dir im Sieger Krantz,"* and the deep *"Hochs"* of the victorious soldiery. Yet even at this exultant hour the Prussian commanders do not seem to have realized the full magnitude of their success. Partly for this reason, but most of all thanks to the splendid manner in which the Austrian gunners covered and masked the disorderly retreat, no serious attempt was made to pursue the enemy. The shattered host drew off almost unimpeded, its

unhappy commander leaving the field at six in the evening with the last unbroken contingents. Crossing the Elbe, unmolested and unheeded, he disappeared into the darkness, a broken man with a hopelessly broken record. Late at night he halted at Holitz, a small town many miles distant from the fatal field.

If Benedek's army was spared pursuit and rout at the hands of the enemy, it none the less fell a prey to hopeless confusion and disorder. On reaching the Elbe, its distracted thousands wandered up and down the banks in vain search for the bridges, many plunging into the river and being drowned in their attempts to swim across. The worst scenes occurred outside the very gates of Königgrätz. Among the defences of that fortress were the extensive marshes—caused by the overflow of the river—here regulated by sluices. These had now been closed, thus flooding the marshes and rendering the place almost inaccessible. A few low dikes, all converging on to one main raised causeway, formed the only approach to the gates of the fortress, which were, moreover, shut. The deplorable disorder at this point almost defies description; the hale and the wounded desperately contended for a footing, and, together with horses and guns, many were precipitated into the stagnant waters on either side. It was a perfect chaos, to which some of the men unaccountably contributed by discharging their rifles, thus causing the Commandant to refuse at first to unbar the gates, believing that he was being assailed by the enemy. The total losses of the

Imperial forces on this momentous day were appalling, reaching upwards of 44,000 men, of whom some 13,000 were killed or missing, 17,000 wounded, besides 13,000 taken prisoners by the enemy. The entire Prussian casualties only slightly exceeded 9000.

The first intimation of the event to reach Vienna was a telegram addressed to the Emperor in the evening by the Commandant of Königgrätz, giving an obscure and somewhat misleading account of the scenes enacted at his gates, and asking for orders. A night of intolerable anxiety followed, but at two o'clock in the morning the Emperor was at the *Nordbahn* to meet and welcome his guest and ally, King John of Saxony, to whom he broke the bad news. A couple of hours later came Benedek's own very clear and candid description of the defeat, ending with the statement that he hoped to be able to collect his scattered forces, and to withdraw with them to Olmütz. The Prussians strangely allowed their vanquished foes a respite of a few days, which enabled Benedek—with close on 100,000 men—to accomplish his purpose, and reach in safety his former entrenched camp in Moravia.

At this supreme crisis Francis Joseph displayed the greatest courage and equanimity. He had already invoked the intervention of the Emperor Napoleon, and he now charged his Ambassador at Paris, Prince Metternich, to renew the negotiations, at the outset formally handing over Venetia to the French sover-

eign, and requesting him in return to press on the Italian Government a suspension of hostilities in Italy. When publicly announced at Paris, the cession of Venetia was hailed with delight, the city being illuminated as for a great victory. There were at the Court of the Tuileries two parties, one of which, headed by the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, Drouyn de Lhuys, clearly discerned the potential dangers of Prussian predominance. The Empress Eugénie lent all the weight of her influence to this party, being entirely under the charm of the brilliantly clever wife of the Austrian Ambassador, who himself most ably furthered the interests of his country. Drouyn de Lhuys at first almost obtained his master's consent to an armed demonstration against Prussia on the Rhine, and against Italy in the south of France. But the opposite—Italian—party, with Rouher and Prince Napoleon, so worked on the vacillating Emperor's fears, that, although he had actually engaged to send a fleet to the Adriatic to frustrate possible Italian designs on Dalmatia, nothing eventually came of the proposed French intervention.

Meanwhile, although Count Mensdorff proceeded to King William's headquarters to negotiate for an armistice, the most vigorous steps were at the same time taken for making an effectual defence against the victorious enemy. The Italian Government refusing to accept Venetia as a gift from a foreign Power, and continuing its military operations, a force of only 60,000 men could be spared to be brought

north by the Archduke Albert. But with these seasoned troops, the fresh levies, and the army at Olmütz, it would be possible for the Archduke, who was now made Generalissimo of all the Imperial forces, to defend Vienna and the line of the Danube. Formidable redoubts were thrown up before the bridges over the great stream in front of the capital, and the Viennese prepared to receive the Prussian as of old they had received the Turk. Meanwhile, the enemy was already in possession of Prague and Brünn, and, after crossing the Thaya, on the confines of Lower Austria, was encamped hard by the field of Wagram. On the other hand, the remnant of Benedek's great army—some 100,000 men—was, after a difficult march through the first spurs of the Carpathians, safely lodged behind the Danube at Pressburg. Moltke, when consulted by Bismarck as to the chances of a big action to force the passage of that river being successful, cautiously replied that it would be attended with considerable risk. A truce of five days, to terminate at noon on the 22nd of July, was thereupon agreed to by the Prussians. Both the Minister and his Sovereign were of the same mind as to the desirableness of making peace without the vainglory of a triumphal entry into Vienna, though they differed as to the terms to be imposed upon the defeated adversary. Fortunately the spectre of French intervention, with its attendant claims for compensation on the Rhine or elsewhere, was finally laid. It would be much easier to deal directly with the enemy.

CHAPTER XI

FRANCIS JOSEPH—THE AUSGLEICH WITH HUNGARY

1867-1880

ON the Viennese the impression made by the defeat had at first been crushing. Their own favorite corps of townsmen, the renowned *Hoch und Deutschmeister* regiment of infantry, had been decimated while covering itself with glory in wresting from, and for a short time holding, Chlum against the Prussian Guard. Plenty there was besides to bring home to the citizens of the capital the stern realities of war. The cost of necessaries rose greatly, and provision had to be made in the Vienna households against the possibility of a siege. Along the quays of the Danube, steamers were being hurriedly loaded with the metal reserve of the Bank, the regalia and other treasures of the Imperial *Schatz-Kammer,* together with the voluminous archives of the Empire. All these were to be conveyed down the river to the stronghold of Komorn in Hungary. The natural elasticity and *insouciance* of the population, however, early reasserted themselves. *Strauss's* concerts in the *Volksgarten* were before long as fully attended as ever; but, on the other hand, the call to enlist in a Burgher Guard for the better defence of

the city was responded to with alacrity, the ex-Prime Minister Schmerling being one of the first to set the example of joining it. Still, amongst earnest men and thinkers, like Grillparzer and Anastasius Grün, the sense of defeat and humiliation was further embittered by the knowledge that a complete and final severance between Austria and the German Motherland had now become inevitable. As one of them wrote, it was indeed "Finis Austriæ."

For the Emperor and his Government the most anxious and essential point at this moment was the attitude of Hungary. The conditions there were far from reassuring. The followers of Kossuth were stirring up agitation all over the kingdom. Their leaders in exile, of whom the most active seems to have been a Count Csáky, boasted of having secretly organized the country into military districts—each with its own staff of officers—which were ready to rise in insurrection at the first signal. There was much that was bombastic about these statements, but it was certain that Bismarck was in touch with the Magyar malcontents, and that both Prussian and Italian money had found its way into Hungary. On the day after Sadowa General Klapka visited the Prussian headquarters, and arrangements were made to allow him access to the numerous Hungarian prisoners, who might later on, if the war continued, form the nucleus of an insurrectionary force in Hungary. It was even said that, at a banquet given in Berlin at this time to some of Klapka's officers, a toast was drunk in honor of Prince Frederick Charles

as future King of Hungary. At any rate, it is a remarkable instance of the cool calculation and forethought with which Bismarck laid his plans for the eventual struggle with Austria, that, already some years back, he had taken care to be fully informed of the schemes and chances of the Hungarian revolutionary party, and was in constant communication with them.

Mindful of the disposition which Déak had manifested shortly before the outbreak of the war, the Emperor sent for him. The Hungarian patriot was then living in the country in self-sought retirement, but, in obedience to the summons, left for Vienna, where he was at once received in private audience, when the first bases of the *Ausgleich* which was soon to follow were debated and laid down. The interview made a profound impression upon Francis Joseph, who never forgot that when he first asked Déak what Hungary now wanted, the simple reply he received from him was, that she asked for no more after Königgrätz than she had wanted before. As for himself, Déak declined office by anticipation, but indicated his friend and coadjutor, Count Julius Andrássy, as the fittest person to take charge of the Parliamentary Cabinet which the Emperor seemed disposed to concede. In Déak's opinion no change should be attempted in Hungary until after the conclusion of peace, but Francis Joseph, nevertheless, for the first time then received Count Andrássy, who at once captivated him, and strongly urged him to put his trust in the loyalty of his Hungarian subjects.

Already before these interviews it had been decided, by a happy inspiration, that the Empress—to avoid all chance of being molested by the military operations—should temporarily take up her residence at Pesth as the safest place she could resort to. The warmth of her reception in the Hungarian capital exceeded all expectations. She was, of course, already well known and popular there, but this casting of herself, as it were, on Magyar protection and loyalty made an immense sensation, and leading men of all ranks and parties thronged to welcome her on her arrival. The next day she returned to Vienna, but only to fetch away her children. The parting this time between the Emperor and his family at the railway station was singularly affecting. The enemy was at the gates. It was impossible to foretell when, and under what conditions, the next meeting might take place. After the Imperial couple had tenderly embraced, the Empress, moved by a sudden impulse, stooped down and kissed her husband's hand—a touching act of homage and devotion, at this bitter hour of trial, which deeply affected all those who witnessed it. Throughout this painful crisis the Empress had shown the high spirit and decision of character which never deserted her at the great junctures of her life. On her return to Pesth, her reception by the crowds which thronged the station was so wildly enthusiastic that the young Crown Prince Rudolf, then but eight years old, was quite startled by the resonant Hungarian *"Eljens,"* and,

clinging closer to his mother, looked up at her inquiringly as if almost frightened.[1]

The preliminaries of peace were discussed and signed at Nicolsburg, on the borders of Moravia, where King William established his headquarters on the 18th of July. That château, which is the ancestral seat of the Dietrichsteins, had become the property of Count Mensdorff through his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of the last Prince Dietrichstein. Count Mensdorff himself not unnaturally avoided taking a direct part in the peace conferences held under his own roof, and this unpleasant duty, therefore, devolved on Count Károlyi. Both Powers—the victor as well as the vanquished—were anxious to conclude the negotiations with the least possible delay. Prussia had to fear not only French, but Russian intervention, while the heavy military expenditure and the internal condition of Hungary made an early termination of the war a necessity for Austria. In three sittings the plenipotentiaries brought their task to an end. Austria gave up Venetia, but otherwise did not suffer any loss of territory. By the second article of the agreement she consented to a reconstruction of Germany in which the Austrian Empire should have no part. The Treaty also provided for the formation of a North German Confederation under Prussian auspices. Further, it was agreed that the South German States, if they should eventually form a union, would

[1] H. Friedjung, *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland*, vol. ii. pp. 380-81.

be free to enter into a national bond with the North. The war indemnity to be paid by Austria was, after much bargaining, fixed at twenty million thalers.

While the negotiations proceeded, to all outward appearence so smoothly, a violent struggle was going on between the Prussian Monarch and his Minister. King William, after so long opposing the war, was now keenly bent on territorial aggrandizement. Not content with the annexation of Hanover, Hesse Cassel, Nassau, part of Hesse Darmstadt, and the city of Frankfort, he was determined to obtain from Austria the cession of the north-western corner of Bohemia, the so-called Egerland. Bismarck strenuously opposed any demand for Austrian territory. He was content with Austria's ejection from Germany, and, confidently looking forward to an intimate alliance with her in the near future, wished to spare her all needless humiliation. In his Recollections he gives a graphic account of his contest with his sovereign on this point. He had done his best to win the King over to his point of view—representing that Austria, with a fine and well-commanded army of 250,000 men behind the Danube, although defeated, could not be accounted vanquished; that complications might arise out of the attitude of the neutral Powers; and that, not least of all, cholera was rapidly spreading in the Prussian ranks. The King remained obdurate, and, after an extremely heated discussion, Bismarck withdrew in perfect despair to his room, where, by his own confession, he had an hysterical fit of rage *(Weinkrampf)*. There the Crown Prince presently

sought him out, and, with the tact and kindly feeling that always distinguished him, undertook to urge the Minister's view upon his father, which he did successfully. At the last moment all was put in question again by the firm resolve of the Emperor Francis Joseph not to abandon his Saxon ally, the integrity of whose dominions was threatened by King William's greed of territory, and by his resentment at Saxony having made so gallant a stand against him as compared with the feeble and ill-conducted military operations of the South German States. But here again the Prussian sovereign finally gave in, and the preliminaries of peace were signed on the 26th of July.

A last ray of victory flashed across the darkening horizon of the defeated Empire just before the conclusion of peace. On the 20th of July Admiral Tegethoff, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the naval action fought off Heligoland during the Danish war, completely defeated a vastly superior Italian force at Lissa, his flag-ship ramming the Italian iron-clad *Rè d'Italia* and sending her to the bottom with her crew of 400 men. On land, too, the South Tyrol was gallantly held by a very small force against General Garibaldi and his red-shirts. During the armistice that followed upon Nicolsburg the Italians endeavored to retain certain points they had occupied in the Trentino, and it nearly came to war again. But the Imperial Government showed the greatest vigor. In less than a fortnight some 150,000 men were transferred from the Danube to the borders

of Venetia, and the Archduke Albert was ready to take the field. The Italian Government then gave in. Nothing, in fact, in Austria's attitude became her better than, when victorious over Italy both by sea and land, she relinquished a dominion which could no longer be reasonably maintained. Peace was definitely signed—at Prague with Prussia on the 23rd of August, and at Vienna with Italy on the 13th of October. It is said that during the *pourparlers* the Italian plenipotentiaries broached the idea of a possible marriage between the Italian Crown Prince Humbert and one of the daughters of the Archduke Albert, but that the Archduke, when sounded, would not hear of the project. The Princess in question, the Archduchess Mathilde, afterwards met with a cruel end, being burned to death at the palace of Schönbrunn. She was, it seems, leaning out of a window on a fine summer's day talking to her father in the garden below. While doing so she concealed behind her a cigarette she was smoking—knowing that the Archduke disapproved of the habit. In a moment her thin dress caught fire, she was at once wrapped in flames, and nothing could be done to save her.

The disastrous war had left deep traces behind it, and for a time the whole Imperial fabric seemed shaken to its foundations. But it was not in the nature of the sovereign in whose hands lay the destinies of the Empire to sit still amidst the ruins of the past. The Emperor faced the situation with unfailing courage, and resolutely undertook the task

of reconstructing the monarchy on entirely new bases. To his ancient hereditary dominions west of the Leitha he granted the liberal Constitution of December the 21st, 1867,[1] which, with certain successive modifications, remains the Austrian charter of freedom to the present day. In Hungary he frankly grasped the hand which had been held out to him by Déak and his associates, and accepted without reserve the principle of Hungarian autonomy which he had hitherto persistently opposed. With these objects he called to his councils in Austria the ex-Saxon Prime Minister, Count Beust, in place of Belcredi, who must in great measure he held responsible for the fatal war. The policy of which Beust became the exponent was first of all the restoration of Parliamentary Government and the re-establishment of complete concord within the monarchy, with the ulterior view of possible retaliation upon Prussia whenever a favorable opportunity should offer. Only a thoroughly united Empire could attempt a war of revenge.

With this end in view, the Austrian Parliament was called together by the new Minister in May, 1867, after an interval of two years. The work done by the reinstated Reichsrath in a short time was truly amazing. It revised the February Constitution, which had been granted at a period when a centralization of the entire Empire was still the dominating idea. It confirmed the economic portion of the new pact with Hungary, and passed a series of sweeping

[1] This was partly a revival of the Constitution granted in February, 1861, which had been temporarily suspended with a view to preparing for the grant of autonomy to Hungary.

reforms which comprised, with other points, full liberty of the press as well as of religion and education, with trial by jury for all press offences; the free right of association; the recognition of equal rights for all Austrian citizens of whatsoever nationality—in short, the amplest guarantees of freedom. The task thus accomplished was crowned by the formation of a responsible Parliamentary Administration under the presidency of Prince Charles Auersperg. Austria was for the first time endowed by its sovereign with the most approved liberal institutions, and this with no niggardly hand. At the same time, and in the same spirit, the more onerous conditions of the Concordat entered into with Rome in 1855 were essentially modified. In recognition of his contribution to the great work achieved, the Emperor conferred upon Count Beust the dignity of Chancellor of the Empire, which, before him, had only been held by Prince Kaunitz and Prince Metternich.

In pursuance of these designs, the formation of a Parliamentary Cabinet answerable to the Diet at Pesth had already been confided to Count Julius Andrassy, the winter of 1866-67 having been spent in elaborating the terms of the *Ausgleich,* or compromise, between the Austrian and Hungarian halves of the Empire. In this compromise the principle of the unity of the Monarchy in military matters and in its dealings with foreign Powers—a common army and a common Foreign Office—was fully recognized. It is deeply to be regretted that the financial and economic portion of the compact was not permanently

settled at the same time, instead of being left subject to discussion and renewal every ten years.

Much the most important condition of a thorough reconciliation between the Crown and the nation in Hungary was the coronation of the sovereign at Ofen, with all the ancient rites and observances which had been handed down for centuries. Accordingly, on the 8th of June, 1867, amid scenes of almost delirious national rejoicing, this supreme ceremony took place, the Emperor and Empress being crowned as King and Queen of Hungary in the ancient church of St. Matthias. The gorgeous character of the pageant when the Imperial couple proceeded from the royal palace at Ofen to the church was such as can scarcely be conceived by those who are only accustomed to the more sober celebrations of Western Europe. The great Imperial glass-coach, drawn by eight white horses, which bore the Empress, was escorted by nearly two hundred magnates—the flower of the Hungarian nobility—splendidly mounted on chargers with gilded bridles and costly trappings, led by men in full armor, the riders all wearing the gala Hungarian costume of richly embroidered silk and velvet trimmed with fur, and studded with pearls and other precious stones. Great emblazoned banners were borne high above this procession of well-nigh barbaric magnificence which passed down from the heights of Ofen, across the Danube to Pesth, through vast crowds clad in the picturesque, many-colored, national dresses of the various races of the kingdom. When the procession left the church it was joined by

a striking group of bishops, mitred abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries all on horseback. Then came an endless stream of court carriages with the state-coaches, containing the ladies of the Magyar aristocracy in full Court dress, resplendent with priceless jewels, and making a rare show of beauty which only paled before that of the young Empress, then in her thirtieth year and in the very heyday of her loveliness. Thus the great pageant wended its way along the quays of the Danube to the open square, where an estrade covered with cloth of gold had been erected. The newly anointed Monarch ascended this, and, facing the people, took the prescribed oath to the Constitution to the thunder of a royal salute. Thereupon, mounting his horse, he rode—surrounded by his brilliant suite—to the Franz Josef's Platz, where had been raised the traditional artificial mound, up which he galloped, and, on reaching its summit, drew his sword—like his great ancestress Maria Theresa—and flashed it to the four quarters of heaven. At last there was peace once more between the Hungarian King and his subjects—a peace that was characteristically sealed by a royal decree announcing that the gift *de joyeux avènement* of 50,000 ducats voted by the Diet would be applied to a fund for the benefit of widows, orphans, and invalids in the families of veterans, of whom a number had fought against Austria in the revolutionary war of 1849, and had that morning lined the streets in their quaint, battered old uniforms.

There can be little doubt that the personal influ-

ence of the Empress much contributed to the happy end of the long estrangement between her Consort and his Hungarian people. Her sympathies had from the first inclined her to the Hungarian cause, and she was, of course, conscious of, and greatly touched by, the extraordinary attachment she had inspired in an eminently emotional people. On her side, she gave constant proofs of her interest in Hungarian affairs, and on no occasion was this more conspicuously shown than at the death of the patriot leader, Déak. She visited him in his sick-room at the *Hôtel zur Königin von England,* and when the great statesman had passed away and lay in state in the hall of the Royal Academy, she came to pray by his bier, on which she herself placed a wreath of flowers—a scene afterwards admirably depicted by the celebrated national painter Munkaczy. At the time of the coronation the fine estate and château of Gödöllö—distant some twenty miles from Pesth, and formerly belonging to the extinct Princes Grassalkovitch—was presented to her as a national offering from Hungary to its Queen, and became her favorite place of residence. Here the Imperial couple thenceforward regularly passed some part of the winter, and hunted with a pack of hounds imported from England, with all its attendant staff of huntsmen, whips, and grooms. These were probably the most perfect halcyon days of two lives whose troubles and sorrows have far exceeded those of the common lot. A fresh blessing was now bestowed upon them by the birth at Ofen in April, 1868 of their

youngest daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie.

A great sorrow, however, had preceded that happy event. Almost in the very midst of the festivities that marked the great reconciliation, tidings had reached Budapest of the tragedy of Queretaro. Already in June, 1866 the Empress Charlotte had left Mexico for Europe on a forlorn attempt to obtain more active support for her husband from the Emperor Napoleon, who was fast deserting the Prince whom he had induced to accept the Mexican crown, and had left in the treacherous hands of Bazaine. She had failed in her mission, and had made an equally fruitless endeavor to procure the intervention of the Pope with the powerful clerical party in Mexico. On her journey back from Rome, the unfortunate Empress broke down at Botzen in the Tyrol, and soon showed signs of the mental alienation from which she never recovered. And now came the news of the fatal end on the 19th of June of the gallant Emperor himself, due to his betrayal by Lopez and to his own steadfast refusal to save his life by abandoning the generals who had remained faithful to him—due also not a little to the hostility and the callous indifference of the United States Government, which, had it so willed, might have stayed the hand of his merciless adversaries. The Emperor Francis Joseph was naturally deeply affected by the terrible catastrophe, and at Vienna the Archduchess Sophie—who, in her affection and ambition for her son, had encouraged the disastrous venture—is said never to have raised her head again.

In the autumn of this eventful year (1867) Francis Joseph had an important interview with the Emperor Napoleon at Salzburg. Napoleon was bitterly disappointed by the issue of the war which he had so greatly helped to promote, and from which he had vainly expected to reap substantial territorial advantages for himself. He was burning to repair the mistakes he had committed, and to be avenged on the government which had outwitted him and defrauded him of the compensation on which he had counted. In Austria, too, long after the treaty had been signed at Prague, the deepest resentment was still harbored against the victor, not only by the Emperor Francis Joseph, but by the great body of public opinion. The circumstances attending the formation of the Klapka Legion,[1] and the seducing of the Hungarian soldiery from their allegiance by Prussian agents, more especially caused a strong feeling of irritation, which manifested itself by all the archdukes renouncing the honorary colonelcies which they held in the Prussian army, and by the suppression of the Prussian designations borne by certain Austrian regiments. Napoleon from the first, therefore, found a ready listener in the Austrian sovereign when he expounded to him his new plans for a combination against the dangerous preponderance of Prussia in Germany. Matters went so far that the conditions for an offensive alliance against Prussia

[1] The Klapka Legion, which had made an abortive and somewhat inglorious attempt to invade Austrian territory during the armistice of Nicolsburg, was kept under arms by the Prussian Government for some time after the signature of peace.

were thoroughly discussed, and early in 1870 the Archduke Albert paid a visit to Paris, during which the details of a military convention were carefully gone into. The Emperor Francis Joseph, however, made it an essential condition that Italy should join the eventual alliance. Austria's southern frontiers would thereby be rendered safe, and Italy herself could be gained over by Napoleon's withdrawing his opposition to her occupation of Rome. Above all, Francis Joseph is said to have insisted on the proposed attack upon Prussia not being attempted until 1871, before which time the reorganization of the Austrian army could not be completed. Furthermore, the French Emperor must first give the signal for the contest by invading Southern Germany with the avowed intention of freeing it from Prussian hegemony, when Austria would at once come to his assistance.

Such are said to have been the plans discusssed at Salzburg and afterwards.[1] But, however this may be, they were entirely frustrated by the blind way in which Napoleon fell into the pitfall so adroitly prepared for him by the Prussian Chancellor, and by his rash action in the summer of 1870. Whatever may at first have been the desire felt at Vienna to try conclusions once more with an overbearing northern neighbor, it gradually wore away under the influence of time. Thirteen years after Sadowa, Prince Bismarck was able to add to his other astounding achievements the Triple Alliance between Austria

[1] H. Friedjung, *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland.*

and the two Powers which had driven her from her time-honored primacy in Italy and Germany. The self-abnegation with which the Emperor silenced his personal feelings of pride and resentment, and resolutely adopted a policy which, however distasteful to him, he believed to be conducive to the best interests of the Empire, is probably, as has been justly observed by a great writer,[1] without parallel in the whole course of modern history.

The years that followed upon Sadowa ushered in for the much-tried Empire an era of unbroken external peace which, barring the military operations entailed by the occupation in 1878 of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has lasted down to the present day. Not so as regards internal peace. Since the closing of the Austrian temple of Janus racial strife has raged unceasingly, and still rages on. The Austrian *Abgeordneten Haus* has been turned into an arena for contending nationalities, and has witnessed scenes of disorder and violence which might be likened to the worst outbursts of the French *Convention.* In Hungary, too, a regrettable tendency has lately been shown to remove the landmarks wisely set by the statesmen who negotiated the *Ausgleich;* to foster unduly the Magyar national pride; and to revert to that purely personal union the dangers of which were so clearly perceived by the great Hungarian patriots of 1866. To enter fully into these questions would be quite outside the scope of these pages, but it is

[1] H. Friedjung, *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland,* vol. ii.

germane to their purpose to lay stress on the fact that, in the midst of all the difficulties attending the Dual system, and, at times, the almost complete breakdown of the representative system in both halves of the monarchy, the personal authority and prestige of the sovereign have only gone on increasing. It is also generally agreed by all thoughtful persons in the Emperor's dominions that, but for the controlling direction of the most conscientious and experienced of rulers, the future destinies of the Empire might well be viewed with apprehension.

After the conclusions of the settlement with Hungary and the general quieting down of the country, the Emperor felt free to indulge in the relaxation of travel. Up to this time he had scarcely left his own territories, which indeed afford probably the most extensive and varied playground in Europe. After his meeting with the French Emperor at Salzburg he visited, in November, 1867, the International Exhibition held that same year in Paris, where he met with a most cordial reception. Two years later he undertook a pilgrimage to the East, and notably to the Holy Land, reaching—early in November—Jerusalem, which he was the first German sovereign to visit since his ancestor the Emperor Frederick the Fourth, in the year 1436. From Palestine he went on to Egypt, where, together with the Empress Eugénie and other illustrious guests of the Khédive Ismaïl, he was present at the great ceremonies of the inauguration of the Suez Canal. He was alto-

gether absent from Vienna about six weeks. In September, 1872, Francis Joseph made a visit of ceremony to Berlin to the old Emperor William, whom he had casually met near Baden-Baden the year following Sadowa. Several other German sovereigns were present on this formal occasion, which marked the resumption of more cordial relations after the deadly breach of 1866. Two years after this he went for the first time to St. Petersburg, to return the complement paid him by Alexander II. in attending the great Vienna Exhibition. Some twenty years later he once more journeyed to the northern capital, this time to return the visit he had not long before received from the Czar Nicholas and his Consort, and which was rendered doubly interesting by the fact of its being the last occasion on which the Empress Elizabeth took part in any great Court function. Politically, the Emperor's last stay at St. Petersburg was important, inasmuch as it laid the foundation of that understanding with Russia in Balkanic affairs which has lasted down to the present crisis in the Near East.[1]

Considering his marked predilection for England, it is a remarkable circumstance that Francis Joseph should in the course of his travels never have been to this country. In more recent years he is known to have had a great desire to see England, and on the occasion of her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee he was fully prepared to attend its celebration, and,

[1] The circumstance attending the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the declaration of Bulgarian independence.

indeed, greatly looked forward to doing so. The advanced age of the Queen, however, unfortunately made it imperative that she should be spared the fatigue of doing the honors to crowned heads, and a private intimation to this effect was conveyed to all the great Courts. The Emperor was, therefore, represented by his nephew and heir-apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand—who also in 1901 attended the Queen's funeral. The inability of the Austro-Hungarian sovereign to visit this country is the more to be regretted that no foreign ruler was entitled to a warmer welcome amongst us. He afterwards watched with the deepest interest the great struggle in which we became engaged in South Africa, and gave open expression to his sympathies for us. Moreover, he was the only sovereign or head of a State who, of his own accord, took effectual measures to suppress the scandalous attacks made in the continental press upon England, and more especially the offensive caricatures of the Queen, which for too long disgraced the so-called comic papers abroad.[1] The attitude of Francis Joseph towards us during the war, and, indeed, his steadfast friendship all through the many years of his long and honored reign, deserves a greater measure of recognition than they have, perhaps, obtained in the general opinion of this country.

During this long period of peace Vienna, which had now emerged from the brick-and-mortar stage

[1] *Final Recollections of a Diplomatist,* pp. 360-361.



IMPERIAL BANQUET GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN AUGUST, 1896

REDUCED FROM "DAS BUCH VOM KAISER." M. HERZIG

of its transformation, and had become one of the most beautiful of modern cities, was the theatre of successive great meetings and pageants. In 1868 an immense gathering took place of rifle-clubs and sharpshooters, not only from all parts of the Empire, but also from all over Germany. It had, in fact, a distinct *Gross-Deutsch* character, and might be described as the last flicker of the sentiment which for centuries had bound the Fatherland to the Habsburg throne. A few years later the Austrian capital was the scene of an International Exhibition of Art and Industry of unprecedented proportions. The wide sylvan glades of the Prater lend themselves admirably to such an undertaking, and the vast Rotunda, built by the well-known English engineer Scott Russell—which rivals, if it does not exceed in size, though assuredly not in beauty, the cupola of St. Peter's—still remains to show the scale and character of this gigantic—and, it is to be feared, financially not very successful—venture. The Exhibition unfortunately coincided with a severe monetary crisis, and with a sharp visitation of cholera, and was further darkened by the destruction of the Ring-theatre by fire, with a great loss of life. It none the less drew crowds of visitors from all parts to the Danube city. Among the illustrious personages who visited it were the Prince of Wales, the Czar Alexander II., the Shah of Persia, the King of Italy, and the German Emperor, William I. At the close of that same year (1873), the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession was celebrated

with much *éclat*. But probably the grandest pageant of its kind was that arranged in honor of the silver wedding of the Imperial couple. All the marvelously picturesque grouping and details of the magnificent procession—with its great symbolical cars and swarms of horsemen in costume—which wended its way along the great broadway of the Ring, and passed before the Imperial tribune, had been designed by that master of color, the historical painter Hans Makart, and other great artists of the day. On the occasion of the silver wedding, too, the fine Gothic *Votiv Kirche,* built in commemoration of the Emperor's escape from assassination, was solemnly consecrated. Again, in December, 1882, there was a celebration of the 600th anniversary of the connection with Austria of the dynasty of Habsburg; and finally, in the spring of 1893, a highly interesting musical and dramatic exhibition was organized, mainly under the auspices of Princess Pauline Metternich, the wife of the former Ambassador to the Court of Napoleon III.

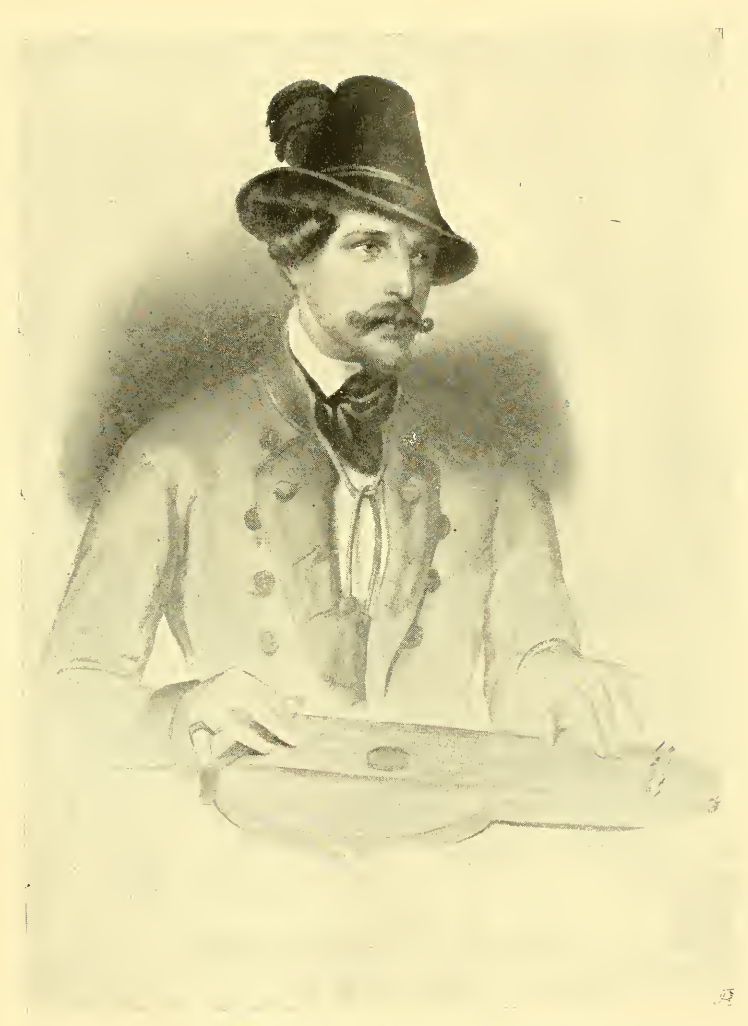
During this slow procession of tranquil, uneventful years, the Imperial children were growing up under the fostering care of a mother in whom the maternal instincts seemed before long to dominate or absorb almost every other feeling. From some of the very few who were then admitted to the intimacy of the Imperial circle, we get charming pictures of the family life in those days at the Empress's favorite residences of Gödöllö or Ischl. The Archduke

Rudolf, then about eleven years old, is spoken of as being "like a very charming English boy, full of fun and high spirits, and of a most affectionate disposition —devoted to his mother and to his sister, the Archduchess Gisela." The brother and sister were inseparable companions. When not kept hard at his lessons, in accordance with the inexorable routine imposed on the heir to the throne—the Archduke already spoke German, Hungarian, Czech, and French perfectly, and was fast learning Polish—or not out riding or shooting, he would spend many of his leisure hours in the nursery of the little Archduchess Valérie or in the Empress's study. There he would play with and amuse his sisters with his bright talk, or act little plays for their entertainment. The Empress herself, say the faithful surviving witnesses of those quiet, happy days, would devote hours to her children. To the privileged few of her immediate *entourage* it was then that she revealed her fascination to the full. She entirely threw off the inborn shyness, which in her exalted station she felt to be so great a drawback, and delighted her children by descriptions of her early youth in her beloved Bavarian home, and of her climbing and sporting exploits with her favorite brother, Charles Theodore—now the celebrated oculist, and the benefactor of so many sufferers from failing eyesight; or she played and sang to them, for she was an accomplished musician, and in later years did a great deal of music with the Abbe Liszt. But her favorite—it might almost be called her native—instrument was the zither, with its thin, but sweetly

thrilling tones. This she played with great skill, having been taught by her father, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, who, among many other accomplishments, was a past master of the instrument. To its accompaniment she sang in a low, deeply pathetic voice the delicious *Kärnthner Lieder*, and those quaint, popular Austrian *patois* songs, which seem to breathe and express all the poetry and magic of the Alps.

When the Crown Prince had reached man's estate, and had undergone the indispensable military and other examinations required of him, he went through a course of travel which included the Near East, but did not extend to any very distant countries. One year he joined the Empress in Ireland, where she was then hunting. This was the occasion on which was committed the almost incredible blunder mentioned by Lady Randolph Churchill in her charming *Reminiscences.* The Duke of Marlborough was then Lord-Lieutenant, and entertained the Archduke, giving a grand ball in St. Patrick's Hall partly in his honor. At this *fête* precedence over him was actually given to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, that civic dignitary being accorded the place of honor, and sent in to supper before the heir of all the Habsburgs!

In the course of his travels, the Crown Prince developed a great taste for natural history, and became a distinguished zoologist and ornithologist. During his many tours in the different provinces of the Empire he conceived the idea of making their various geographical, physical, and industrial features, as well as their picturesque and historical aspects, more



DUKE MAXIMILIAN IN BAYERN, FATHER OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY SCHÖNINGER

widely known. The result was a remarkable publication entitled, *Die Monarchie in Wort und Bild,* for the production of which he surrounded himself with a staff of the most eminent writers, scientists, and artists of the Empire, and to which he himself largely contributed. Altogether, he was much addicted to literary pursuits, although he no doubt, like others at his age, sowed his full measure of wild oats under temptations such as must unavoidably beset a young man in his exalted station. But on the whole, he seems rather to have been of a studious and reserved disposition, and had probably inherited some of the excessive shyness from which his mother, the Empress, suffered distressingly throughout her life. As a result of this he was, according to some of the most competent judges in Vienna society, relatively little known to the world in general. He charmed those whom he honored with his notice by his perfect, gracious manners, but somehow seemed generally to keep on the defensive. On the other hand, his relations with his mother were of the most affectionate character, while the Empress simply worshipped her brilliant, gifted son.

When he reached his twenty-third birthday, and had neared the age at which the Emperor himself had married so happily, the serious question arose of finding a suitable Consort for him. The choice was not an easy one, the field being necessarily strictly limited in the case of the heir to the Imperial Apostolic throne. Of marriageable Catholic princesses of great royal houses there happened to be but few at

that time. The very near relationship already existing with the Bavarian and Saxon families would in itself have been an impediment. No Infantas of Spain or Portugal could be looked for. There remained then Belgium, with whose Royal Family the House of Habsburg had already contracted alliances. King Leopold had married an Austrian Archduchess, the daughter of the former Palatine of Hungary, and his only sister was a still living, though providentially unconscious, sufferer from the great Mexican tragedy. But the King of the Belgians had a daughter who was just seventeen, and who found favor in the Archduke's eyes when he visited Brussels in order to ask for her hand.

The marriage took place at Vienna on the 10th of May, 1881, and was solemnized with great pomp and splendor. Perhaps the most striking feature of the fêtes that marked it was the procession of upwards of sixty admirably appointed Court carriages, in which the bride with the Imperial family and numerous royal guests was conveyed from Schönbrunn to the Hofburg in Vienna. Passing round the town, and up by the long, richly decorated main avenue of the Prater under a cloudless May sky, through dense throngs of holiday-makers, who almost impeded its progress, the cortège offered a unique spectacle. Besides the Emperor and Empress, the royal parents of Princess Stéphanie, and the more immediate relatives of both families, there were the Prince of Wales and his sister, Princess Victoria of Prussia (afterwards the Empress Frederick),

and young Prince William of Prussia, now German Emperor. At night Vienna was brilliantly illuminated. The rejoicings were universal all over the Empire, and every omen pointed to the happiness of a union which might be counted upon to maintain the Imperial dignity in the direct line, and to assure the future of the dynasty.

Two years later (in September, 1883) a daughter was born to the young Imperial couple, and called Elizabeth, after her grandmother the Empress. This only child of the Crown Prince, who but for the Salic law would eventually have succeeded to the Imperial throne, grew into the most attractive of princesses, with simple, unaffected ways, which—making due allowance for our national conceit—reminded all who approached her of the best type of English young ladyhood. She was an immense favorite with the Emperor and all the Imperial family, and might, with her personal advantages, have been expected to make a brilliant royal match. The charming Princess, however, met her fate in the Vienna ballrooms, and on the lawns at Laxenburg, where in the summer the Crown Princess Stéphanie gave small afternoon parties, to which she invited a few young men, diplomats and others, to play tennis with her and her daughter. One of these was a cadet of the princely house of Windischgrätz, then serving as lieutenant in a lancer regiment quartered at Vienna. Before long a strong attachment sprang up between the Princess and the young Uhlan officer, in spite of the apparently insuperable obstacles which divided them. For how-

ever indulgent might be the grandfather with whom, after her mother's remarriage,[1] she lived entirely, his consent to so unequal an alliance was hardly to be thought of. One day, however, while staying with the Archduchess Valérie at the beautiful Château of Wallsee on the Danube, whither she had gone with the Emperor, she took her courage in both hands and opened her heart to her aunt, declaring that, if not allowed to marry the man of her choice, she would renounce the world and go into a convent. The Archduchess, moved by her niece's distress, told her she had better make no concealment from the Emperor of the state of her feelings. *"Nun, so geh doch zum Grosspapa; er ist im nächsten Zimmer!"*[2] said the Archduchess—according to what appears to be a reliable account of the incident. In fear and trembling Elizabeth followed this advice, and found in the kind old Emperor a much more patient listener than she had dared hope. Struck by her tale, the Emperor said he would think it over and see what could be done. After a short time he sent for young Otto Windischgrätz, and the trepidation with which the young lieutenant of Uhlans must have gone to the audience can hardly be realized, without remembering that in the eyes of his royal subjects the Emperor, with all his kindly ways, remains none the less "the dread sovereign" of mediæval days. But whatever the young man's fears, they were speedily allayed. The Emperor went straight to the point. He had, he said,

[1] The widowed Crown Princess Stéphanie married in March, 1900 Count Elemer Lonyay.

[2] "Well, go in to your grandpapa; he is in the next room!"

heard from his granddaughter of the nature and extent of her feelings for him, but he wished to assure himself that they were entirely reciprocated. On the young suitor then professing with much warmth his absolute devotion to the Archduchess, the Emperor graciously dismissed him, but stopping him before he reached the door, said there was one thing he advised him not to forget, and that was under all circumstances to remain master in his own house: "*Ja Herr in Hause bleiben!*" A few days later he sent for the father, Prince Ernest Windischgrätz, and talked the matter over with him, ending what must have been a somewhat trying conversation for the parent of the aspiring young man, by telling him that he trusted his granddaughter would receive as kindly a welcome "*im Windischbrätzschen Hause*" as Prince Otto might be assured of from him and the Imperial family. On the occasion of the marriage, the entire junior branch of this old Bohemian house to which the bridegroom belonged was given the rank of "*Durchlaucht,*" or Serene Highness.

The very delicate question of marriage with persons of inferior rank had not long before been raised in its acutest form, in the Imperial family, when the heir-apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, announced his intention of taking for his wife the Countess Sophie Chotek. It was generally understood that the Emperor had been strongly opposed to this project, and had finally only given his consent to it on the express condition that the union should be of a strictly morganatic character. Some

fear was at first felt that on eventually ascending the throne the Archduke might, of his Imperial will, modify the family statutes (*Hausgestz*), raise the morganatic consort to the rank of Empress, and even declare her children—should she have any—capable of succeeding to the Imperial crown. The most ample precautions were therefore taken to guard against this possibility.

Accordingly, on the 25th of June, 1900, a *Hofansage,* or Official Court notice, appeared announcing that a privy Council had been summoned for the 28th, at which H.I. and R. Highness the Archduke Francis Ferdinand would make a solemn declaration under form of oath. Besides all the Archdukes of full age then in Vienna, the Council was attended by the Governors of the different Provinces, by all the chief dignitaries of the Church, Court, and State, and by the heads of many of the great Austrian and Hungarian houses. The Emperor manifested considerable emotion in the course of the short speech he made from the throne, explaining the conditions on which he had thought fit to assent to the morganatic marriage of his nephew.

The Archduke hereupon read a document in which he solemnly engaged to respect the family laws of the Archducal house, and acknowledged the union he was about to contract to be simply morganatic, adding that the children who might be born of it would not be accounted of equal rank *(ebenbürtig),* and therefore not entitled under the Pragmatic Sanction to succeed to the throne either in Austria or Hungary.

This declaration the heir-apparent then confirmed with an oath administered to him by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna.

Before the Imperial consent was given to the marriage, protracted negotiations had taken place between the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, one of the most delicate points treated being the fact that the condition of equal birth, or *Ebenbürtigkeit,* which is indispensable for the Consort of any Austrian Emperor, is unknown to the Hungarian Constitution. To remedy this, it was finally arranged that the renunciation by the Archduke of all Imperial and Royal dignity and privileges for his wife and her eventual children should be embodied in a law which was passed by the Hungarian Diet in the following autumn.

The heir-apparent's marriage took place quietly on the 1st of July at the Château of Reichstadt in Bohemia, the residence of his stepmother, the Archduchess Marie Thérèse—even the bridegroom's brothers not being present at it. By all accounts the union contracted in the face of such formidable obstacles has turned out very happily. The Princess Hohenberg—that being the title conferred upon her—is gifted with great intelligence and tact, and will no doubt in due course have to be reckoned with as a power behind the throne. As for the Archduke himself, although so important a factor in the future of the monarchy, relatively little can be said with certainty respecting him. He is unquestionably endowed with a strong will, and is believed to be

possessed of marked abilities, which since the fatal event which placed him in direct succession to the crown, he has used every effort to cultivate and turn to the best advantage. Whenever called by Providence to ascend the throne, he is certain to grasp the reins of government with no feeble hand. Some of the leading statesmen in the Dual Monarchy are known to entertain a high opinion of his capacity, while his few intimates speak very favorably of his courtesy and charm of manner. Nevertheless, owing probably to a naturally reserved disposition, and to the difficult circumstances in which an heir-apparent necessarily finds himself placed, the Archduke maintains a carefully guarded attitude, and to the public at large may be described as an almost unknown quantity. It can, therefore, be assumed that in the matter of the ultra-clerical and pro-Slav proclivities sometimes attributed to him, much more is said than can in any way be substantiated. One portion, and that a very important one, of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's life lies open to the knowledge of all: his devotion to, and his great aptitude for, sport. He is one of the finest shots in a country where good sportsmen abound, and his prowess, especially in shooting big game, is spoken of with great respect and admiration both in Austrian and Hungarian sporting circles.

When all has been said, the nephew and eventual successor of Francis Joseph remains for the time a highly interesting, even though a somewhat enigmatic personality. For some years the trend of circum-

stances was strongly adverse to him. When, at the age of twenty-six, he was so unexpectedly called to his present status in the Imperial family, he had been in no degree trained or prepared for the responsibilities that must devolve upon him. Just then, too, his health seriously failed, and it was feared that he was falling into a rapid decline. For several years he had to winter abroad, while his younger brother, the Archduke Otto—who now had to take his brother's place in public functions—came gradually to be regarded as the eventual heir-apparent. Such a situation might well have produced an estrangement between these two elder sons of the Archduke Charles Louis, but so sincere was their mutual affection, that when—in the spring of 1897—the Archduke Francis Ferdinand returned home in fully restored health, he was received by no one with greater rejoicing than by the Archduke Otto. It is a strange and striking instance of the uncertainty of human affairs that this wonderfully good-looking prince—the picture of life and strength, and the beau-ideal of a brilliant cavalry commander—should have died at a comparatively early age, while his elder brother, whose health had for years caused such grave anxiety, still survives, with every prospect before him of a long and happy life. Although the Archduke Francis Ferdinand represented the Emperor at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in June, 1897, his complete restoration to health and to the position due to him in the Imperial house was not officially recognized until March, 1898. An Imperial Rescript was then addressed to him,

congratulating him on his recovery and on his ability to resume his military duties. The wording of the Rescript pointed to its being the Emperor's intention to constitute his nephew, on occasion, his *alter ego* in military affairs. The Rescript likewise dwelt on the importance of the Archduke acquiring the highest strategic training, which he would now do by being "placed at the disposal of the Emperor's own supreme command."

The Archduke Otto left a promising son, the Archduke Charles Francis, now twenty-one years old, who is in direct succession to the throne, and has been admirably brought up by his mother, the Archduchess Marie Josepha, a daughter of King George of Saxony.

CHAPTER XII

FRANCIS JOSEPH—PEACEFUL YEARS

1868-1888

THE Imperial Hofburg at Vienna was until quite recent years a vast irregular pile of buildings, showing no attempt at uniform architectural design, which had from time to time been added to by successive Emperors from the days of Charles the Fifth onwards. It was imposing by its dimensions rather than by any dignity of style or aspect. Within the last few years two great wings have been thrown out at either end of the original massive structure, and have greatly enhanced its character and appearance. With these splendid additions, however—the work of Hofrath von Förster, after old designs—the nineteenth century has no concern. The ancient historical Burg, which for its associations can only be compared to such defunct palaces as Whitehall or the now dethroned Louvre, surrounds a very large inner quadrangle called the Franzens-Platz, after the Emperor Francis the Second, whose somewhat pretentious monument decorates its center and bears the inscription, "*Amorem meum populis meis.*"

This vast quadrangle itself, on to which look the

windows of all the principal living rooms of the palace, has one aspect which entirely distinguishes it from the precincts of any other royal residence. From time immemorial a right of passage through it has been granted to the citizens of Vienna, and it serves as a busy thoroughfare not only for foot-passengers, but also for the innumerable *fiakers* and other public conveyances with which the Kaiserstadt abounds. This seems at first sight a singularly democratic dispensation, but it is only in keeping with the easy-going *bonhomie* of the relations which have always existed between the Imperial rulers and the inhabitants of their metropolis. So at all times, from early morning till late at night, the quiet of the illustrious inmates of the Burg is broken by the constant noise of the wheeled traffic which, coming from the Ring, crosses the great paved inner square, and, passing under the large vaulted Rotunda, finally emerges into the city beyond by the Michaeler Thor, with its great groups of statuary, and its striking curved facade, which has been carried out from the plans made by Fischer von Erlach in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

The chief Imperial apartments are situated at the north-west angle of the palace—known as the Bellaria. Here are the rooms which the Emperor inhabits when not residing at Schönbrunn. Their general decoration and style, and a good deal of the furniture, are of the period of Maria Theresa, and on the walls are now hung a number of water-colors, mostly purchased at the Austrian art exhibitions patronized by the

sovereign. These rooms are but little used except in the early evenings, when the Emperor occasionally receives a few members of his family. The sovereign's life is really passed in his study, and it may be doubted whether in any palace in Europe a greater number of laborious hours are spent than by him within those four walls. The room itself is plainly, but comfortably furnished; the wall-panels and curtains are of dark red *lampas,* and a thick carpet on the floor deadens all sound. There is a sufficiency of well-upholstered leather arm-chairs (none of them ever used by the Emperor), and near one of the windows stands the monumental writing-table, loaded with despatch-boxes and littered with piles of papers, at which—literally from early dawn—the hardest-worked man in his dominions sits unremittingly throughout the day. Close behind the table, on an easel, facing him as he sits, is a portrait of the Empress Elizabeth, by Winterhalter, taken soon after her marriage. The room contains no looking-glass nor ornament of any kind, not even a clock, for the most rigidly punctual of monarchs relies simply on his own stout silver hunting-watch.

Francis Joseph's time-table is peculiar, not to say uncomfortable. He rises, both winter and summer, between four and five, sometimes even earlier, and by then the aide-de-camp in waiting has to be in attendance in the outer room adjoining the study. Of these early hours the royal poetess Carmen Sylva once wrote: *"Die Sonne weckt Alle in Seinem weiten Reiche nur Ein-*

en nicht, den Kaiser. Denn der weckt die Sonne!"

Not long after he has begun his daily toil a tray is brought in with his early breakfast, consisting of tea, the delicious Vienna bread, and a thin slice or two of cold meat. This is placed on a corner of his writing-table together with the morning papers, which, after breakfasting, he proceeds to read, while smoking the first of the strictly limited number of cigars he indulges in. About noon the Emperor lunches at a round table, which at other times is covered with books and documents, and is only cleared for the purpose. A very simple meal this, composed of a couple of plain dishes with light Pilsener beer poured from an ordinary stone jug. This solitary mid-day meal is enlivened by the *Wacht-parade.* On the stroke of twelve the detachment which has come to relieve guard at the *Hauptwache,* immediately facing the Imperial living rooms, enters the *Franzensplatz* by the *Burgthor* to the inspiriting strains of one of those quick-marches, to the indescribable go and swing of which only an Austrian band can do justice. Relieving guard at the Burg is the most popular of functions. A crowd soon collects round the band, and, while listening to the music it so admirably discourses, keeps an eye fixed on the windows opposite. It is sometimes rewarded, for now and then, before returning to his work, the Emperor will come to the window and stand for a few minutes looking down on the lively scene below.

[1] "The sun wakes everyone in his wide dominions, with one exception, the Emperor, for he wakes the sun."

For his dinner, which is served between five and six o'clock, the illustrious worker shifts his quarters to a small dining-room, where he generally entertains one or other of the Archdukes and some member of his suite. In earlier days he habitually adjourned after dinner to the old *Burgtheater,* which was situated in a corner of the immense, rambling palace. Gifted with a keen sense of humor, he enjoyed nothing more than a hearty laugh at one of the light plays or farces, descriptive of Vienna life, in which the repertoire of the *Burgtheater* abounds. In those simpler days the theatres began at six, but by degrees the tide of Western habits and luxury reached Vienna, and complaints were raised against the early hours of the two Court theatres. The Emperor was petitioned, and although he defrays from his privy purse a very large part of their cost, he sacrificed his own pleasure and gave his consent to the change to a later hour, simply shrugging his shoulders, and observing that thenceforward he supposed he would have to give up going to the play.

Except on rare occasions, when he attends evening receptions at Court or elsewhere, the Emperor retires to his well-earned rest at nine o'clock. His bedroom is even more simple and homely than the other rooms he lives in. It is small, with one window in a deep embrasure, and an adjoining bath-room. The bedstead and wash-hand stand are of the plainest kind. Of ease or luxury there is no sign; extreme tidiness and simplicity being the pervading characteristics. On the walls are many photographs of his nearest

relations; and here and there about the room may be seen little bits of fancy work, evidently from the deft fingers of his dear ones.

Very great is the contrast between the severely simple private rooms of the sovereign in the Burg and the State Apartments. The *Ceremoniensaal,* richly decorated in the best Empire style, where the Emperor opens the Reichsrath, and where great banquets are occasionally held in honor of royal visitors, is a magnificent room of admirable proportions. Here, too, is given the prettiest and smartest of the Court festivities, the small *Ball bei Hof,* where uniform, except in the case of officers, is dispensed with. The spacious marble *Rittersaal,* in which on Maundy Thursday in Passion Week takes place the quaint impressive ceremony of the *Fusswaschung,* and the big ball-room or *Redoutensaal*—so called from the masquerades *(Redouten)* which were the fashion in the days of Joseph the Second—are both of immense size and noble design. The Court entertainments, although not numerous, are on a scale of much dignity and sumptuousness.

Time-honored tradition plays a great part in the economy of the Imperial household. The number of attendants and servants of all grades is quite prodigious, and on retirement these are all assured of pensions for themselves or their widows and orphans. On stated days the large offices of the Court paymaster at the Burg are crowded with these people. To some reforming Master of the Household, who ventured to represent the advisability of a reduction

in the number of servants employed, the Emperor is said to have replied in the words of Joseph II.: "*Nun ja, ich kann wohl ohne den Leuten leben, aber sie nicht ohne mich.*[1] It is to this paternal trait, handed down by successive sovereigns, and which is very strongly marked in Francis Joseph, that the extraordinary hold of the Imperial house on the affections of the Austrian people is in great measure due.

The Imperial stable department is maintained on the same liberal footing. It was for many years under the management of the late General of Cavalry, Prince Rudolf Liechtenstein, who, besides being *Premier Grand Maître* of the Court (answering to our Lord Steward), also held the office of Master of the Horse. A perfect horseman, with a profound knowledge of horse flesh, Prince Liechtenstein was admirably suited for the duties to which he was devoted. On his retirement, which was universally regretted, he was succeeded in the supervision of the Imperial stables by Count Ferdinand Kinsky—a younger brother of the Prince Kinsky who is so well known in English society. The harness horses almost all come from the great stud-farm at Lippizana, near Trieste, and are originally of Arab breed. Many of them are grays, and look very smart with the carriages, which are dark green picked out with gold. At the Imperial stables there is an interesting collection of old carriages, which, besides the Coronation and

[1] "Why, of course I can live without these people, but they can't live without me."

other gala State coaches, includes a small *calèche* used by the Emperor in his boyhood, an ancient phaëton which was driven by the unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt, and Maria Theresa's litter and her heavily gilt sledges. Here, too, are to be seen some Turkish tents taken at the raising of the siege of Vienna, and a small armory of old sporting guns and rifles, among which are the first weapons handled by the present Emperor. The glory of the Imperial stable department is the *Spanische Reitschule,* or school of *haute école,* which has been kept up ever since the days of the Spanish connections. The training exhibited by the animals—about thirty in number—selected each year for the purpose from among the Imperial stud is simply surprising, the method employed to break them in having been handed down from Castilian, possibly even from Moorish, riding-masters of the sixteenth century or earlier. The late Prince Rudolf Liechtenstein had a valuable collection of old colored prints which illustrated the *tours de force* performed at the Spanish school. One of them showed the horse actually in the air with its rider, with all its four feet off the ground at the same time.

The Emperor resides by preference a great deal at Schönbrunn, where his mode of life is even yet simpler and quieter than in town. He loves its gardens, and may be seen pacing their paths long before his gardeners are at work or indeed astir. This big, ugly palace—which, with its rococo style, its flat, endless, pale yellow façade and green outside sun-blinds, much resembles some of the royal resi-

dences in Russia—has always been a favorite Imperial abode since the days of its creator, the Empress Maria Theresa. For some months in 1805 and 1809 it had a formidable tenant in Napoleon, and in the very room whence he launched some of his most arrogant decrees, his ill-fated son was destined to breathe his last in July, 1832.

Of late years, since the great pacification, the Emperor, as King of Hungary, often visits his capital city of Pesth, and transfers thither his Court from Vienna for some weeks. The palace built by Maria Theresa at Ofen was partly burned down in 1849, and some twenty years ago had fallen into a state of such utter disrepair as to afford but the scantiest accommodation. At the time of a memorable visit made by the German Emperor to Budapest in the autumn of 1897, only four rooms could be placed at his disposal, one of which was occupied by his aide-de-camp, another being turned for the nonce into a bath-room, for which no other provision existed. The Empress Elizabeth's apartment consisted of only six rooms; while the Emperor Francis Joseph contented himself with four, one of which had also to serve for the Ministerial Councils he held. The rest of this floor was taken up by the far from imposing State apartments, and by those occupied by any members of the Imperial family who might be on a visit. State dignitaries and Court officials were more or less uncomfortably lodged on the second and third floors of the ramshackle old building. The restoration of the Burg, which had been begun in the closing years of

the century, has since been fully carried out, at very great expense. The fine palace on the heights of Ofen, in which the Emperor-King is now sumptuously housed, has an admirable outlook over the twin cities, the majestic Danube, and the great rolling plains around, the beauty of the view being comparable only to that which may be seen (of course on a much smaller scale) from Windsor Castle. Charming terraced gardens slope down to the river, and away on the horizon are the dark woods of Gödöllö, so beloved of the Empress and so full of her memories.

Part of the charm of Ofen is the breath from the East—as the Hungarian poet has it—which blows across the Puszta, over which ten centuries ago Arpad and his wild horsemen came in their thousands from distant Asia. Hungary remains to this day the threshold of the Orient, and no doubt, in common with others, her sovereign feels the subtle attraction. His own rooms at the palace here, being more modern, are perhaps rather less severely plain than those at Vienna. At the head of his military camp-bed hangs a *Marienbild*—the Virgin and Child—and at its foot, facing him as he lies there, a colored photograph of his fellow-worker in the great compromise, the upright, single-minded Franz Déak. In his study are two precious memorials of the past: a lovely portrait of the Empress in her first youth, and, within reach on his writing-table, a hand made of pure gold—the gift of the Empress, and the exact model of her own slender, delicate hand. It bears a bracelet set with three stones: a ruby, a diamond, and

an emerald—the Hungarian national colors—each of the stones serving to ring a different electric bell.

What relaxation Francis Joseph needs in his strenuous life he finds in the frequent personal inspection of his troops, and in the great manœuvres that take place every autumn in different regions of the monarchy, which he follows with the keenest interest. Above all, he finds it in sport. From the day when, quite a boy, he shot—so tradition has it—two martens on the roof of the gardener's house at Schönbrunn with a *doppelschuss* (both barrels), his prowess as a sportsman has been well established. He owns extensive sporting estates in Styria and in the Salz Kammergut. The shooting-ground he prefers is at Mürzsteg, where he has built a comfortable lodge, after occupying for a good many years the beautiful old Cistercian Abbey of Neuberg (suppressed by the iconoclastic Joseph in 1785), which was one of the Empress's favorite resorts. In the same district he also owns the domain of Eisenerz, besides large Alpine shootings round Ischl and in the neighboring country. At all these places game-books have been carefully kept for years past, and, reckoning from the year 1852 until 1897, these show the following results:—

Two thousand two hundred and ninety-five capercailzie and 561 head of black game, of which 406 and 43 respectively fell to the Emperor's gun. During that same period the illustrious sportsman accounted for 1243 stags, 1730 chamois, and 15 roebuck, the latter species of game being very uncommon in Alpine

regions. The above account does not include the shooting at Gödöllö, where many wild boar form part of the Imperial spoil. The Emperor's trustiest weapon is said to be an Express rifle of Lancaster make, the gift to him of the Empress.

It is, of course, impossible to state even approximately the amount of the Emperor of Austria's income independently of his Civil List, but he is now without question one of the richest of reigning sovereigns. It is, nevertheless, a curious fact that during more than a quarter of a century after his accession, his resources were not at all so abundant. When the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated in 1848, he by no means surrendered all the very large revenues of the Crown domains, but continued to enjoy them until his decease in 1875. Living, however, in complete retirement at Prague, his opportunities of spending his large income were so limited that great accumulations took place, by which the present sovereign has since benefited. As well as the property immediately appertaining to the Crown, there exists a large Archducal family fund, out of which the respective appanages of the junior members of the Imperial House are provided. One or two of the Archdukes, notably the heir apparent Francis Ferdinand, and Frederick, the grandson of the celebrated Archduke Charles, have besides inherited very large private fortunes. The former succeeded to the Modena Este property on the extinction of that branch of the Imperial House; and the latter to the extensive estates which came from the Duke of Saxe Teschen—the



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH IN SHOOTING ATTIRE

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY EDWARD KAISER (ABOUT 1865)

husband of Maria Theresa's favorite daughter, the Archduchess Christine—together with the magnificent library and works of art of the celebrated Albertina and other collections.

The Emperor is well known to be very generous in his dealings with his unusually numerous kinsfolk,[1] especially the younger ones, whom, on occasion, he substantially helps. It is said—though there is no vouching for the statement—that every Christmas each grown-up unmarried Archduchess receives from him, besides other presents, a large unset diamond. However this may be, there is a pretty and true story told of the kindness of the Emperor to his granddaughter the Archduchess Elizabeth when she made her first appearence in society at the Hof-ball. When trying on her simple white ball-dress for the occasion, she was rather distressed at having no ornament for her neck, which she thought required something, being rather long. Hearing of this, the Emperor at once sent for a double row of pearls suitable for a *débutante,* and these, to her great surprise and delight, she found on her dressing-table just before going to the ball.

His benefactions are large and widespread, and he takes an active and generous interest in the hospitals and charitable institutions of the capital, as well as of the other great centers of the monarchy. But if the monarch is open-handed in his private bounty and donations, he is said to keep a sharp eye on the ex-

[1] The Habsburg stock is indeed so prolific, that at the inauguration of the monument of Maria Theresa at Pressburg in 1897, the sovereign was surrounded by no less than thirty-four members of his family.

penditure of the public money. On this point the characteristic story is related of him that, on receiving from his Ambassador at Constantinople a despatch complacently announcing that he had had a long and interesting interview with the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom he had taken for a cruise on the Bosphorus in the Austrian Embassy despatch-boat, the Emperor humorously wrote in the margin: "Who paid for the coal?"

After the great Franco-German struggle, of which Austria-Hungary had remained an impassive though deeply interested spectator, the course of foreign affairs, which had now passed into the hands of Count Andrássy, continued to run smoothly at Vienna. Bereft of its Italian interests, and excluded from Germany, the Monarchy turned its attention more and more to the Balkanic countries that lie on its southern borders, and to the systematic efforts of Russia, her hereditary rival in the Near East, to shake and undermine the remnants of the old Ottoman power. Half-way through the Seventies the perennial unrest in these regions burst into open insurrection in the Turkish province of Herzegovina, and the Ottoman Government being unable to cope effectually with this rising, the movement spread to Bulgaria, and ere long affected the entire peninsula. In Russia, the powerful Panslavist organization mainly directed in those days by Katkow of the *Moscow Gazette*, overcame the hesitation and the scruples of Alexander II., and brought matters to

the point of war. Recent events have more clearly revealed the fact that, before reluctantly drawing the sword in 1877, the Russian Emperor came to an understanding with Vienna, whereby Austria-Hungary, in exchange for its neutrality during the impending conflict, should acquire the right to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. This agreement, as originally concluded at Reichstadt in July, 1876, at a meeting of the two Emperors, foreshadowed the acquisition by Austria of a part of Bosnia, while Russia was to recover the Bessarabian districts relinquished by her at the Treaty of Paris. Later on it was supplemented (in March, 1877) by a secret Convention setting forth the territorial augmentations which each Power should obtain in the event of the war leading to a redistribution of Turkish territory, or to the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. Austria was in such case to acquire Bosnia and Herzegovina. These several agreements were, of course, kept profoundly secret, and the upshot of the matter was that, at the close of the war, the Congress of Berlin conferred a European mandate on the Dual Monarchy for the administration of the provinces.

At the end of July, 1878, immediately after the signature of the Treaty, the Austrian forces, under the command of General Philippovitch, entered Bosnia, but met at first with very serious resistance. It was not until November that the country was finally pacified, the Austrian loss during the tedious operations carried on in a mountainous region amounting to five thousand men. In the winter and spring

of 1882, when the conscription was introduced, a fresh rising took place in Herzegovina, but was put down without much difficulty. There are now no finer troops in the Imperial army than the smart Bosnian battalions, with the red fez and short Oriental jacket.

During the thirty years that have elapsed since their occupation by Austria, these provinces have been admirably governed. They were from the first confided to the care of the late M. de Kállay, whose knowledge of Balkan affairs and history, and familiarity with the different Slavonic dialects, were probably unrivalled. M. de Kállay had many of the qualities which have distinguished our own great proconsuls, and his administration of the occupied territory may be justly described as a model of enlightened state-craft. Under his rule these neglected provinces of the effete Ottoman Empire were reclaimed from relative barbarism, and gathered into the fold of civilization. Good roads have opened up the most inaccessible parts of the country, and over thirteen hundred kilometres of railway and nearly three thousand kilometres of telegraph lines now unite all its chief centers. A great deal has been done for higher and technical education; and agriculture, as well as the typical industries of the country, has received every encouragement. The Bosnian pavilion made a very creditable show at the Vienna Jubilee Exhibition of 1898. The splendid work begun by M. de Kállay is now being ably carried on by his successor, Baron Burian. Certainly the Imperial

Government have in every way done justice to the task which was assigned to them at Berlin, although they have had to contend with religious difficulties raised by a section of the orthodox clergy, who dread Roman Catholic influence; as well as with the Pan-Servian idea—the latter being fostered by agitators in the adjacent kingdom, which, for the last quarter of a century, has been a hot-bed of intrigue and of conspiracies, ranging from regicide downwards. These causes have no doubt seriously retarded the complete assimilation of the provinces with the rest of the Empire, and have rendered their definitive incorporation imperative.[1]

After the general settlement of Berlin, little that was of interest to the Dual Monarchy occurred in the domain of foreign affairs until the bloodless revolution which took place in Eastern Roumelia in September, 1885. The events which followed in Greece in 1885-86, as a result of that sudden upheaval, of course engaged the attention of the Imperial Government,[2] as did also the Cretan rising in 1897, and the futile attempt made by Greece to cope with the vastly superior forces of Turkey. On a memorable occasion, too, Austria-Hungary effectually intervened to shield and save Servia and the dynasty which was after-

[1] Decisive steps towards that incorporation would no doubt have been taken long before this, but for the difficulty of determining whether the provinces should be placed under the Austrian or the Hungarian Crown.

[2] The revolution at Philippopolis, which was undoubtedly a flagrant violation of the *status quo* in the Balkans, as established at Berlin, produced the greatest excitement in Greece; the Government mobilizing their forces and threatening war unless some territorial compensation was granted to them. In 1897 a similar demonstration led to hostilities with Turkey, the issue of which was disastrous for Greece.

wards murderously destroyed to make way for the Karageorgevitches, from the consequences of its crushing defeat by the Bulgarians at Slivnitza. But, on the whole, the Ball-platz for some time ceased to take any really active share in the affairs of Europe, the fact being that the alliance which the Dual Monarchy had entered into with Germany and Italy was not without a certain restraining, and in part circumscribing, effect on its action in important international questions. There is, indeed, not much scope left for initiative in the compact which binds the Imperial Government to its mighty Northern neighbor and ally. Even in the affairs of the Near East, which are of such immediate importance to her, Austria-Hungary has in some degree come to act as the advance guard of Germany.

It was, however, principally the internal condition of the Empire which, towards the close of the century, absorbed the attention of the sovereign and his advisers. The Emperor, on the resignation of the Windischgrätz Cabinet in 1895, had entrusted the Premiership to Count Badeni—the former able Governor of Galicia—with the express charge to obtain from the newly elected Austrian Chamber the periodical renewal—which was then pending—of the economic part of the *Ausgleich* with Hungary.

That Chamber was opened in April, 1897, but soon showed an intractable spirit which obliged the Government to close it until the autumn. When it then met again, the notorious Bohemian language question brought about a complete parliamentary

breakdown.[1] Scenes of incredible tumult and disorder which were entirely due to the disloyal Pan-German fraction of the Bohemian deputies, made the Austrian Chamber a byword among Parliaments, and drove the Prime Minister to resign. The violent passions which had been let loose in the House soon spread to the streets, and Vienna was for a few days on the verge of a popular rising. The most regrettable and reprehensible feature in the fall of Count Badeni was its taking place to the treasonable strains of the "Wacht am Rhein" and the "Bismarck's Lied." But the most serious result of these deplorable dissensions was the bearing they had on the relations with Hungary. The anarchy which reigned in the Austrian Chamber had rendered impossible the renewal of the *Ausgleich* at the proper time. Austria's embarrassment thus unavoidably became Hungary's opportunity, and, for a time, Prince Bismarck's prediction, that the center of gravity of the Monarchy would soon be found at Pesth rather than at Vienna, appeared likely to prove true. Already the Party of Independence in the Hungarian Diet had taken advantage of the situation to put forward—as a plea for the recovery by Hungary of her perfect freedom, including an independent national army and independent diplomatic representation abroad—the fact that Austria's parliamentary dissensions made her

[1] An attempt had been made to pacify the malcontent Czechs by the promulgation of ordinances under which their language, in all judicial and administrative transactions, was placed on a footing of equality with German throughout Bohemia and Moravia; the knowledge of Czech being required of all public functionaries.

incapable of dealing with the *Ausgleich* in proper constitutional form.[1] In short, a leaf was taken by them out of the Norwegian book, which those who run may read as the plainest warning of the dangers attending that dual system which has been truly stigmatized as a "vulture gnawing at the vitals of Empire."[2]

With problems such as these facing them at every turn, it is not surprising that of late the Imperial Government should have resorted to a more decided policy in the Near East, in the hope that they may thereby awaken in both halves of the Monarchy a common sense of solidarity and a feeling of devotion to Imperial interests, irrespective of nationality, which have too long remained dormant in the polyglot Empire. Certain it is that at Vienna, at any rate, on his return from Budapest after the decision taken with regard to Bosnia and Herzegovina had been made public, the Emperor was received with more than ordinary enthusiasm, and hailed by the Burgomaster of the capital as *"Mehrer des Reiches,"* or Augmenter of the Empire. But these circumstances being entirely outside the frame of the nineteenth century, to which these pages are confined, are only referred to here in passing.

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[1] Under a very ill-advised stipulation of the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, as explained above, the economic part of that compact—the proportion, namely, of the common expenditure to be borne by each country, the Customs and Commercial Union, and other financial details—has to be revised every ten years. The breakdown in the Parliament at Vienna had temporarily prevented the Austrian Government from complying with this condition.

[2] The words are Lord Rosebery's.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GENEVA TRAGEDY

1888-1898

IN the winter of 1888-89 the much-tried Imperial couple were to undergo the severest ordeal of their lives. Their only son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, had now reached his thirty-first year. He was full of life and promise, being at that time probably the most accomplished, as he was the most popular, of heirs apparent to a great monarchy. Like all the princes of his house, he was passionately fond of sport, and being at the same time a distinguished naturalist, had become very skillful in taxidermy, and amused himself in preparing specimens of the game he shot for his private natural history museum. Not long before, he had bought a shooting-lodge at a place called Mayerling, which lay embosomed in woods in a fold of the lovely *Wienerwald.* It was one of his favorite resorts, and he had here got together a remarkable collection of stuffed beasts and birds, a good many of which were the work of his own hands.

Towards the end of the last week in January he went down to Mayerling for a few days shooting, taking with him as guests his brother-in-law, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and Count Joseph Hoyos.

Early on the morning of the 30th January, 1889, tidings reached the Burg at Vienna that the Crown Prince had died suddenly in the course of the night, and the announcement first made public was that the death was due to heart failure. Soon, however, it became known beyond a doubt that the unfortunate prince had committed suicide in a moment of mental aberration. Suicide is so utterly abhorrent to the Catholic conscience, that nothing would have persuaded the Emperor to allow it to be believed that the Archduke had died by his own hand if it had not been true. The myths that have grown up around the tragic death of the Crown Prince may, therefore, be relegated to the obscurity which befits them, though a certain mystery will ever hang over the causes which led to so desperate an act. Certain it is that not one of the small group of persons who were at Mayerling on the fatal day has ever allowed a single word to escape him respecting the tragedy with which they were all so closely associated. One of them, Count Joseph Hoyos, brought the news to the palace at Vienna, and first sought out the Empress, who with incredible fortitude undertook to break it to her husband. In her solicitude for the Emperor she, in fact, for the time mastered her own almost overwhelming sorrow, and supported him through the agony of that terrible moment. Well might he, when, after the funeral of his son, he sent a message of thanks to his subjects for the sympathy they had shown him in his sore affliction, emphasize the fact that to the courage and devotion of the Empress

he owed his not having given way to utter despair. When the Emperor had heard all the details of the tragic event from Count Hoyos, the latter—in his desire to save the unhappy parents the humiliation of acknowledging the fact of their son's suicide—chivalrously volunteered, it is said, to take upon himself the death of the Crown Prince. He offered to declare that he had shot him by accident during a battue on the previous day, and said that he was prepared at once to leave the country for good, and to bear in exile the odium of having caused the death of the heir to the throne. The Emperor, however, refused to accept this generous sacrifice, and the sad truth of the tragedy was very reluctantly given to the world.

To the Empress, who absolutely idolized her son, the inevitable reaction soon came. She had long been in bad health, suffering greatly from neuritis, which had obliged her to give up riding, and sent her year after year to that prince of masseurs, the celebrated Metzger of Amsterdam. After the tragedy of Mayerling her nervous system completely broke down; the old spirit of unrest again came over her, and she roamed from one health resort to another in search of change and relief. From time to time she returned to Austria for brief periods—the last occasion on which she took part in any Court ceremony being during the visit of the Russian Imperial couple in August, 1896, when she entertained them at her own much-cherished Castle of Lainz—but Vienna knew her no more. Besides the shock and the all-absorbing

grief caused by the loss of her beloved son, she had deeply felt the deposition, the year before, of her eccentric cousin, King Louis of Bavaria, to whom she was much attached. She had obtained from the Emperor, it was said, a promise that he would intervene to procure the king's liberation from the confinement in which he was kept on account of his mental condition, and had even—so it has been stated—been concerned in a plan for his escape,[1] which was only frustrated by the sudden catastrophe of his tragical death in the waters of the Lake of Starnberg. A few years later came the dreadful conflagration at the Charity Bazaar at Paris, in which her youngest sister, the charming Duchess d'Alencon, perished in so saintly a manner, praying to the last with her fellow-victims. These repeated misfortunes affected the Empress's spirits to such an extent, that she gave way to her natural shyness and love of retirement, and avoided as much as possible all contact with the world. And so, in the words of the Hungarian novelist, Moritz Jókai, "She wandered from country to country as though a dread shadow pursued her."

We hear of her during these years as spending the greater part of the winter at Biarritz or on the Riviera. Cap Martin was the spot she favored most on the *Côte*

[1] It had been arranged—so the story goes—that the king, who was a very powerful swimmer, should evade his constant attendant, the doctor, and swim across the lake to a point where a carriage would be waiting for him. The doctor, however, followed him unobserved, plunged after him into the lake, and in the struggle to prevent the escape was overpowered by the king, and was drowned with him; the two bodies being found tightly enlaced in comparatively shallow water.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AND QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMIEZ IN MARCH, 1897

REDUCED FROM "DAS BUCH VOM KAISER." M. HERZIG

d'Azur, and here she came to see more of the widowed French Empress, who, like herself, had lost her only son—treacherously killed in an ambush in Zululand. More than once the Emperor, freeing himself for a while from State duties and cares, joined his Consort on these sunny Mediterranean shores; and here in March, 1897 took place his last meeting with Queen Victoria, who was wintering as usual at Cimiez. When staying at Mentone or Cap Martin, the Empress Elizabeth led her habitual active life, rising at an unconscionably early hour and walking many miles before breakfast. It is recorded of her that she one day walked the whole way from Cap Martin to Monte Carlo and back—a distance of no less than sixteen miles. Her chief pleasure was to leave the house on foot, and preferably alone, with a book and the fan she invariably carried as a defence against the tribe of tourists and snapshotters who were always on the lookout for her. She would seek some secluded spot far away in the hills, and there sit for hours in company with some favorite author and her own thoughts—those terrible, ever-present thoughts of a broken-hearted woman nursing her grief. This wilful passion for complete solitude was the despair not only of her suite and attendants, but of the local authorities who were answerable for her safety. Many were the ineffectual protests raised on the Riviera, where she purposely strayed into the hills away from the beaten tracks; and at Biarritz, whence she made long excursions on foot across the Spanish border, either alone or with only one lady-in-waiting, but always with-

out any male escort. For the summer she migrated to some Alpine region in the Tyrol, taking up her quarters at Meran, or at the Karer-See in the Dolomite country, where she climbed some of the most difficult peaks;[1] for in spite of her continued ill-health her powers of endurance had remained marvelous.

Meanwhile the Jubilee year of the Emperor's reign drew near, and the pleasure-loving Viennese prepared to celebrate it with due rejoicings. Throughout the Empire there was a tacit truce to the strife between rival nationalities, and a universal desire was shown to do honor to a revered monarch who had weathered the storm and stress of fifty years of sovereignty, and had safely guided the Imperial craft past many a rock and shoal. Assuredly a strong spirit of personal loyalty to the Emperor was abroad in those days over all his wide dominions. The general situation appeared, indeed, exceptionally favorable for such a celebration. Abroad, the political horizon could be said at that moment to be entirely unclouded. Since the Imperial visit to St. Petersburg in the preceding year, the traditional friction between Russian and Austrian interests in the Near East had, in fact, quite subsided, and after the abortive attempt rashly made by the Greek Government to force the hand of the European Concert in the matter of the annexation of Crete, a complete lull had set in throughout the Balkanic Peninsula. At home the parliamentary tempest by which the Badeni Cabinet had been

[1] A de Burgh, *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.*

driven from office had passed away, and the thorny question of the renewal of the Customs and Commercial Convention with Hungary—which had caused such difficulties—had been disposed of outside the Parliament at Vienna by means of Article XIV. of the Constitution, which reserves to the Emperor the power in certain circumstances of levying taxes and performing other governmental acts without the previous sanction of the legislature. The unmanageable Chamber had been closed by Imperial decree, and the indispensable agreement with Hungary effected under the emergency article aforesaid, which is a mild remnant of absolutism admirably suited to the habitually placid Austrian temperament. The disgraceful scenes in the Chamber had for the time seriously discredited parliamentarism, and perfect confidence was felt in the Emperor as being certain to make only the best use of the exceptional powers temporarily vested in him.

Everything pointed to a brilliant Jubilee year. It is, therefore, a strange fact, known of course only to a very few persons, that the sovereign in whom these joyful anticipations centered was far from sharing the feelings of elation with which the commemoration was looked forward to by all classes of his subjects. A singular and indefinable sense of approaching misfortune troubled him and weighed on his spirits. To his rare intimates—for no sovereign has ever been more isolated—he repeatedly admitted that he only wished the Jubilee year were well over. None the less, the building of the new left wing of the

Imperial Palace facing towards the *Hofgarten,* or palace gardens, in execution of the designs left by that eminent architect, Fischer von Erlach—the "Mansard" of Charles VI.—was vigorously pushed on so as to be finished in time for the *fêtes* in December. The city authorities, on their side, were hurrying on the works for the vaulting over of the river Wien, along the course of which was being carried the new suburban, partly underground, railway. All Vienna was bustle and expectation, as were only in less degree the other chief centers of the monarchy.

Early in May, 1898 a grand Jubilee Industrial Exhibition—a very attractive world-fair of its kind—was opened in the Prater by the Emperor. Being the first of the Jubilee celebrations, it was taken advantage of by the population of Vienna to make a very creditable display of its feelings of attachment for the sovereign. The entire road from the Imperial Burg to the Exhibition buildings in the Prater was lined by upwards of 12,000 veterans, and numerous brigades of firemen from different provinces of Cisleithania, the absence of all Court or military show giving the demonstration an essentially popular character. The Emperor, who drove in an extremely well appointed but quite simple carriage, received an enthusiastic ovation all along the line. He was evidently much moved by the welcome given to him, which afforded a very striking proof of his personal popularity.

But no public demonstration of loyalty was so characteristic, and indeed so unique, as that which had been organized by the principal landowners of

the monarchy, and which took the name of *Waidmann's Huldigung,* or sportsman's homage. Many of the gentlemen taking part in the manifestation came from the most distant parts of the Imperial dominions, and they were all attended by their respective staffs of foresters and gamekeepers. The gathering numbered some five thousand men, who when Schönbrunn was reached were marched on to the great central lawn of the palace gardens, which, with the hill of the Gloriette in the background, and the tall, clipped hornbeam hedges on either side, made an admirable open-air theatre for such a spectacle. Here they were drawn up in lines forming distinctly marked groups, the *seigneurs,* or proprietors—amongst whom were several of the Archdukes—standing each in front of his own group. Some of the contingents were very numerous. Prince Schwarzenberg, for instance, whose estates are said to cover one-fifth of the soil of Bohemia, bringing several hundred men. The gentlemen as well as their retainers all wore the simple and very becoming Austrian shooting clothes of gray and green, some of them with the short breeches and bare knees. When the contingents had been duly marshalled facing the Palace windows, the Emperor, accompanied by the Archdukes—all in the same sober sporting garb—went down the steps to the gardens, and passing along the lines, carefully inspected this splendid body of men—the very pick of the manhood of the Empire—with here and there a kindly word or a friendly nod. They had come from far-distant Bukovina, from

Polish forests away in the north, from the great Hungarian plains, and from Styrian and Tyrolese mountains, to do homage to the best sportsman of them all. Many of them had never before seen Vienna or the Emperor, and the deep-throated *"Hochs"* with which they greeted him betokened no common feeling of loyalty. The whole scene was indeed a most heart-stirring one. This gathering was followed by a great *Schützenfest,* or rifle competition, which lasted several days, and in which many members of the aristocracy took part; Prince Trauttmansdorff—one of the crack shots of Austria—particularly distinguishing himself. These summer celebrations were closed by a very fine costumed procession through the city and round the Ring at Vienna, on the lines of those formerly devised by the great painter Hans Makart. The central car, drawn by black horses and draped in the old national colors of black and yellow, bore the figure of Austria, personified by a remarkably handsome woman, and was extremely effective. But July came with its torrid heat, the Emperor left Schönbrunn for his habitual mountain quarters at Ischl, and the great capital became, as always at this time of year, a veritable desert.

In view of the fast approaching catastrophe which was to put so tragical an end to all rejoicings, it is not without interest to chronicle the Empress's movements during the first months of the fatal year. She had commenced the winter at Biarritz, and thence after Christmas had shifted her quarters to San

Remo, where, with her sister, Countess Trani, she remained until the 1st of March, 1898. She then spent a few weeks in Switzerland, mostly at Caux, above Territet, on the Lake of Geneva, before going in April to the baths of Kissingen, where the Emperor paid her a flying visit when returning from Dresden, where he had assisted at the celebration of the seventieth birthday of his kinsman and fast friend, King Albert of Saxony. In May the Empress went for a short time to that other health-resort, Brückenau, and then made one of her brief visits to Austria—the last, as it happened, she was ever destined to pay to her husband's dominions. She stayed but a short time at the Burg at Vienna, and while there received no one, and even excused herself from granting the customary audience to one of the foreign ambassadors who had but shortly before been accredited to the Imperial Court. Her Majesty then removed to her favorite residence of Lainz—just outside Vienna—staying there until the beginning of July, when, accompanied by the Emperor and her daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie with her family, she went to Ischl for a fortnight. During the stay at Lainz, the Empress was very carefully examined by the most distinguished of the Vienna faculty, and as the result of their opinion it was officially given out that she would be unable to take part in any of the ceremonies attending the Jubilee. She was found to be suffering from an affection of the heart (partly caused by her irrational diet and her dislike of all nourishing food), which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that

she could only walk a very few yards—seats having to be placed in the grounds of Lainz at quite short intervals for her convenience. The doctors all agreed that the treatment, then comparatively new, followed at the baths at Nauheim, might be very beneficial and to Nauheim, accordingly, the Empress went, with a small suite, composed of Countess Sztáray and General Berzeviczy. Six weeks of this cure had the most gratifying results. She recovered her appetite and spirits, and before long was able to resume her ordinary active life. At Nauheim she saw the Empress Frederick, who came over from Kronberg to visit her, and also the Emperor William and his Consort. For years past she had not shown so cheerful and equable a mood. Mountain air having been prescribed for her after the Nauheim cure, she gladly, but somewhat perversely, returned to Switzerland, instead of resorting to her own trusty Austrian Alps, although she had been repeatedly warned of the presence on Swiss territory of some of the worst class of anarchists, who find too ready a refuge on the soil of the Confederation. On the 29th of August she established herself at the Hotel Mont de Caux, near Gilon, above Montreux, where she had already been in the spring, and where she proposed to stay for a while until the time came for her return to Vienna for the Jubilee festivities, to the fatigue and strain of which she now felt quite equal.

The Emperor Francis Joseph meanwhile had prolonged his sojourn at Ischl, where he had kept his sixty-eighth birthday, until the end of August, and

thence had gone to attend the usual autumn manœuvres which took place this year in the neighborhood of Temesvar, in Southern Hungary. On the 8th of September he returned to Schönbrunn, being then—as was reported by one of the foreign military attachés who had accompanied him—in the best of health and spirits. When out with his troops he had shown unimpaired strength and activity, keeping in the saddle every day under a broiling sun for six or seven hours. Suddenly there came upon him the bolt from the blue, which more than realized his gloomiest forebodings. On the afternoon of September the 10th a telegram reached General Count Paar—the head of his military household, and the most confidential of his servants——announcing that the Empress Elizabeth had been assassinated that day at Geneva between one and two o'clock. Further details soon came, which showed that the perpetrator of this atrocious crime, committed in broad daylight, was an Italian anarchist. Count Paar at once drove out to Schönbrunn to break the news to the Emperor, who at first seemed completely stunned, and sinking into a chair remained for some time silent and motionless. Presently he rallied, and rousing himself, turned to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who had also hurried out to Schönbrunn, bitterly exclaiming, "that he was to be spared no calamity in this world."[1] He showed, however, marvellous fortitude and self-control, and although breaking down from time to time, mastered his emotion and insisted on attending as usual to the despatch of

[1] "*Mir bleibt doch gar nichts erspart auf dieser Welt!*"

State business. His youngest daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie, came at once from the country to be with him. In her first youth she had been the constant companion of her mother, whom—though without her great beauty—she in many ways resembled, and whose exceptional courage and energy she had inherited, together with much of her charm and fascination, her beautiful eyes, and sweet, low-pitched voice. Throughout these last sad years the Archduchess has been a perfect Antigone to her sorely tried father.

Meanwhile, the principal members of the Empress's household—her Mistress of the Robes, Countess Harrach, her *Grandmaître,* Count Bellegarde, and others—had been sent to Geneva to bring back her remains. The funeral train reached the Vienna *Westbahn* late in the evening of the 15th, and the simple open hearse—with black plumes at the corners and a plain black pall—escorted by cavalry, and preceded by great mourning coaches with six horses, containing the dead Empress's household, came at a rapid pace down the long suburb of Mariahilf, where all the street lamps had been replaced by flaming torches, to the Ring, and so into the quadrangle of the Burg. Here, at the foot of the grand staircase, the bereaved Emperor stood waiting to receive the coffin, which he first reverently kissed, and then followed into the Court Chapel, where the remains lay in state until Saturday the 17th. Although since the death of her son the health of the Empress and her restless wanderings had kept her so much away from her husband, the af-

fection that existed between them was of the deepest kind. "No one can know," said the Emperor to one of his intimates, "how much we loved one another." He wrote to his wife regularly every day, and was not unfrequently guided in difficult questions by her judgment and opinion; for with all her eccentricity she had great intellectual gifts, and was above all remarkably broad-minded and liberal in her views.

The impression produced all over the country by this appalling crime was overwhelming. Although of late years she had scarcely resided at all at Vienna, and when there had led the most retired of lives, the murdered Empress was now remembered only as the beautiful, ever charitable and bountiful *Landesmutter,* who in the hour of his direst trial had been the one support and solace of her august Consort. That a Princess who had never attempted to influence the course of public affairs, and had devoted so much of her life to good works and the encouragement of art and literature, should have fallen under the dagger of an insensate, brutal anarchist, was felt to be the most cruel of fates. In Hungary, the land of her predilection, the feeling was intense, and her memory will long be cherished by the Magyar people, whom she loved and understood so well.

On the return from Geneva of the Imperial household reliable particulars of the catastrophe became known. A fatal inspiration had induced the Empress on Friday the 9th to leave the safe precincts and neighborhood of her mountain retreat at Caux, where she was under careful police protection, for an

excursion to Pregny, the beautiful villa on the Lake of Geneva, belonging to Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild.[1] She spent the day with the Baroness, and left Pregny in the afternoon for the Hotel Beaurivage at Geneva, laden with a mass of the choicest orchids which her hostess, knowing her passion for flowers, had gathered for her. Here she intended to stay the night, and dismissing from further attendance that day General Berzeviczy, who in vain entreated her not to remain at Geneva, or at least to allow him to stay too, she only kept with her Countess Sztáray, her lady-in-waiting, the General returning to Caux with her other attendants.

The following day (September the 10th), shortly after one o'clock, the Empress left the hotel on foot alone with Countess Sztáray to walk the short distance along the Quai du Mont Blanc to the landing-stage of the steamer by which she proposed returning to Caux. Countess Sztáray was slightly in advance of her mistress, hurrying on and making signs to the boat, whose bell had already been ringing for some time. At that moment a young man, who, it was afterwards ascertained, had been loitering there the greater part of the morning, suddenly ran up against the Empress with such violence, dealing her at the same time a blow in the chest, that she lost her balance and fell over backwards at full length, touching the ground with her head, which was only saved from injury by the thick

[1] In old days, as wife of the head of the Neapolitan branch of the great firm of Rothschild, the Baroness had been able to render essential service to the Empress's sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, with whom she remained on terms of great friendship.

coils of her magnificent hair. She was, however, apparently unhurt, and with slight assistance from her lady-in-waiting quickly rose to her feet and walked on to the steamer—in the words of Countess Sztáray "with her usual elastic step"—and arranging her disturbed *coiffure* as she went. She seemed, perhaps, somewhat dazed, as was only natural, and asked her companion in German what had happened (*Was ist denn geschehen?*).[1] Soon after being seated on board she suddenly fainted, and, her bodice being opened to give her more air, a small blood-stain became visible. Countess Sztáray, now thoroughly alarmed, urgently requested the captain to put back, which, on being told who his passenger was, he of course at once consented to do. The Empress, still unconscious, was carried on an improvised litter to the hotel, where she expired, quite painlessly, at the very moment—so Countess Sztáray thought—when she was laid upon the bed she had occupied the preceding night. The weapon used by the assassin[2]—a shoemaker's awl with a murderously sharpened point—completely perforated the heart, so that the victim died of internal hæmorrhage. Apart from the hideous brutality of the deed, of which there is every reason to believe that she was not conscious, her end was painless and merciful—such, indeed, as she might herself have desired. She had no

[1] These seem to have been the last words spoken by the unfortunate Empress.

[2] The assassin endeavored to escape down a side-street, but was pursued and almost immediately seized by some passers-by. He turned out to be an Italian anarchist of the name of Luccheni. From the first he maintained an insolent attitude, and admitted that he had long been on the look-out for some victim belonging to a royal house. He was sentenced to solitary confinement for life —capital punishment having been suppressed in the canton of Geneva.

fear of death, had often faced it bravely, and with the loss of her son the desire to live having forsaken her, it was indifferent to her when and how the end might come.

Nothing more grievous can be imagined than the position in which Countess Sztáray found herself. Quite alone with her dead mistress—the rest of the suite could only arrive from Caux in the evening—unnerved by the shock of such a tragedy and overwhelmed with sorrow, she had to telegraph the terrible news to Vienna and to take upon herself the responsibility for all the immediately indispensable arrangements. When, the day after the funeral, the Emperor instituted, in memory of his Consort, the Order of Elizabeth, for women of all ranks who have devoted themselves to religious, humanitarian, or charitable works or objects, the first Grand Cross was indeed well bestowed on Countess Sztáray.

On the 17th of September the Imperial obsequies took place in the Capuchin Church with the greatest solemnity. The sovereigns and princes who came to Vienna to attend the ceremony included the German Emperor, the kings of Saxony, Roumania, and Servia, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the heirs to the Italian, Greek, and Belgian thrones, the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and many members of the smaller German reigning houses. The streets through which the funeral cortège passed on its way from the Burg were densely packed with silent, reverent crowds, whose attitude testified to the sympathy and

devotion called forth by the almost unparalleled visitation under which their Emperor was bowed.

Inside the by no means large church, which was crowded to suffocation, the interest—next to that in the august mourner—*der Kaiserliche Dulder,* as he was alluded to in the unanimously loyal organs of all parties—centered in the figure of the Emperor William, who had arrived that morning at Vienna, and had been met at the station by the Emperor in person. He drove to the church with the Emperor, and was given a place by himself in front of the other crowned heads present. All through the mournful ceremony he maintained a rigid attitude, and stood without moving a muscle. As to the special distinction with which he was treated on this occasion, it was difficult not to infer that its motive was to mark as clearly as possible the intimate relations existing between Austria and her German ally. The untoward course of internal affairs; the voice of those who warned Francis Joseph that his Empire was going to pieces; the hollow nature of his understanding with Russia on Balkan affairs; the sense that he must seek for support somewhere, and where else could it be found?—all these may well have led him to make manifest the stringency of the German bond.

Such a demonstration could not but be welcome to the embittered and factious Austrian Germans. It would be equally agreeable to the Hungarians, while to the reckless overweening Czechs it would act as a salutary check and warning. Nevertheless, to those

few witnesses of the sombre pageant who were still imbued with the old Austrian Imperial spirit it could only be saddening to see the illustrious head of the great Monarchy, leaning, so to speak, in this hour of his bitter trial, on the grandson of one who had dealt that Monarchy so deadly a blow, and this in the presence of almost countless princes of German houses whom hereditary veneration for the descendant of Holy Roman kings had moved to gather round him in traditional fealty by the grave of his murdered Empress.

Immediately after the funeral the Emperor issued a rescript suppressing all the festivities which had been contemplated for the celebration of his Jubilee, and at the same time giving eloquent expression to his deep sense of the unanimous proofs of loyalty and devotion shown to him by his subjects in his bereavement. Then, after spending a few days with the Archduchess Marie Valérie at Wallsee, he went to Gödölö, and there remained for some weeks in complete retirement.

Before leaving Vienna he commissioned some of the best-known Austrian and Hungarian artists, such as Lászlo, Benczur, and Horowitz to paint portraits of the Empress as gifts for the principal ladies of her household. For one of these pictures—destined for her mistress of the Robes, Countess Harrach—by birth a Princess of Thurn and Taxis—the Emperor provided the painter Horowitz with a studio at the Hofburg, and was himself constantly in and out of the room while it was in progress, making suggestions

and giving him many invaluable hints for the details of the difficult task confided to him. Horowitz had unfortunately never had more than a passing glimpse of the Empress at one or two public ceremonies, and as she had for many years past refused to sit to any one, the artist now labored under the disadvantage of having to work from quite old pictures and photographs. When finished, however, this portrait, painted by him entirely under the Emperor's supervision, was admitted by all to be a very striking likeness of the Empress at the age of about forty-five.

CHAPTER XIV

THE END OF THE CENTURY

1898-1900

EXCEPT for a few thanksgiving services in some of the principal churches, and a general illumination of the capital, the Jubilee, which had been so eagerly looked forward to was allowed to pass unnoticed. By the Emperor himself it was, of course, spent in the strictest seclusion. The internal political situation was in keeping with the period of mourning. There was a sullen truce between contending Teutons and Czechs whose field of battle was for the time closed to them. The Reichsrath had been indefinitely prorogued after the scandalous scenes which had led to the fall of the Badeni Cabinet, and, in succession to the short-lived administration of Baron Gautsch von Frankenthurm, there was now at the head of affairs, in the person of Count Thun, an able and high-minded Minister—a great land-owner in Bohemia—whose familiarity with the intricacies of the racial conflict in the Bohemian crown-lands at one time seemed to promise a reasonable settlement of the hopeless language question. The Government was provisionally carried on by means of the invaluable Article XIV., which, although inveighed against as a veiled

forms of despotism, had alone saved the administrative machinery in Austria from completely breaking down at too often recurring intervals of parliamentary anarchy.

Most unfortunately the Bohemian Premier was constrained to retire, after holding office for eighteen months, by the circumstances accompanying the arbitrary expulsion from Silesia and other Prussian provinces of a number of Austrian agricultural laborers who had found employment there. Count Thun's energetic protest against these high-handed proceedings—which recalled the summary evictions of Danish subjects from Schleswig—was greatly resented at Berlin. His retirement, in fact, was chiefly a result of the exigencies of the German alliance. The laborers expelled were mostly of Slavonic race—Bohemian Czechs or Galician Poles—and resembled the Irish who cross St. George's Channel in search of work at harvest-time. Count Thun had hinted at reprisals in the event of a recurrence of such arbitrary action on the part of the Prussian authorities. This not only roused great anger and indignation in the German press both in and out of Austria, but laid the Premier open to the charge of having espoused Slav grievances, and of being swayed by the same anti-German tendencies which had been imputed to his predecessor, Count Badeni.

On Count Thun's retirement in the autumn of 1899, the Emperor entrusted the Premiership to Count Clary—who, although he withdrew the obnoxious ordinances, failed to maintain himself for more than

a couple of months—and, after him, to M. de Koerber, an official of great experience and an excellent specimen of the highly-trained Austrian bureaucrat. The Koerber Cabinet—likewise destined to be but short-lived—was the sixth to take office since the close of the Taaffe Administration in 1895. Its repeated efforts to pass the indispensable measures connected with the *Ausgleich* through the Lower Chamber of the Reichsrath were all foiled by the systematic obstruction and the intransigent attitude of the rival national parties; the Czechs now becoming as violent in opposition on the withdrawal of the language ordinances as had been the Germans on their promulgation. Over and over again Parliament had to be prolonged, and the most essential wants of the State provided for by Imperial decree under the emergency paragraph of the Constitution. So great at that time became the discredit attaching to parliamentary institutions in Austria that, in the words of a leading Austrian statesman, the man in the street (*der gemeine Mann*), if consulted, would at once have pronounced for a permanent return to a strong absolute rule impartially exercised.

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, parliamentary discord was now carried across the Leitha into the habitually decorous Hungarian Diet, which so fondly prides itself on rivalling the Mother of Parliaments by its antiquity and its august traditions. The Government presided over by Baron Bánffy—which was backed by an immense majority in the Lower House—had administered the kingdom with

great success for upwards of four years. Baron Bánffy's administration was once compared by the most eloquent of Hungarians, Count Albert Apponyi, to that of Sir Robert Walpole for its omnipotence and the corrupt electoral methods by which it was maintained. In spite of his docile majority, Bánffy had to reckon with irreconcilable adversaries in the Clerical and the so-called Independent factions in the House—the latter in reality separatist in its tendencies, and a remnant of the old Kossuth party under the leadership of the great agitator's son. When, on the hopeless parliamentary breakdown at Vienna, the Hungarian Premier endeavored to pass the renewal of the *Ausgleich* through the House by direct agreement with the Crown outside the Austrian Legislature, he was met by such obstruction as had been previously quite unknown in the history of the kingdom, and which, to quote an expression of the late Duke of Devonshire, "amounted to treason against the Constitution." The most unseemly scenes of disorder were enacted. The Premier himself barely escaped personal assault, and the Vienna pandemonium seemed to have been transferred to Budapest. The general unpopularity of Baron Bánffy had long been manifest. His Calvinism made him distasteful to the still powerful Ultramontane party, while in the more exclusive society of the Hungarian capital he was, owing to his domestic circumstances, not favorably looked upon. He enjoyed, however, the countenance of the Emperor.

On strictly constitutional grounds the sovereign was

undoubtedly right in continuing his support to a Minister who commanded so large a majority, and represented the great Liberal party which had remained in power ever since the days of Déak, and was still inspired by his principles. Nevertheless, successive defections from among the leading members of the party—such as the retirement both of the President (Szilágyi) and the Vice-President of the Chamber, and the withdrawal from the Liberal Club of a group of young magnates, prominent amongst whom were the two sons of Count Andrássy—before long sounded the death-knell of the Bánffy administration, but not until the crisis had disastrously affected the business transactions of the country, and had inflicted heavy losses on its financial establishments.

One of the worst features of the Bánffy régime was the influence which the corrupt agencies it employed had upon the lower classes in the rural districts. They were thereby made more accessible to a Socialistic agrarian movement which was directed from Budapest, its principal leader being the editor of a Radical paper called the *Agricultural Laborer,* which had a large circulation in the provinces. Strange but well authenticated stories were told of this man having arranged between a deputation of the laboring class in the country and individuals who audaciously personated different members of the Government, and in one case, it was said even the sovereign himself. A still stranger story was current of a person who went about the remoter districts preaching Socialist doctrines and giving him himself out to be the Crown

Prince Rudolph, who was erroneously supposed to be dead, but had in reality been shut up by his father on account of his liberal views. Having at last succeeded in escaping, he was now devoting himself to the service of the oppressed classes. Such tales of credulity—given on very high authority—could only be recounted of a rural population in so backward a stage as that of Hungary. In the same way the legend that Alexander I. had not really died at Tanganrog, but had successfully evaded captivity and gone about proclaiming the right of the serf to the soil he was compelled to till, was credited by an ignorant peasantry in the south of Russia many years after that Tsar's decease. Early in 1899 the Emperor Francis Joseph finally accepted the resignation of the unpopular Premier, who was succeeded by M. Kóloman de Széll, a moderate Liberal of sound views who had married the adopted daughter of Franz Déak.

At the end of the Jubilee year no appreciable change could be noted in the political situation in either half of the Monarchy. The budgets for the ensuing year remained unvoted, the *Ausgleich* unrenewed, and the Government at Budapest, as well as at Vienna, had again to fall back on the Imperial authority for the purpose of collecting taxes and keeping in force the compact uniting the two countries. The constitutional liberties were, in fact, suspended for the time being through the wilful action of factious minorities in both Parliaments. In Austria the difficulty was comparatively easily met by paragraph XIV., but no such helpful clause existed in the Hungarian Con-

stitution. The experience was quite novel, and was frankly described by the Government itself as an extra legal state. Thus matters continued in Hungary until June, 1899, when at last M. de Széll was able to perfect a complete agreement for the renewal of the *Ausgleich* for a term of practically ten years. Thereby the maintenance of the commercial and economic unity of the Empire was assured for some time to come, and a very severe and, indeed, perilous crisis, threatening the dual system on which the Monarchy is based, was terminated.

In favorable contrast with the above described parliamentary chaos was the smooth working of the great central departments to which, under the Dual system, were confided the foreign relations of the Monarchy, its expenditure for common purposes, and the control of its military and naval forces.

The Ballplatz, where continuity of policy was a fundamental axiom, had had only two occupants during the last two decades of the century. Count Kálnoky, who almost directly followed Count Andrássy, held the department for fourteen years, and was succeeded, when he retired in 1898—under stress of the storm raised in Hungary over the civil marriage question, and the conflict it produced with the Vatican—by Count Goluchowski, who directed the Imperial Foreign Office for eleven years. Though coming after so experienced and distinguished a statesman as Kálnoky, Count Goluchowski, nevertheless, left behind him a very honorable record, and

fully merited the confidence of a sovereign who at all times reserves to himself the final decision in Foreign Affairs, and is practically his own Foreign Minister. Count Goluchowski had fortunately been able to effect a very useful *modus vivendi* with Russia on the Balkanic questions which are of such paramount importance to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This agreement, which was partially renewed later on at Mürzsteg, remained unimpaired down to the recent acute crisis,[1] while Count Goluchowski at the same time carefully maintained the Triple Alliance, and brought within the sphere of that league a valuable element in Roumania which had been previously unfavorable to Austria. Towards England his attitude during the South African War was extremely friendly, and faithfully reflected the sentiments of his sovereign. It should be borne in mind, however, that under the hybrid form of Parliamentarism which obtains in Austria, the Minister in charge of the Imperial Foreign relations is not liable to constant interpellations in the Chamber, and is entirely removed from Parliamentary strife. Only once a year at the annual meeting of the Delegations from both Parliaments which come together alternately at Vienna and at Budapest, is he called upon to explain or justify his policy.

The above applies also to the Imperial Department of Finance, which for many years had at its head Benjamin von Kállay, whose untimely death deprived

[1] The late complications in the Near East consequent on the declaration of Bulgarian independence and the incorporation of Bosnia.

Austria-Hungary of a statesman and administrator of the first order, and England of a very sincere friend and admirer. Kállay was one of the few Hungarians in public life who was able to soar above the national prejudices and narrow national point of view of too many of his countrymen. He may be said to have been an invaluable connecting link between the often clashing Governments and parties in two halves of the Dual Monarchy, for, although an essentially patriotic Magyar, he was thoroughly imbued with Imperial convictions, and repudiated all notion of any further loosening of the Austro-Hungarian ties as fatal to the maintenance and the *Machtstellung* of the Empire as the great Central European Power. Kállay was probably more intimately acquainted with the internal condition of the several Balkanic States, and the ambitions and intrigues of which they are the hotbed, than any other statesman of that period. He had begun his career in the late sixties as Austrian representative at Belgrade in the early days of the youth who afterwards became King Milan. He looked upon Servia as the chief danger-spot of the Near East; in this sharing the views of Mr. W. Stead, who, at the end of 1898, visiting that country as "special commissioner of the *Daily News*," reported on it as being in a perilous condition. The dynasty, he said, was shaky and discredited, while a strong feeling was abroad in favor of warlike enterprises for which the Servian army was fondly believed by its officers to be admirably fitted and thoroughly prepared. In the light of recent events these statements appear not a little curi-

ous. As regards the ambitious schemes so freely imputed to Austria for an advance on Salonica, M. de Kállay not only emphatically disowned them, but pointed out that Albania would prove an almost insuperable obstacle to such a project. Indeed, so warlike a people as the Albanians would be able most effectually to bar the way south.

The War Office, which is the third of the great Imperial departments, was entrusted for a good many years to General von Krieghammer, a distinguished officer who was in high favor with the sovereign and kept the army in excellent order. The circumstances which eventually led to his retirement clearly illustrate the difficulties too often created for the Imperial Government by Hungarian chauvinism. In November, 1898 a Rescript was addressed by the Emperor to the Minister of War ordering the removal—from the conspicuous position it occupied in St. George's Square at Ofen—of the column in honor of General Hentzi and the officers and men who fell with him in defending the fortress of that city against the insurgent General Görgei in 1849. In its place was to be erected a monument in memory of the Empress Elizabeth, for which large sums had been publicly subscribed by all classes in Hungary. The announcement was at first received at Budapest with a genuine outburst of enthusiasm, for the Hentzi monument was somewhat perversely looked upon as offensive to the national sentiment; and, in removing it and placing in its stead a public token of the affection felt for the memory of his august Consort, the sovereign seemed

to the people to be acting under the inspiration of the unfortunate Princess who had identified herself so strongly with the Magyar nation and was so sincerely mourned by it. It was, however, made a condition by the Emperor that the Hentzi Column, after removal, should be re-erected in the enclosure of the Infantry Cadet School, where, in the words (as published) of the instructions forwarded by Krieghammer from Vienna to the General commanding at Pesth, Prince Lobkowitz, it would serve as "an imperishable record of military fidelity and valor." When these words—which did not actually form part of the Imperial Rescript, but were interpolated by Krieghammer—became known to the public, they at once roused the chauvinistic spirit in Hungary and furnished the theme for a very violent attack on the Government in the Diet by Francis Kossuth and his followers, who referred to the unfortunate column as "an evil example for future officers of the army." Public opinion in Vienna in its turn very justly took offense at this attitude, and bitter recriminations were exchanged in the press of both countries. As a result of this unseemly controversy, the Minister of War resigned, but on his retirement was decorated with the Grand Cross of St. Stephen. The Hentzi incident, which caused great annoyance in the highest quarters, may be classed with another one which, though really puerile, manifested a treasonable spirit: namely, the opposition made by the same Kossuth party to the celebration of the Jubilee as a holiday in Hungary, treating it as of no account and objecting to the school chil-

dren being made to attend the thanksgiving services on that day. And all this on the plea that the Emperor's reign in Hungary only dated from his coronation as King in 1867. The most regrettable feature of such incidents as these was their helping to keep alive the mutual distrust and dislike which are too prevalent between Austrians and Hungarians.

The century, none the less, did not terminate without striking demonstrations of loyalty and affection for Francis Joseph on the part of the inhabitants of his faithful *Residenzstadt* of Vienna. In June he was admirably received when laying the foundation-stone of a Jubilee church in a new and outlying quarter of the city, and late in July, shortly before he left for Ischl, a wonderful serenade of monster proportions was given in front of the Palace of Schönbrunn by a choir of no less than four thousand six hundred singers, members of all the *Liedertafeln* and *Gesangvereine* (choral societies) of the capital. No more perfect musical effect can be conceived than the marvelous light and shade of the rich volume of sound produced, in the still air of a summer's evening by this great mass of highly-trained voices. The serenade was in anticipation of the sovereign's closely approaching seventieth birthday, and was followed by a *fackelzug* or torchlight march of the numerous bodies of veterans, the gymnastic clubs, fire brigades, and workmen's guilds and associations of Vienna and its neighborhood, all bearing torches or colored lanterns—an endless procession, numbering, it was said, 26,000 men,

who filed past with deafening cheers, to the inspiriting music of some of the finest bands in Europe.

These demonstrations were all the more significant from their following so nearly upon the closing of the Reichsrath, to which step the Government was driven to resort on the 8th of June by the misconduct of the Radical Bohemian members. After a series of disorderly sittings it came on that day to a free fight between the deputies, to the accompaniment of a maddening din caused by the blowing of penny-trumpets and the beating of tom-toms and saucepan lids. The Prime Minister, in despair, finally drove out to Schönbrunn late at night, and, breaking in upon the Emperor's well-earned rest, obtained from him the necessary powers. Almost immediately afterwards the Chamber was dissolved.

Thus, when the nineteenth century ran out its eventful course, Austria had once more entered on one of those periodical interludes of semi-absolute rule which have been forced upon her Government by unreasonable racial pretensions, and by an entire absence of sound patriotic feeling in the national party leaders. At such moments as these the figure of the Emperor stood forth prominently as the wielder of powers which he had long years ago surrendered of his own free will, and was now most unwillingly compelled to resume, although only for a time—a truly noble, pathetic figure, bearing patiently and cheerfully the burthen of a reign of fifty-two years marked by unexampled public and domestic misfortune.

It has since then pleased Providence to grant to the Emperor Francis Joseph a Diamond Jubilee, which was made memorable not only by an outburst of most genuine loyalty and affection from all classes of his subjects, but became the occasion of a unique demonstration of regard and admiration on the part of the Princes of Germany. Under the leadership of the Emperor William, the heads of the ten foremost German sovereign Houses—the Regent of Bavaria, the Kings of Saxony and Würtemberg, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Saxe-Weimar, Oldenburg and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Anhalt, two Princes of Lippe, and the Burgomaster of Hamburg (also representing the two other ancient Hanseatic cities of Lübeck and Bremen)—waited on Francis Joseph at Schönbrunn on the 7th of May with their congratulations and good wishes, to which the German Emperor, as their spokesman, gave eloquent expression. It was a momentous gathering, and the tribute it conveyed carried one back to the old times of Habsburg Imperial dominion and power.

Francis Joseph had publicly stated his desire that the sums collected for the Jubilee celebrations should, as much as possible, be applied to improving the lot of the children of the poor. In recognition of this benevolent thought the children of the capital, to the number of 82,000, were taken to Schönbrunn on the 21st of May, and in the grounds of the Palace performed before the Emperor a sort of pantomime, which ended with the boys forming up so as to represent the initials of the sovereign's name, while the

girls, bearing garlands of roses, grouped themselves to form the figures 60.

This charming children's festival was followed on the 12th of June by the most magnificent pageant that had ever been attempted in the show-loving capital. Over 12,000 persons took part in it. There was a procession of elaborate groups, representing successive epochs of the Habsburg history, from the first Rudolf and his knights—many of these being personated by their descendants, now belonging to the greatest Austrian houses, such as the Leichtensteins, Auerspergs, Fürstenbergs, and others—to the period of the Thirty Years' War; followed by Prince Eugene of Savoy and his generals; the victors of Aspern, Andreas Hofer and his stalwart mountaineers, and, finally, the army of Radetzky. There was, too, a glittering *cortège* faithfully reproducing the splendors of the Court of Maria Theresa, in which the Emperor's granddaughter, Archduchess Elizabeth,[1] figured in one of the great Empress's own gala coaches. But much the most interesting and significant features of the endless procession were the deputations from all parts of the Monarchy, representing without exception every one of the races living under the Habsburg sceptre. All these were clad in their national costumes, and saluted the Sovereign with their respective *Hochs* and *Zivios, Eljens, Hurrahs,* and *Evvivas* as they passed. This part of the pageant was closed by several hundred Galician Poles, splendidly mounted and wearing their picturesque native

[1] The Archduchess married in 1902 Prince Otto Windischgrätz.

sheepskin coats. When within a short distance of the Imperial tribune they set spurs to their horses and charged past like a veritable tornado, waving their red caps and wildly cheering the monarch as they went by. There was a *furia* about this charge which carried the memory back to Sobieski and his horsemen cleaving asunder the Turkish ranks on this very ground. The procession took three hours and a half to pass the Imperial tribune, during which the Emperor stood the whole time, with Count Hans Wilczek, the chief organizer of the magnificent *spectacle,* at his side explaining to him all the details of the pageant. The weather was perfect, and it was noticed that just about noon there appeared in the absolutely clear summer sky a rainbow, an extraordinary phenomenon, prophetic, it is to be hoped, of peace and prosperity for the Empire and its honored head.

And yet while such were the feelings of loyalty evinced by his people towards the Emperor, there had in the interval been no cessation of the old racial strife in Parliament. The new Reichsrath—opened on the 31st of January, 1901 with a personal appeal from the sovereign for a spirit of concord and mutual concession—had proved itself just as unruly and impracticable as its predecessors; while in Hungary the Independent party had initiated a strong agitation for the suppression of the German word of command in the Hungarian portion of the Imperial forces—a demand which the Emperor-King firmly refused to accede to, and which, if granted, would have done

irreparable damage to the unity and prestige of the Monarchy as a great military power.[1] Then it was that, nothing daunted by the hopeless working of parliamentary institutions in his Austrian dominions, Francis Joseph boldly took the extreme step of resorting to universal suffrage, in the possibly well-founded belief that a sounder stratum of the population might thereby be reached that would show itself less amenable to the evil influence of party wire-pullers and nationalist agitators.[2] In Hungary a similar measure has up till now been delayed by the not unnatural fear on the part of the hitherto exclusively dominating Magyar race lest it should be swamped through the grant of the suffrage to masses of Slav, Roumanian, and German elements which as yet have had next to no voice in the affairs of the kingdom.

Looking back across the space of those sixty years —the lives of two generations—it requires an effort to identify the ruler who only the other day fearlessly bestowed the crowning measure of democratic liberties on the 28,000,000 of his Austrian subjects, with the youth who, after being nurtured in the school of Metternich, found in the stern, unbending Schwarzenberg his first political mentor and adviser. The past has led him by a series of evolutions, the sequence

[1] At the time of writing the Emperor has felt bound to reject the Hungarian demand, inspired by the leaders of the party of Independence, for a separate Issue Bank for Hungary, the creation of which could not but seriously impair the economic unity now existing between the two countries.

[2] Under the Decree of January 26 1907, the elections to the Lower House take place on the basis of universal, equal, and direct suffrage; every Austrian male citizen over twenty-four years of age being entitled to vote, after having resided for one year in the place where the election is held.

of which it is not easy to follow, from unquestioned absolute rule of an almost mediæval type—resting solely on the army and the Church—to the acceptance of a constitutional sovereignty ostensibly narrowed down to its most exiguous limits. So great, nevertheless, has remained the faith in him, and so deep is the veneration for his person, that his own Imperial authority and prestige have remained essentially unimpaired by his complete surrender of the autocratic powers to which he was born and which for so long he exercised.

Even the overwhelming reverses of his reign have not lessened his personal influence nor detracted from his popularity, while the cruel domestic afflictions he has so nobly and courageously borne have doubly endeared him to a warm-hearted people. The aged occupant of the Habsburg throne stands, indeed, quite by himself in the roll of European sovereigns as having taken a leading part in an order of things of which the living generation can form no adequate conception. The roots of the powers he wielded until well-nigh middle age, reach far back into the darker centuries, and of Francis Joseph, alone among the reigning potentates of the West, it can be said that there exists no solution of continuity between him and that, to us, absolutely remote period. The sadder then is it to reflect that, however conscientiously moving with his times, the experiences of his long reign have doomed him, like his prototype Joseph II., to continuous disappointment and disillusion. To borrow a Carlylean phrase, "the foul welter" of

national and racial controversies perennially clogs the governmental wheels, paralyses State action, and has for years past reduced a great monarchy to relative impotence among the nations.

Fortunately, even in Hungary Francis Joseph stands so high, and his popularity is so deep-rooted that in the opinion of a leading Hungarian statesman he could, if so minded, attempt with impunity a great deal in the exercise of his sovereign rights which would be impossible for his successors, whoever they might be. In Austria he has long been considered by the most sagacious of his counsellors[1] to be the palladium of a much-distracted monarchy, its final resort, and its saving, moderating influence in times of trouble.

It would be little short of affectation to close these pages without some reference to the recent sharp crisis brought about in Near Eastern affairs by the abrupt declaration of Hungarian independence, and the sudden announcement of the incorporation by Austria-Hungary of the occupied provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In both cases the changes thereby accomplished had long been foregone conclusions, and some surprise may perhaps be fairly expressed at the stir, and the possibly not altogether sincere indignation they called forth, more especially in this country.

The incorporation of the occupied provinces had long been known to be imminent. Its actual accom-

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[1] Among others by Kállay, Plener, Chlumécky, Széll, Szilágyi.

plishment had been chiefly retarded by the delicate question of determining to which of the two crowns, that of Austria or of Hungary, the provinces should be held to belong. A temporary connection of Bosnia with Hungary in the fourteenth century, shortly before the Turkish conquest, gave some color to the pretensions put forward at Budapest.[1] It could not for a moment be supposed that the provinces would ever be evacuated and returned to their nominal sovereign, in defiance of the universally received axiom that not an inch of ground once freed from Ottoman rule should again be subjected to it. To all intents and purposes a thirty years' work of civilization and good government had transformed them into Austrian territory. Certain definite powers were, nevertheless, absolutely needed to cope with the very troublesome Pan-Servian intrigues and propaganda from over the border; nor could the liberal institutions with which it was intended to endow the Bosniaks and Herzegovinians emanate from any but a fully sovereign authority.

It was, therefore, the brusque announcement of the annexation rather than the annexation itself which roused a storm of angry protest in this country, and furnished its press for weeks with such excellent copy. There was much talk of the violation of treaties; the Austrian proceeding being freely compared to that of Russia when cavalierly denouncing the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. If looked at dispas-

[1] At the time of the secret agreement already referred to, Russia offered objections to districts with a Slav population being incorporated with Hungary, which she (Russia) looked upon as the avowed enemy of Slavism.

sionately, there is no analogy between the two cases. The Russian act was one of immediate defiance to Europe, and of potential menace to it in the near future. It was an offensive proceeding inspired by evil counsel from a well-known quarter, whose purposes in the momentous autumn of 1870 it admirably served. The Austrian act, on the other hand, implied no threat to any one, and involved no territorial change, except it be Austria's withdrawal from Novi Bazar and the restitution of that Sandjak to Turkey. In no respect could it fairly be said that European material interests were injured by the alteration in the status of the provinces. The Turkish *amour propre*—long inured to far more despiteful usage—alone was affected by it.

It would no doubt have been better had the decision come to by the Cabinet of Vienna been preceded by an exchange of views with all the co-signatories of the Treaty of Berlin, and it is regrettable that this course should not have been followed. Nevertheless, the analogy drawn between the action of Austria in regard to Bosnia and that of Russia in the Black Sea question, as being both of them wanton violations of treaties—however inapplicable is the parallel in our opinion—possibly affords a clue to the motives which chiefly actuated the Ball-platz.

Prince Gortchacow, when he so abruptly issued his famous Circular, followed the impulse of an essentially vainglorious disposition. He counted on the sensation it would, and did, produce. As regards the intentions he proclaimed in his manifesto, they

were what in French is termed *un coup d'épée dans l'eau.* A Black Sea fleet could not be improvised by a stroke of the Russian Chancellor's pen, but the vanity of the "Narcissus of the inkstand" derived the greatest satisfaction from knowing that he had staggered Europe by the audacity of his repudiation of the conditions imposed upon Russia by treaty, and had shown the world what was the attitude which alone, in his opinion, befitted a great Power.[1]

The object of Baron d'Aehrenthal—a disciple of Kálnoky, by whom he was first brought forward, and who seems to be the strongest statesman Austria has known since Schwarzenberg—was, we believe, similar to that of Prince Gortchacow. Like him he distinctly aimed at effect. But he did not desire to impress the European Concert by his audacity. His *coup de théâtre* was addressed to a very different gallery. He aimed at rousing whatever Imperial instincts might still lie dormant in the jarring races of the monarchy by the assertion of its vitality as a *Weltmacht.* Austria-Hungary should shake off the spell of the cautious, hesitating policy which she had too long followed, and resume the place to which she was entitled in Europe. She had lost Lombardy, he would give her Bosnia. But to achieve its object the stroke must be sudden and, indeed, sensational.

[1] *Recollections of a Diplomatist,* vol. ii. pp. 294-298. A draft was submitted to the Chancellor, in which an amicable discussion of the Russian grievances was proposed to the other Powers. But he was so much impressed at the time by the brow-beating tone taken by Count Bismarck in his *pourparlers* with Jules Favre during the siege of Paris that he rejected all idea of conciliatory advances, and took the line which was, he said, the only one compatible with the dignity of Russia.

It fully attained its purpose, and was further aided by circumstances which will be immediately referred to. At no time since the mobilization before Sadowa has the old Imperial feeling run so high as during the recent Near Eastern imbroglio. Both Parliaments vied with each other in supporting the government policy, while the reservists flocked to the standards from all parts of the monarchy.[1]

The juncture, too, was exceptionally favorable for Baron d'Aehrenthal's militant diplomacy. Russia, already hampered by the understanding with Austria about Bosnia that preceded the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, and which had, it is said, been quite recently confirmed at Buchlau,[2] was now, by her own confession, unable—even if so minded—to attempt any serious military demonstration against the incorporation of the Provinces. All the efforts of Servia to obtain the effective support of the traditional champion of Pan-Slavism thus not only failed, but revealed a complete absence of sympathy for the troublesome little kingdom and its dynasty.

Most unfortunately the Servian aspirations met with active encouragement in a very different quarter. The press of this country took the lead in sustaining the more than questionable Servian claims, and in giving voice to imaginary Servian grievances. Emboldened by the imperfectly informed opinion of the

[1] As a striking instance of this it may be stated that a number of Polish laborers from Galicia, who had found employment in the Rhenish Provinces, at once threw up their work and returned home to join their several depôts.

[2] The seat in Moravia of the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Count Berchtold, where Baron d'Aehrenthal and M. Isvolski met in the autumn of 1908.

West, Servia rashly armed to the teeth, and thereby afforded to the war party in the Dual Monarchy a welcome pretext for military preparations, which all through the winter kept Europe on tenter-hooks. But the mischief did not end here. The censure so freely passed upon Austria in the western countries, and the almost hostile feeling evinced towards her, had the result—one which in our opinion cannot be too much deplored, but to which we in England largely contributed—of drawing yet closer the baneful bond between Vienna and Berlin; of making Vienna more than ever dependent on Berlin; and of perpetuating what has from the first been an unequal compact, injurious to the best interests of the Dual Monarchy. It went, in fact, a long way towards the realization of what had once been the dream of Schwarzenberg, namely the welding together of the whole of Central Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, into one formidable union, with a population numbering some 110 millions of souls and disposing of two million bayonets—to say nothing of present, or prospective, "Dreadnoughts"—and this time not under Habsburg ascendancy, but under the hard, unscrupulous lead of the most aspiring of Powers. Austria, it is to be feared, has now been driven for good into the arms of that Power.

However this may be, it cannot be doubted that the late crisis in the Near East brought us to the verge of a conflict which might easily have developed into a general European war—for which we, for our part, were certainly not prepared. To the Emperor

Francis Joseph is mainly due the prevention of so serious a calamity. He did not allow himself to be carried away by the chauvinistic sentiment which for a time unquestionably ran to a high pitch all over his dominions. His final sovereign word was given in favor of peace. Fortunately, as regards internal affairs, the times are now more propitious for the wise and patient ruler. A healthier current flows through public opinion on both sides of the Leitha. The Empire—to borrow an expressive German colloquialism—"*fühlt sich*" (feels itself) again. Nevertheless, throughout its vast territories there should more than ever rise to Heaven the fervent, heartfelt prayer of Haydn's grand old hymn; for no sovereign on the face of the globe can be more indispensable than is the venerable and revered Francis Joseph to his subjects of all creeds and races.

THE END

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